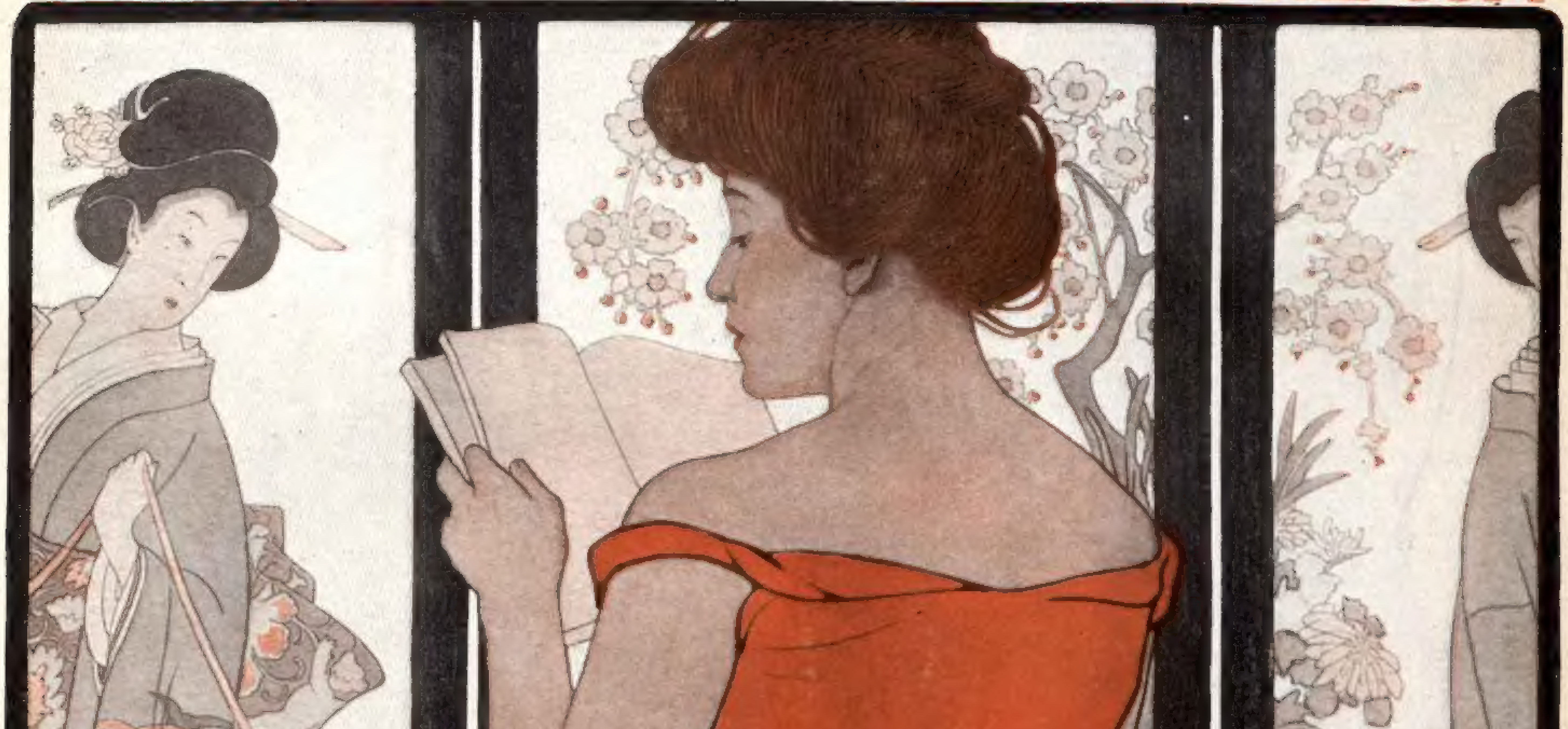
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

APRIL 9, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY GUERNSEY MOORE

Russia: Our Friend in Need—By Col. John S. Cooper

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Founded A^D^ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 176 PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 9, 1904 Number 41

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Russia: Our Friend in Need

By Col. John S. Cooper

IT IS no part of the purpose of the writer to influence the sympathies of his countrymen in the present war in the interest of either Russia or Japan. His object is to present the facts of our national history of forty years ago, and Russia's connection therewith, not more in justice to Russia than to ourselves, and to the truth of history.

The evidence bearing on this subject consists mainly of the diplomatic correspondence between the Cabinets of the respective Governments, the written statements, letters and diaries of the chief actors in that great international drama, and the conversations which those statesmen held, during their lifetime, with friends who are still living. The diplomatic correspondence was originally published by our Government with many important passages omitted for reasons of state. Those omissions have been recently supplied to me through the courtesy of our State Department.

In great measure the outcome of the Civil War depended on whether or no other nations would let us alone. The possibility of foreign intervention hinged on many things, difficult, at that time, to determine, and which remained so for the first three years of the war.

There were in those days, outside of ourselves, three great powers in the world — England, France and Russia. What England and France would do was of supreme moment.

The Merrill tariff bill, passed two days before Lincoln's inauguration, and the blockade of Southern harbors, proclaimed five days after the first call for volunteers, were liable to affect those countries seriously in the cost and supply of cotton, for which they mainly depended upon the Southern States. The South built great hopes on King Cotton. On the other hand, England was our mother country, having the same laws, language and literature. We had been at peace with her for forty-six years. With reference to the probable action of France, we confidently believed that England would hold her and her Emperor, if not in sympathy with us in defending our institutions, at least in a position of absolute neutrality, because England and France had been allies, together with Turkey, against Russia in the Crimean War down to 1856, only five years before.

Besides all this, France had been the one and only powerful friend to whom we were indebted for our start in life as one of the nations of the world, and we had never been forgetful or ungrateful. About Russia, her aims and designs, we knew little.

Now, the very day before Lincoln's inauguration the Emperor had proclaimed his decree for the emancipation, within two years, of twenty-three millions of Russian serfs. During his reign and the reigns of his predecessors the Russian Government had been on terms of friendship with ours. At the time of our second war with England it was Russia who offered her mediation in our interest. We knew that she was a great military power, and that her navy was not inconsiderable.

Our fond faith in England and France was destined to a short life. On May 1, 1861, Lord John Russell, Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the British Cabinet, informed our Minister, Mr. Dallas, that Messrs. Yancey and Yost, representing the Confederacy, had asked for an interview, and that he was inclined to receive them unofficially; that an understanding had been reached between the Governments of France and England to act together in the matter of recognition of the Southern Confederacy. On May 2 the two Confederate commissioners *were* received unofficially by Lord Russell. May 9 a member of the English Cabinet announced in the House of Commons the determination of her Majesty's Government to recognize belligerent rights to the Confederacy. This was while Charles Francis Adams, the Minister of the new Administration, was on the ocean, and in distinct transgression of an agreement arrived at with Lord Russell that affairs should remain *in statu quo* until Mr. Adams' arrival. He arrived at Queenstown on May 12. On May 13, and before Mr. Adams could reach London, the Queen's proclamation of belligerency was published to the world. June 10 the French Emperor proclaimed a similar decree. All this was done — as shown by Mr. Blaine in his Twenty Years of Congress — in violation of every principle of international and admiralty law, "for the Confederacy had not a ship or an open port."

In the mean time, what Lord Lyons, the English Minister at Washington, styled a "difficult and delicate negotiation" was progressing. It had commenced on May 6. Its purpose was to get the Confederate Government to subscribe to the Declaration of Paris of April 16, 1856, which most of the European Governments and several in this hemisphere had ratified, but which the United States had not. *Nations only* could become parties to that instrument. It provided for the abolition of privateering; that a neutral flag covers an enemy's goods, except contraband of war; that neutral goods not contraband should not be liable to capture under the enemy's flag, and that blockades, to be binding, must be effective.

The scheme to get the Confederate Government to ratify this was worked out as follows: The English and French Ministers at Washington, under instructions from home, were to have the consuls of their respective Governments at Charleston, South Carolina, apply to the "President of the so-styled Confederate States at Montgomery" to secure the approval by that organization of the Declaration of Paris, the same as had been done "by almost every other *nation* of the world."

Here were our two great and powerful friends clandestinely recognizing the enemies of a Government with which they were both at peace. They worked their conspiracy through the medium of their consular officers, whose official credentials came from that very Government against whose sovereignty and existence this plot was planned.

Later, and on August 13, 1861, the Confederate Congress passed a resolution ratifying the terms of the Declaration of Paris, all except one: *they expressly maintained the right of privateering*. Their ratification, so far as it went, seemed to be received by the Governments of England and France with great satisfaction.

By way of contrast, I give the following extracts from the first official note sent to Washington by our new Minister at St. Petersburg, Cassius M. Clay, under date of June 7, 1861, after a conversation with one of the Secretaries of the Russian Foreign Office:

"I may add that the Secretary gave me a very cordial meeting, speaking partly in English and partly in French; assured me of the continued feeling of friendship on the part of Russia for the Union, and *his hope that the Confederate States would not venture an Embassy here.*"

Before further consideration of the diplomatic correspondence between the representatives of our Government at Washington and St. Petersburg, attention is called to the first official and open declaration of her position by Russia, which, by reason of its official publication, was soon read by the civilized world. The document is what is called a diplomatic note by Prince Alexander Mikhailovitch Gortchakoff, at that time Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and afterward Chancellor of the Empire. It was addressed to M. (afterward Baron) de Stoeckl, the Russian Minister at Washington before, during and after the Civil War. It was written on July 8, 1861, and was as follows:

"From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States of America you have been desired to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our august master was observing the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union.

"The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of a peaceful solution is not realized, and that American citizens, already in arms against each other, are ready to let loose upon their country the most formidable of the scourges of political society — a civil war.

"For the more than eighty years it has existed the American Union owes its independence, its towering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, consecrated, under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by institutions which have been able to reconcile union with liberty. This union has been fruitful. It has exhibited to the world the spectacle of a prosperity without example in the annals of history.

"It would be deplorable that, after so conclusive an experience, the United States should be hurried into a breach of the solemn compact which, up to this time, has made their power.

"In spite of the diversity of their constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps, even, *because* of this diversity, Providence seems to urge them to draw closer the traditional bond which is the basis and the very condition of their political existence. In any event, the sacrifices which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it. United they perfect themselves; isolated they are paralyzed.

"The struggle which, unhappily, has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement, whatsoever it may be, which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to coexist.

"The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and of public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall come to deepen an abyss between the two parties to the confederation, to end definitely in their mutual exhaustion, and in the ruin, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

"Our august master cannot resign himself to admit such deplorable anticipations. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the citizens of the Union who appreciate so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government and the influential men of the two parties will seize all occasions and will unite all their efforts to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by laboring to that end with zeal and perseverance in a spirit of justice and moderation.

"If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language and your councils may contribute to this result, you will respond, sir, to the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor in devoting to this the personal influence which you may have been able to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which belongs to your character as the representative of a sovereign animated by the most friendly sentiments toward the American Union. This Union is not simply, in our eyes, an element essential to the universal political equilibrium. It constitutes, besides, a nation to which our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interest; for the two countries, placed at the extremities of the two worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear called to a natural community of interests and of sympathies, of which they have given mutual proofs to each other.

"I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are not called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to attest the lively solicitude of the Emperor in presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wishes which his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of that great work, so laboriously raised, which appeared so rich in its future.

"It is in this sense, sir, that I desire you to express yourself as well to the members of the general Government as to influential persons whom you may meet, giving them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present."

Mr. Seward wrote to the Russian Minister at Washington concerning that remarkable and welcome document as follows:

"The Secretary of State of the United States is authorized by the President to express to M. de Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his profound sense of the liberal, friendly and magnanimous sentiments of his Majesty on the subject of the internal differences which for a time have seemed to threaten the American Union, as they are communicated from the instruction from Prince Gortchakoff, and by him read, by his Majesty's direction, to the President of the United States and Secretary of State. M. de Stoeckl will express to his Government the satisfaction with which the President regards this new guarantee of a friendship between the two countries which had its beginning with the national existence of the United States."

The declaration of Russia had been received when President and Cabinet and the whole North were smarting over the result of the first battle of Bull Run. Edward Everett called it "that remarkable letter," containing "words of sagacity as well as of friendship and peace." From the position taken in that first declaration Russia never receded. She sought the preservation of the Union, and one Government paramount over all. She did not take sides with the North against the South. Her course was that of the wise and true friend of a whole family undertaking to bring together its wrangling members into domestic concord. Later, when the President had issued his emancipation proclamation as a war measure, her position was the same as Mr. Lincoln's: Preserve the Union with slavery; preserve the Union without slavery — but preserve it.

In further evidence of the friendship of Russia, the diplomatic correspondence between our representatives at St. Petersburg and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State at Washington, abounds. A few of the more significant passages are cited. Cassius M. Clay and Simon Cameron were each in turn our Ministers at St. Petersburg during the Civil War — Mr. Clay at first until 1862, then Mr. Cameron until 1863, when he was succeeded by Mr. Clay. Bayard Taylor acted for a considerable period as *chargé d'affaires* in the absence of the Minister.

The following, dated at St. Petersburg, June 21, 1861, is from Mr. Clay to Mr. Seward. As it contains Mr. Clay's account of his first meeting with the Emperor Alexander II, and with Prince Gortchakoff, it is given here at some length:

"Allow me to say that in all the Russian journals I hear but one expression of sentiment, and that all in our favor.

"On the 16th (28th) inst. I called upon, by agreement, Prince Alexander Gortchakoff III, Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Majesty the Emperor. He received me in a cordial way, shaking hands, and causing me to be seated. He led the conversation by saying the Emperor, having been advised of my arrival, had ordered him to express his continued friendship for the United States Government, that he had heard with regret of our civil troubles, and hoped the Union a speedy triumph. I responded that no change of administration had changed the relations of the United States and Russia, whose natural position and traditionary friendship must ever keep them in the closest of harmony, and that I was ordered by the President thus to express myself to his Imperial Majesty; that I was ordered also to explain, at the proper time, the causes of our difficulties at home. . . . I stated how the slave States were divided, and my hope that the rebellion would soon be crushed out. To this he attentively listened, and responded that he hoped it would be most *speedily* done. . . .

"The Emperor received me standing, advancing and saying he was pleased to see me. I then went through, very briefly, the usual forms of such speeches, adding that I ventured, by the orders of my Government, to say further to him that the President of the United States and the American people looked with profound sympathy and admiration upon the great reforms which he was attempting in his empire, which, without considering the philanthropic view of the movement, by building up a middle class, he would add more to the physical power of his country than did Peter the Great by consolidation and extension; and that the success of his enterprise would, in the estimation of the Western nations, place him even above that great ruler.

"The Emperor seemed much gratified and really moved by this last remark, in which he saw from us a real appreciation of his great undertaking, and not an unmeaning compliment. He then said he would respond through the Prince; and, turning to him, he spoke with very decided earnestness. In response to the first part of my address he repeated the usual words. To the last he said, in conclusion, that 'so much the more had he hopes of the perpetuity of the friendship between the two nations now; that, in addition to all former ties, we would be bound together by a common sympathy in the common cause of emancipation.' I give nearly the exact words. Among other things he expressed a very earnest wish that we would speedily recover the integrity of the Union. . . . He wanted to know if I thought England would interfere. I told him we did not care what she did; that her interference would tend to unite us the more; that we fought the South with reluctance; we were much intermarried and of a common history; but that the course of England had aroused our sensibilities toward her in no very pleasant manner. The Emperor seemed to like my seeming defiance of old John Bull very much."

The following are extracts from the first official communication from Mr. Cameron to Mr. Seward, dated at St. Petersburg, and giving an account of Mr. Cameron's first meeting with the Emperor and Prince Gortchakoff:

"On Monday I made application for an interview with Prince Gortchakoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who appointed the following day (17th) at noon. In company with Mr. Clay I called upon the Prince at the Foreign Office. He received me with cordiality, and in the course of our brief but very satisfactory conversation expressed his most earnest desire for the termination of our domestic difficulties. He informed me that the Emperor had removed his residence to his summer palace of Tzarskōe-Selo, where my presentation to his Majesty would probably take place.

"At noon, therefore, in company with Mr. Clay — whose audience of leave was appointed for the same time — and with Mr. Taylor, Secretary of Legation, I proceeded to the Winter Palace. . . . The remarks which I made on delivering to him my letter of credence are given, in substance, in the paper (A) accompanying this dispatch. He listened to them with attention, interrupting me several times to express his hearty concurrence in my views. A conversation followed which lasted for more than half an hour, and during which the Emperor, by his questions and observations, exhibited not only his profound interest in everything relating to our country, but his accurate knowledge of her present situation. He declared frankly that his sympathies had always been cordially with us; that he was very anxious the United States, as a nation, should suffer no diminution of power or influence; our interests and those of Russia were in many respects identical, and he was desirous to hasten by all the means in his power the progress of that telegraphic enterprise which will enable the two Governments to communicate directly with each other. He referred to his efforts in regard to the emancipation of the serfs and manifested a great interest concerning the solution of the question of slavery in the United States."

The following are extracts from a letter of Mr. Bayard Taylor as *chargé d'affaires*, dated at St. Petersburg, October 29, 1862, for the Union one of the gloomiest periods of the war. The Union forces had been defeated at Richmond, at Cedar Mountain, and the second Bull Run, and though they had been victorious at South Mountain and Antietam, the victory was barren of results.

"After having received the President's letter, which he promised to present to his Imperial Majesty without delay, Prince Gortchakoff entered upon a conversation concerning American affairs, which I deem so important that I hasten to report it while his expressions are yet fresh in my mind and can be communicated to you with the greatest possible exactness.

"He commenced by stating in the strongest terms his concern at the course which events are taking in the United States.

"'Your situation,' said he, 'is getting worse and worse. The chances of preserving the Union are growing more and more desperate. Can nothing be done to stop this dreadful war? Can you find no basis of arrangement before your strength is so exhausted that you must lose for many years to come your position in the world?'"

After some explanations by Mr. Taylor, the Prince resumed:

"'It is not that alone,' said he, 'but the fury which seems to possess both sides — the growth of enmities which are making the gulf continually wider between the two sections. The hope of their reunion is growing less and less, and I wish you to impress on your Government that the separation, which I fear must come, will be considered by Russia as one of the greatest possible misfortunes. . . .

"'Russia alone,' said he, 'has stood by you from the first, and will continue to stand by you. We are very, *very* anxious that some means should be adopted, that *any* course should be pursued, which will prevent the division that now stands inevitable. One separation will be followed by another; you will break into fragments. . . .

"'You know the sentiments of Russia,' the Prince exclaimed with great earnestness. 'We desire, above all things, the maintenance of the American Union as one indivisible nation. We cannot take any part more than we have done. We have no hostility to the Southern people. Russia has declared her position, and will maintain it. There will be proposals for intervention. We believe that intervention could do no good at present. *Proposals will be made to Russia to join in some plan of interference. She will refuse any invitation of the kind.* Russia will occupy the same ground as at the beginning of the struggle. *You may rely upon it, she will not change.* But we entreat you to settle the difficulty. I cannot express to you how profound an anxiety we feel — how serious are our fears.'"

In November, 1862, a proposition was made by France to England and Russia to jointly apply to the Government at Washington and to the Confederate authorities to agree to an armistice for six months. The following is the material portion of Mr. Taylor's official report of Prince Gortchakoff's reply to Mr. Taylor's inquiry:

"The Prince assured me in reply that the action of Russia should be governed entirely by the most friendly feeling toward the United States. She would take no step which could not receive that interpretation. He then offered to read to me his instructions to Baron de Stoeckl in regard to the proposed action of the three Powers. After stating the proposition the dispatch refers to the position which Russia has occupied since the commencement of the struggle, repeats her desire for a settlement by conciliatory measures, and expresses her willingness to tender her good offices in a way that shall be acceptable and that shall seem to promise a good result. . . .

"'There,' said Prince Gortchakoff when the reading was finished, 'now you know the worst, so far as Russia is concerned.'"

Now turn to the vast volume of letters and dispatches published by our Government, and which passed between our Ministers to England and France and Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State.

In the summer and autumn of 1863 our diplomatic relations with England had become so strained that we were confronting the gravest foreign crisis of the war. Against

(*Continued on Page 28*)

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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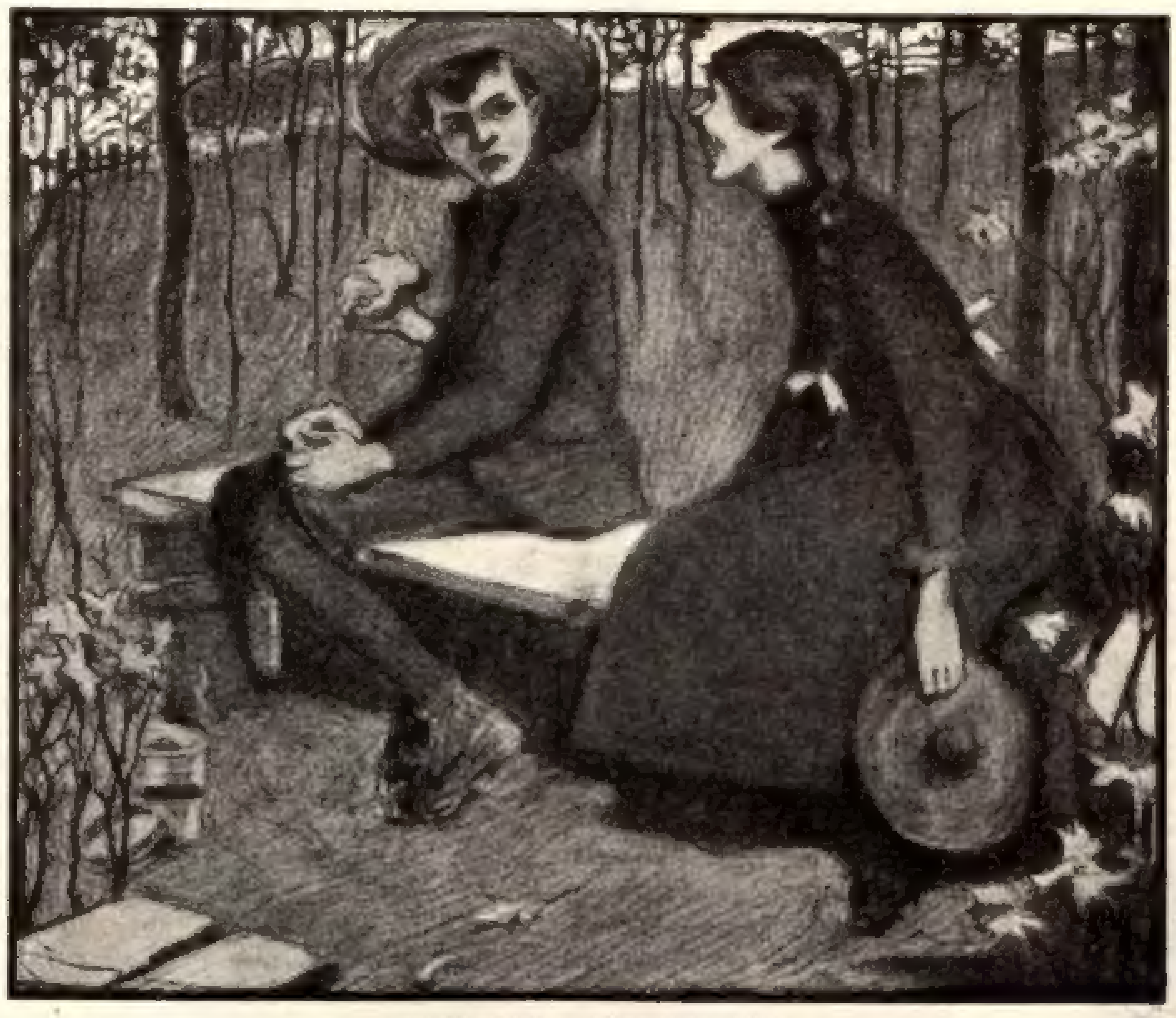
SEPT. 15, 186— Brite and fair. i forgot to say that i giv Will the whailbone bow that Billy Swett giv me to see the fite. he was glad to get it i tell you, and he sed i was the best feller he knew. i told him when he came here again we wood have some more fun. mother gave him 25 cents and gave me ten cents for being so good to him. me and Pewt and Beany had some goozeberies down to old Si Smiths. father told me one time i cood have a football, so i asked him tonite and he sed i dident desirve ennything, that i had caused him a good deal of truble, ennyway i am going to have 2 bladders.

SEPT. 16, 186— Clowdy but no rane. Beany and Ticky Moses got fiting at resess today. we was playing 2 old cat and we was chewsing sides, and Beany and Ticky was chewsing and the way they did it was this. Beany he throwed the bat at Ticky and Ticky he caught it about half way down, and then Beany he put his hand above Tickys and Ticky he put his above Beanys and so on til when they came to the end of the bat the last one whitch had his hand on has the first choice and no fudging, only he has got to swing the bat around his head 3 times and throw it 3 times as far as he can gump. well Beany he had the last hand on the bat and he cood jest get hold of it a little and when he swung it round his head it sliped and hit Ticky on his head and he piched into Beany and jest as they was fiting good the bell rang. that is jest the way. something always stops the good fites. i bet on Beany.

SEPT. 17, 186— Brite and fair. the stewdcats have got back long ago—i forgot to wright that in. they are some new fellers not enny biger then i am. Honey Donovan licked one of them easy and made him ball like a baby. Chitter Robinson and a stewdcat named Hall had a fite on the Plains and neither licked. they fit until they was tired out, and Darlinton a big stewdcat came up and stoped them. they aint much fun in going to school now. all the girls go to school in the libary bilding and they is nobody but fellers in the grammer school. i tell you it is pretty loansom. we fellers dont care mutch if they miss in there lessons.

SEPT. 18, 186— Brite and fair. after school to-day me and Beany and Fatty and Nibby and Lees Moses and Whacker went home by the libary building, when the girls came out they dident pay enny attension to us becaus the high school fellers was there. perhaps they will want us to give them something and then i gess they will find out.

SEPT. 19, 186— Brite and fair. went to church in the morning and to sunday school in the afternoon. i have got a new pair of britches. old Missis Stickny made them out of a old pair of fathers. they wasent very old becaus they was made out of the same blew coat that father had when he was going to make his speach when old Dirgin put me out of the town hall. father sed he wood never ware them britches ennymore. they was too tite, and his new boots was too tite two, and so he give them to me, only i cood have the britches made smaler and i coodent have the boots made smaler so i will have to wate a long time before i cood ware the boots. well after sunday school me and Bug and Cawcaw and Pile Wood went down to the dam. they are having the dam fixed and the water is auful low, rite below the dam they was some big pikerel in a place where they coodent get out. well we took off our shues and stockings and begun to wade in after them and they wood dart round lively and we got pretty well spatered, and then i fell rite down and got wet soping. after that i went rite in and we got 12 big pikerel and we had 3 apeace. so i went home and i was afraid i wood get a licking and i did two, for when i came in father said where in thunder have you been and i told him and said here are some good pikerel for supper and he said i will atend to you sir, and he took me upstairs and gave me a whaling. gosh you bet it hurt. well then he told me to go to bed and said i coodent have my supper, and when i took of my close my legs were all blew and i called mother up to see how i was black and blew and when she came up she said for mersy sakes, the coler has all come out of your pants and you are all chekered blew, so i tride to wash it of, and it woodent come of. so i went to bed and i felt auful hungry and i cood hear them at supper and i could smell beefstake and i almost wished father was ded, and when it was almost dark mother come up with a tray and she had fride one of the pikerel and had some tost and a baked potato and i set up and had a buly supper. mother wasent mad a bit with me but she told me i did rong but she gessed i got my pay for it and i gess i did. mother is jest as good as she can be.



I GESS THEY WILL FIND OUT

SEPT. 20, 186— Brite and fair. the coler hasent gone of my legs yet. tonite father took me down to Erl and Cuts where he got the coat that my britches was made out of and told Erl about it and made me show my legs, and Erl said i gess George, the cloth hadent been spunged, and father said i dont know about the cloth, but he was spunged most damly when he got them. and mister Erl laffed and gave father a pair of new britches, and we went home. father felt prety good about it, it dont seam rite, i got a lickin and got my legs all blew and it wont come of, and father got a new pair of britches for nothing. enny way one of these pikerel waid a pound.

SEPT. 21, 186— tonite i went over to Beanys. Mister Watson Beanys father was leening his head on his hand and i stumped Beany to pull his elbo out. and we nearly dide laffing to think about it and by and by Beany got up his spunk and pulled his elbo out and his head came rite down on the table and he jumped up and grabed Benny and hit him some good bats and sent him to bed and told me to go home and never come over there ennymore. so i cant go with Beany ennymore. the coler hasent gone out of my legs.

SEPT. 22, 186— Rany. the coler has begun to go of my legs.

SEPT. 23, 186— Rany as time. we got some soft sope of old man Currier today and the coler is most gone.

SEPT. 24, 186— It is all gone now.

SEPT. 25, 186— Lubbin Smith and Geen Titcum got fiting at resess today and the bell rung before eether had licked. i bet on Lubbin. i went down for some more pikerel today but the river is two deep now.

SEPT. 26, 186— i went to church to-day. they isent enny fun sundays.

SEPT. 27, 186— Brite and fair. to-day we was playing football at school and Whacker got rooted agenst Colbaths barn and hit his head whack and fell down jest as if he was ded, and old Francis came running out and grabed him up and put water on his head and then he waked up and was all rite but he had a headake.

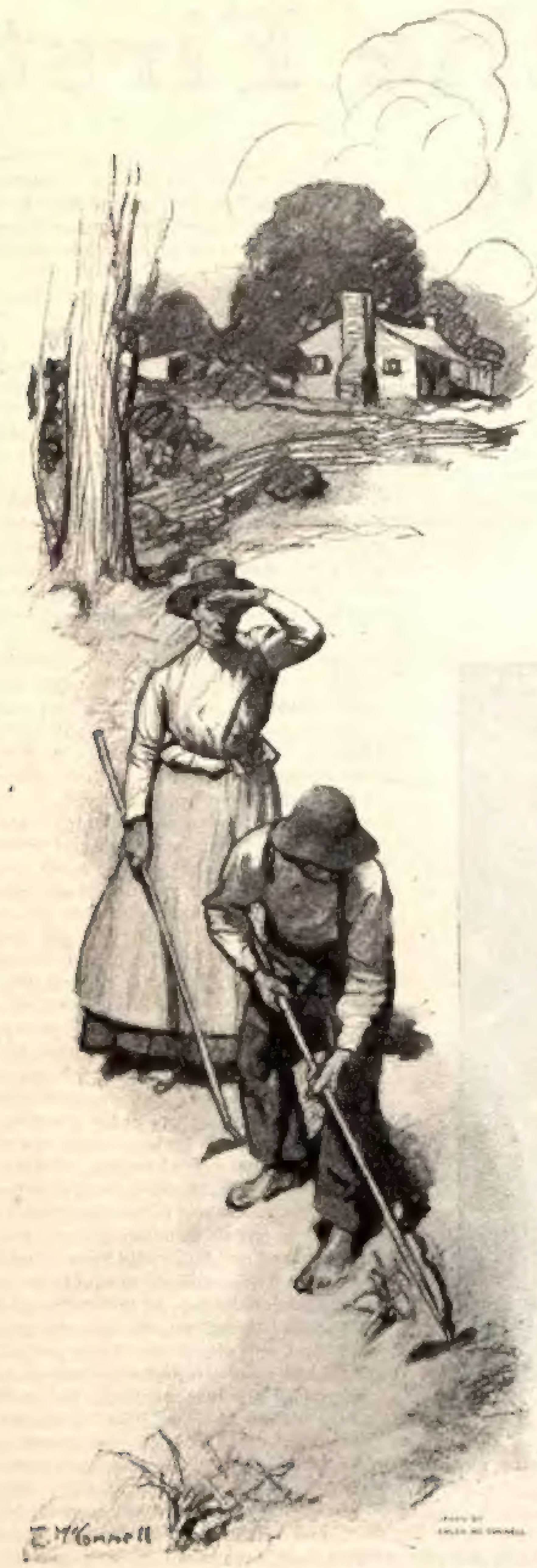
SEPT. 28, 186— Rany as time. father has sold Nelly to old Si Smith. she was lame in her hind leg and when she stands in the stable she holds her hind leg up in the air all the time, and when she goes out she limps auful but after she goes a while she aint lame. so last nite father hiched her up and took me and we drove over to Wire Shaws in Kensington and when we came back he took out the whip and hit her under the belly with it 2 times and you aught to see her go. when we came to old Si Smiths she was going like old Billy Robinsons troter. then father turned round and drove up to Sis and old Si and Shep Hodgden and Gimmy Biddle and Charles Fifield was there and father said this will make jest the horse you want for your store and old Si said she aint biger than a rat and father said i gess she is big enuf to carry out all your lodes unless you put down your price, and then they all laffed at Si, and then Si said she is a puller and father said what do you want Josiar one that you have to push, and then they laffed agen and when father called him Josiar i know Si had better look out for when father calls me Henry i know i am in for a licking. then Si said she is lame in every leg and father said you get in here and drive her and if she goes a lame step i will give her to you, and old Si said to Shep and Gimmy you get in and drive her and they got in and drove off and father said he wood take 50 dolars for her and old Si said he wood give 35 dolars for her and they talked and talked and then Shep and Gimmy came back and said she went all rite and old Si said he wood give father 40 dolars and father said she was worth 50 but as Si was a nabor he wood like to acomodate him. well old Si was counting out the money when he said he bet she was a kicker father said she is kind as a kitten and dont bite or kick, does she Harry, and i said she cant kick becaus she always holds up one leg in the stall, and old Si said whats that, and i told him how she coodent kick becaus she held up one leg, and then Gimmy and Shep and Charlie Fifield and old Mister Page all laffed and hollered and stamped round and slaped their legs and said that is a good one, and old Si stoped counting his money and swore auful and father looked auful mad for a minit and then he said she is wirth every cent of 50 dolars and asked Si what he wood give and Si said 15 dolars and they talked and talked and after a while he give father 25 dolars. then we went home and father looked prety mad. i dident know what i had done but when we got home he said Harry you go to bed, so i went up about scart to deth but by and by i crep to the stairs and lissened and he was telling about it to mother and he said if he had sence enuf not to ask me about it he cood had got 15 dolars more out of old Si and he was mad enuf to lick me, and then he began to laff and mother laffed and said it served you jest rite George to try and cheet a old man, and father said Nelly was wirth 50 dolars and the last baril of flour that Si sold him was older then Methooselas gread granfather and he wood have got square with Si if it hadent been for that boy. well mother said you cant whip him for telling the truth and father said thunder no i aint going to lick him but i was mad enuf to. so i felt prety good and crep back to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gougar Brothers' Waterloo

The Other Side of a Bull Market

BY OCTAVE THANET



BOY AND WOMAN SHOULDERED IT TOGETHER

WILSON STARR had returned to dazzle his native town. When he left Mercutio, Arkansas, ten years before, he was not dazzling; he was only a raw youngster of fifteen, not very clean nor very honest, who had lied out of many a "licking" at school and was suspected of purloining goods of Priam Wayne's store, where he was, Priam said, "the triflingest clerk" that he ever had hired.

But now, after ten years' absence and oblivion, behold him on the other side of Priam's counter, bearing all the visible marks of prosperity and a good conscience, and treating every newcomer to Wayne's best cigars. A group was gathered about him. They tilted their chairs against the counter near where the big cheese stood invitingly uncovered, with a knife for testing within hand's reach. Their eyes and their ears were busy with Wilson. To them his new plaid suit, his shining linen, his varnished boots, the great pearl glowing in his crimson neck-scarf, were the hallmarks of fashion; while his tales of St. Louis hotels made their eyes shine.

"Don't it cost a right smart livin' in St. Louis?" asked a middle-aged man, smoking a brierwood pipe.

"Ruther," returned Starr with an unctuous chuckle; "but I got the price."

"You-all have done mighty well, I reckon, being a St. Louis drummer? What's you' line?"

"Oh, fine hardware. But I didn't git my money that way, nor I ain't come here on business. I come back here jest to say howdy to my old friends and get good and glad I don't live with 'em no more!" Starr laughed richly, thus robbing the words of offense. He turned to a young man, who had just joined the group, with an outstretched hand and a "Howdy, Randolph; how's all?"

The man addressed was an athletic, bronzed young fellow in a blue flannel shirt and khaki gaiters of the sort which have worked their way into Southern favor since the Spanish War. His face was frank and boldly handsome.

"We're all stirring. How's St. Louis?" said he quietly.

Starr gave a citified shrug to his shoulders: "Well, it's livelier'n Mercutio. Still, I don't say you can't enjoy life in the country if you've got the price."

"And you got it, hay?" The old man with the pipe purred his words between closed lips. "And you didn't git it by drumming. How did you git it, if 'tain't onwise curiosirty?"

Wilson Starr let his sharp eyes flash once about his audience before he smiled a confidential, inviting smile.

"To own up, I got it from the ticker, speculating on cotton."

"And you're smart 'nuff to tell which way cotton's goin' to jump, for instance?"

"You bet I ain't," answered Starr; he laughed again. "Say, have you-all never heard of Gougar Brothers, cotton brokers, St. Louis?"

No one seemed to have heard. All the heads but the shopkeeper's were wagged in negation. The shopkeeper's head was in the cracker barrel, whence he was hospitably scooping up broken crackers. These he dispensed among the group, and cut a bunk of cheese which was passed around.

While they ate or smoked Starr enlightened their understanding in regard to high finance. His experience was only one, he told them; he couldn't say how it had been for others, but he had put in five hundred dollars and got five thousand inside a month. Other folks he knew had put in more and got more; but five thousand satisfied *him;* he didn't want the earth.

"But if they're so smart and got such a sure thing why don't they keep it to themselves?" was asked by the smoker of the brierwood pipe.

"Maybe they ain't hoggish; more like maybe they ain't got the mun. Why, that firm handles hundreds of thousands of dollars all the time; if they got your money and theirs, too, they can do a heap more, can't they? But they're mighty careful who they take into partnership in their deals, and if they agree to invest your money you're O. K. Well, just to show you how they keep track of things, here's a letter I got first of last week; how's that for prophesying?"

More than one hand was outstretched, and the letter passed from one pair of eyes to another while the financier from St. Louis explained the figures and illustrated the prophecy by the current price of cotton in the day's journal. The eyes grew rounder as the luminous exposition flowed on. Truly, here was a verification of all the newspaper tales of wonder. The shopkeeper held the paper in his hands, last. He was a thin, stoop-shouldered, sallow man with a faint, frequent smile which had grown fainter but not less frequent with the years. He had an invalid wife, and four little children to whom he was a devoted father; and there were rumors that until this last year he had found it hard work to meet his bills and keep his shelves full. Every one liked Priam Wayne; and every one was ready to buy of him for the double reason, outside of liking, that he kept better goods and more novelties than any other man of his line in Mercutio, and that he was more willing to extend credit. The natural result of such popularity and such indulgence was a burden of bad debts. But the Southwestern debtor is as willing to pay his debts when he has money as he is to run into debt when he has not. During this happy season of eleven and twelve cent cotton everybody had money, and pages over which Priam's wife (who kept his books very neatly) had often sighed, and sometimes cried, were balanced as never before. Priam was beginning to talk of painting the store and taking his wife to see her mother in Texas. He had read in the newspapers of fortunes rising by magic, but he reinforced the natural rustic timidity by the stern necessity of using all his spare dollars to pay off divers long-standing notes. Now, with money enough in bank to pay for goods bought on sixty days, and the mortgage on his house not due for three years (which to an Arkansan seems almost as if it were paid in full), Priam experienced an unwonted lightness of heart, and at the same time a yearning for financial adventure.

Something of the same sensibility to eloquence was felt by all the group. With a single exception, all of them grew more deeply interested, every moment. Priam let his boy clerk, who hadn't fully mastered the pharmacy labels, wait on the widow Tomlinson, only casting the eye of precaution on the strychnine jar lest it be mistaken for quinine, which was Aby's failing. Randolph's eyes never wandered from the speaker. The others grinned and exchanged "Well, sirs," and visibly admired Starr.

The one exception was the man with the brierwood pipe, by name Reuben Doughty, by nature a doubter. He merely puffed solemnly, his face the face of a wooden Indian. Starr concluded by producing another paper, the regular circular of the company, which advised all the clients to "Get Rich Quick!" and promised so to safeguard their interests that risk was practically eliminated.

"Your money's as safe with them 's in a bank," he declaimed; "only where's the bank will pay *one thous-and* per cent.!"

"How'd you git *at* them folks?" came from more than one listener.

"Well, *that's* more difficult than you'd think; they ain't willing to handle everybody's money—but I'm going back to-night, and I'll tell the firm to send you-all circulars with terms and everything. How's that? If you like the looks of things, all right, jump in and get some of the dough; if you don't, why, keep out."

"I *aim* ter," drawled Doughty.

"*You* look as if you'd kept out of chances to make money all your life," Starr sneered; "it would be a pity to break the record."

"I don't 'low to," said Doughty. "I've kept out of debt, too; and I've kep' outer the pen. Maybe you' fine company won't allers be able to say so much. Now, my advice to you boys is not to git excited, and to hol' on to you' money till you know something 'bout the man you give it to. Braggin' can't be sold fur cash 'cept to suckers."

"But look at Starr," began one of the men, and was disconcerted by the old man's answer, delivered as he rose to go:

"I *air* looking at Starr, and I reckon I know whar he gits his salary and why he ain't sellin' hardware. Good-evenin', gentlemen."

"You're too old a man to hit and too stupid a man to argue with!" Starr hotly flung at the retreating shoulders; but they did not turn. And in a little while the St. Louis missionary was mollified by Priam's apologies and the others' railing at the departed cynic, so that he departed on terms of the greatest amity.

Lee Randolph rode home more excited than he had been in years; for his was not an excitable nature, but a slow-moving, intense and faithful one. Now, however, Starr's wonder tales fanned a smoldering fire in him. For two years he had known that he wanted to marry Wilella Doughty; in reality his heart had been full of her light shape and winsome face and sweet nature ever since he did her sums for her at school and knocked out one of Wilson Starr's front teeth for slapping her because she wouldn't kiss him. He was a bashful fellow, unused to girls' ways, and it took him a year to find out Wilella's mind after he was sure of his own. It promised to take longer to persuade old man Doughty to consent to the marriage; and Wilella was a dutiful daughter. The main objection made by the old man was that Lee was his father's son. "Thar's gamblin' and fightin' in the blood," he said to his daughter; "it's thar, an' it'll come out. Look at his brother Jeff, lost two thousand dollars—two thousand dollars an' over—all they-all got for three years' hard work—gamblin'; forged his brother's name to git it, tew. I know that, for all they kep' it so quiet ayfter he blowed his brains out. And ole Randolph—don't I know what like he ben! Wasn't he my side partner, and didn't he lure me inter buying ponies from Texas we was to make our forchune ever ayfter in; and didn't he play craps with niggers if he couldn't git nobody else to play with 'im; and didn't he gamble away them thar Texas ponies one by one whilst I was restin' easy nussin' you' maw that had the breas' disease an' died up that spring? Didn't he lose ever' las' hoss, the ornery, triflin', unlucky idjit? Didn't he borry money right and left; and didn't he git five hundred dollars outen *me* with a deed o' trust on his fyarm, an' then me find out there ben two fellers ahaid er me? An' w'en I done found out his tricks an' come to see 'im an' git satisfaction warn't he flat on his back with pneumony? Ye cayn't talk up to a man with pneumony! I nev' did pyart lips with 'im. Warn't no use takin' it outer his widder, as decent, hones', hyard-workin' a woman's ever lived. An' I didn't. I holped 'er. Bes' way I could holp her was to keep my mouth shet, so I shet it. I'd the deed er trus', and she knowed 'bout that ar, havin' made her myark to it; but she never did 'spicion 'bout the ponies. He never'd tole 'er they ben haff mine, and she 'lowed they ben sole an' someway the money got los'."

"But paw, honey," said Wilella when the story first was told her, "haven't you had your interest?"

"Reg'lar. The widder's the honeses' woman ever did live, I tole you. And reg'lar, tew, I renewed the note. It'll come due ag'in, fust next month. I tole her to cl'ar off ever'thing else fust an' then pay me."

"But hasn't Lee worked, too? Awful hard, paw. And hasn't he ben as steady and faithful as a man could be?" pleaded Wilella; "and think of all the troubles they've had! Two thousand dollars going when Jeff killed himself, besides the burying of him in Memphis and going there and back; and then paying off the mortgage on the place, and then poor Nettie's doctoring and her funeral — they sure have had troubles!"

"I ain't denying it," grudged her father; "but didn't I holp 'em? Didn't I wait on 'em? I ain't got nary unkind feelin' toward 'em; but what I say is, gamblin' is *in* the blood. Lee ain't never ben reely tried, yit; you wait an' see. I don't aim to give my onliest chick or chile to a gambler nor to a poor-off man."

Yet as the months wore on the old man softened. He was the Randolphs' nearest neighbor, and he fell into the habit of neighborly calls on the widow Randolph. No one but the two elderly people, who were nearer sixty than fifty (which is almost aged in the Southwest), knew that under Doughty's substantial and visible grievance was an earlier wrong which, perhaps, bit more deeply, although he never complained of it. In his youth Doughty had tried to marry pretty Sukey Harding, and Lee Randolph, the older, had won her. Lee was handsome, he came from Virginia, where long before the war his family had owned slaves; there was a glamor about the vanished splendor, a glamor about his manner and his better and more fluent speech. The defeat was fair enough, but the hurt of it lasted Doughty through his short married life and his long widowerhood. Very likely it poisoned the wound made by Randolph's later deceit. But within the year the old pain had dulled; Doughty felt in its stead something of the old friendliness for the widow. And certainly Randolph was a good son. He was the baby, but he had been his mother's companion in all the family anxieties; they had worked together, hoeing the corn, picking the cotton, building an addition to the cabin, clearing the new land that Randolph's father had bought. He owned a great farm if they could once clear it of incumbrance, but with the cotton price sagging every year, it was a huge burden. Boy and woman shouldered it together, however, just as they took the father's improvidence, Jeff's waywardness, so sudden, so dreadfully expiated, or Nettie's long martyrdom of sickness. Randolph had inherited from his mother a dogged ambition. "Honey, you-all's folks used to be quality, and quality you got to be ag'in!" she said to him repeatedly. In her youth she could neither read nor write, but by incredible labor and self-denial she had kept him at school until he was sixteen; and he had taught her some of his knowledge. "I ain't goin' to plumb shame you, honey, with bein' so ignorant I got to ask what be the signs," she said proudly; and she favored Wilella above other girls because she'd "ben eddicated, and brushed her teeth ever' day."

It was she who found out about the ponies, years and years after her husband's death, a little at a time, piecing her knowledge together until she had enough to show to Doughty and demand the whole truth. He gave it, perforce. And his tough old heart ached with a queer new ache at the paling of the steadfast face and the clenching of the small, toil-hardened hands.

"An' that's how come you won't let your girl marry my boy?" was her first sentence after a silence he longed to break if only he could have found the right words; he was durned if he'd use the wrong ones and hurt her. "Well," she smiled bitterly, "I cayn't righteously blame you; but I tell you now, Reuben Doughty, my son favors his father in the good of him and not the bad; and you'll git ever' last cent that's owing you."

Then Reuben Doughty found his tongue—or, rather, his tongue ran away with him — and he cried: "Sukey, you're a mighty handsome woman *yit!*"

"My looks ain't the question, Mist' Doughty," she responded haughtily. It is doubtful, however, whether in reality she was offended. Doughty looked up at her, abashed and humbled as no one had ever seen him; for he was the rich man of the township, and knew the power of property. She faced him, her gray head in the air, her still luminous brown eyes glowing, the color flickering suddenly into her pale cheeks. She looked almost like the young Sukey Harding who had been the most daring bareback rider in the country; and the rush of memory made the man dizzy.

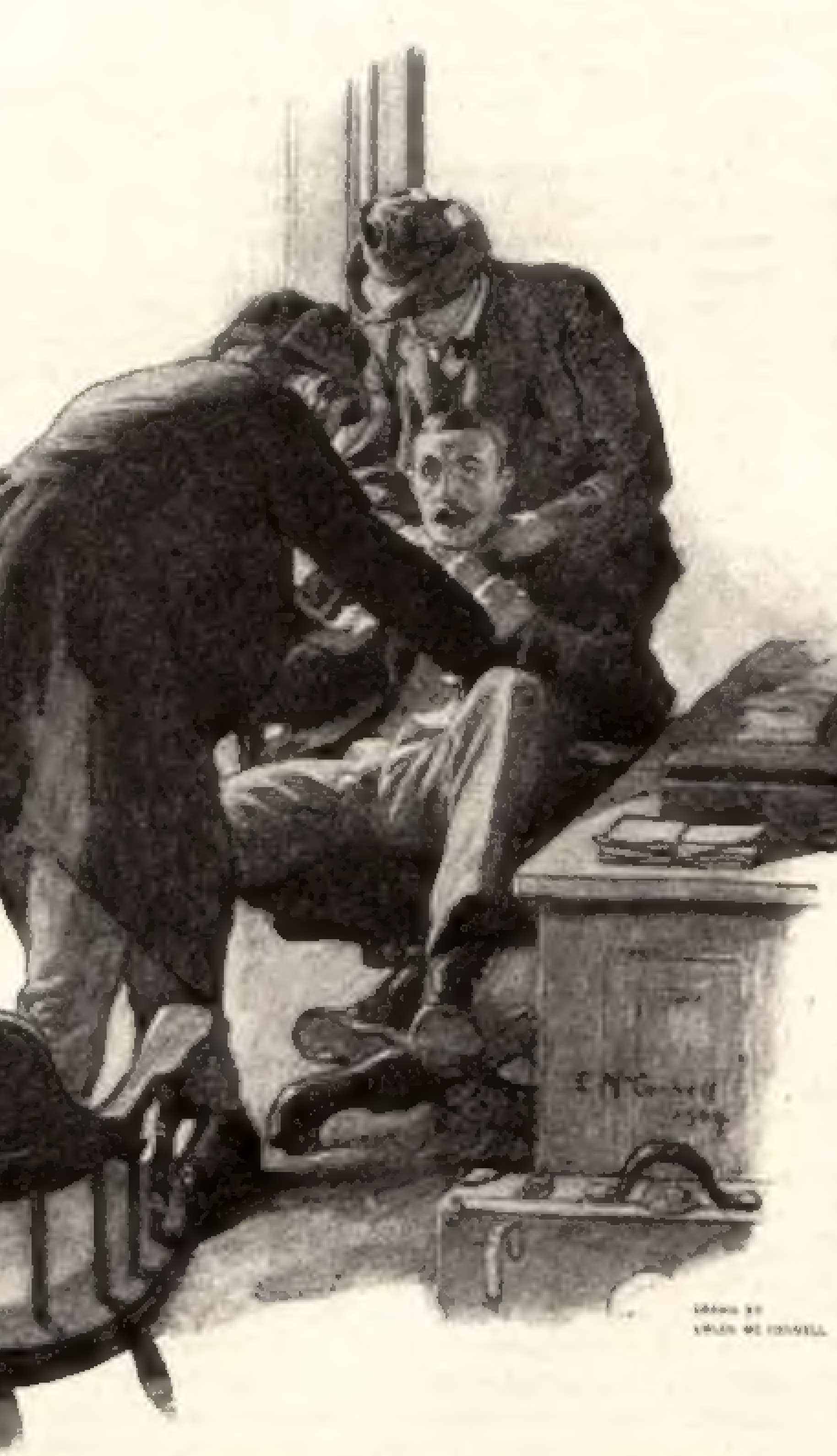
"Please don't be mad at me, Sukey," he entreated in a low, small voice; "I nev' did mean to — to let on 'bout them ponies ——"

"I know you didn't. We'll pay you for them with fair interest, tew. I know my son Lee."

"Look-a-here, Sukey, there ain't no call ——"

"Yes, sir, there is. It's your honest due, and you shall have ever' cent."

Nor would she recede from this position, although her brave heart sank at the new vista of toil and sacrifice. The next morning she stopped in at Priam's store to speak to Mrs. Wayne, who was feebly doing up bundles for the customers while Aby measured out the goods. "I only come in to tell you-all I wouldn't be wanting that black wool dress you was saving for me to look at. We got more expenses comin' in than I calculated," said she. So she took up the weary grind of minute economies which should pinch her rather than her son. On his part he met the blow without flinching, and gave up his tobacco and the new cotton planter, saying not a word. He went to Doughty the next day with a note signed by his mother and himself for the whole amount due, including the interest for the twelve years since his father's death. He had sat up half the night with his arithmetic to puzzle out the problem.



HE GOT THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE IN A SECOND

"If you want," said he, "maw and I stand ready to secure you by a mortgage."

"I don't want no mortgage," said Doughty, who had had his time for meditation also, "and I don't want no compound interest. All I got to say is if you're man 'nuff to clear off that note by two years come next spring, or before, I ain't got no manner objectshuns to your marryin' Wilella so soon ayfter as you can build a proper an' fittin' house on you' land next you' maw's; for I won't have your maw either druv outer her home or my daughter not have a house er her own. An', meanwhile, you kin come see Wilella oncet a month. Thar — thar — my hands ain't plow handles, an' you got a grip on you, fur shore!"

Randolph went home elated. He worked like two men all that following year; his ambition was to have enough money to pay off the note on the farm when it was due and to make a big payment on the other note. Now, as he rode homeward through the great green forests toward the setting sun, he was going over his year's profits. He had enough in the bank to pay Doughty's mortgage, the last lien on his acres, and to pay four hundred on the note. It would take another year to clear off the whole sum. Another year! His horse's hoofs padded dully against the thick pile of the woodsy carpet underfoot. There was a drabble of snow on the leafage, and the tree limbs were chalked roughly against the dim blue sky.

Right or left, before, behind, stretched the forest. There was a vastness about it, lonely and sombre even to the man who had known it all his life. He felt strangely dejected, discouraged. Another year at best; and he was altogether too well acquainted with the fickleness of the cotton plant to be sure of such good fortune as this year's precious toil had wrung from the earth. At worst, let cotton drop back to five and four cents a pound, how many years! Randolph set his teeth and groaned. How happy he had felt this morning, so ready to wait and work! And there was that pusillanimous Wils Starr, little sniveling dog, who let Lee get the licking which belonged to him, the time he nailed down teacher's desk with the pussy cat in it, and Lee pried it open enough for pussy to breathe, with his ruler, thereby drawing suspicion his way. Look at Starr, living in hotels with marble bathrooms and velvet curtains, and ice cream for dinner every *day!* Why, that cuss had made five thousand dollars. No wits of his, either! Just luck; just smart folks taking care of him. Thus, unsuspected by his own soul, Wilson Starr's poison worked in it; and although he made an effort to appear cheerful before his mother, he was feeling a steadily increasing disgust with his narrow life and his toilsome gains; while the gambler's mania that had ruined more of his blood than he knew, and had pulled them down from their patriarchal pomp to the poverty of the poor white, slipped on him unawares in its new disguise and gripped him fast.

Two days later he found a letter from St. Louis in his mail. The typing, the printed heading: "Gougar Brothers, Investment Brokers, Suite No. 14, Rosedale Bld'g., St. Louis, Mo.," the signature, "Gougar Brothers, per F. G.," looked to him the very image of awesome business prosperity. The contents were so flattering that he caught his breath. To him, an obscure farmer, these great people wrote confidentially; he was to mention the letter to no one, as they had applications from a number of people in his vicinity and could not take more than two men on their list. He, Lee Randolph, was chosen because they had such good accounts of his sagacity, shrewdness and absolute honor. There was an investment in cotton now on foot that promised to net the investors a fortune. Cotton was rising five to fifteen points a day; it was distinctly a bull market; a thousand dollars would cover a thousand bales margin, allowing a dollar a bale, two thousand allowing fifty cents. A dollar was more than safe margin; fifty cents in such a market ought to meet any recessions such as frequently occurred and must always be expected. Let him send a thousand to them, and they would guarantee in the course of a week to double his money. But any one can easily make out the remainder of the letter, with its coarse but ingenious appeal to vanity and greed. Randolph was an honest and modest man who had never been flattered. It was dazzling to find himself of such importance and repute! He was touched and pleased; he wished that he might show the letter to his mother or to Wilella, but a sense of a confidence bestowed sealed his lips. He borrowed the extra hundred easily enough on a month's loan; that afternoon he drew his savings out of the bank and sent the whole thousand to St. Louis; not until he turned from the post-office door did he feel his heart caving in a sudden sense of fear.

"If he *don't* make that money!" said he; and for a moment he felt very queer and cold and empty inside. Directly he laughed at this folly of suspicion; still, he could not quite regain the warm glow of the morning. Three days later came a letter from St. Louis acknowledging his check, and informing him he that he was now the owner of the option on two thousand one hundred bales of cotton. "You have struck the market just right at the moment of a slight recession, and you will most likely make a hundred dollars more than we expected. We congratulate you, and hope next week to send you a check."

Randolph felt himself an ingrate to have distrusted these noble men. Nevertheless, his rustic caution asserted itself enough to make him write that he would like them to get his money out as soon as possible, as he needed it to meet the mortgage on his farm. "I hope to get married soon as I am clean out of debt" — thus his heart overflowed. "If you could we-all would be right glad and proud to see you in Mercutio, any time. We have right good turkey and deer shooting."

He noticed that Priam, whom he had selected as his secret associate in the venture, was in high spirits. Saturday of the same week he received a letter, short but pleasant; the market was rising. Gougar Brothers advised him to wait; he would make only five hundred dollars now; if he waited they could assure him of fifteen.

Randolph waited. He felt so sure of his coming wealth that he bought his mother a new gown and a sumptuous machine rocker upholstered in green and yellow plush with red fringe, and he bought Wilella a string of pearl beads and a pair of white slippers, to give her later when her father should be willing. He thought of buying himself a new necktie, but he rejected the notion as weak self-indulgence. The articles were all bought of his friend Priam, who laughed as he charged them on the book.

"Feeling kinder flush, ain't you?" he said significantly.

"I expect to, next week," Randolph laughed back; "don't you?"

They both laughed at this, and by a simultaneous impulse shook hands. They had been the best of friends ever since they had gone to school together and the big Randolph had fought the little Priam's battles.

But neither of them said a word: they considered their honor.

All the next week the financial philanthropists were silent. Of course, such great, rich men, doing such a terrible big business, wouldn't be expected to write many letters. It was all right. But when the second week began, Randolph wrote; he explained that he must have the money by Thursday of the next week. The mortgage would be due on that day; he must have his money back even if he didn't make so much more; and he added apologetically in quotation marks over Gougar Brothers' assertion that the money would be sent that week "at the latest."

Three days, four days, he waited for his answer. Saturday morning he found a letter in his box at the post-office. He would not open it there where any one could see his face, but hid behind a house to read it.

Gougar Brothers regretted to say that there had been a recession in the price of cotton; but they were confident that it would be only temporary, and the rise resumed. As, owing to Mr. Randolph's own wish, they had only taken a fifty-cent margin they would have to call on him for two hundred dollars more to protect his holdings. Without that the whole amount would be lost. They were confident they could come out ahead yet. He would remember that they had warned him of this very thing. Randolph crumpled the sheet and tore it to pieces. He felt a mingling of irritation and despair, instantly followed by a reaction of reproach. "They trusted me, an' I ain't trustin' them," he thought. Perhaps they *had* warned him and he had not understood. "I was a fool to go in," he confessed; "but now I'm in I got to see it through!" Wherefore he set his teeth and went home to his mother. She lifted a smile from her oven door to him. "I been bakin' a batch of raisin cakes fo' ye, honey," she said; "they'll be out in a minnit. Set down."

"Maw," said Randolph, "I'd ruther have my hand chopped off than tell you what I'm going to."

His mother's gray head lifted and the color flickered into her pale cheeks; she stayed on her knees.

"It's what you ben studying on this right smart, son, ain't it?" said she gently.

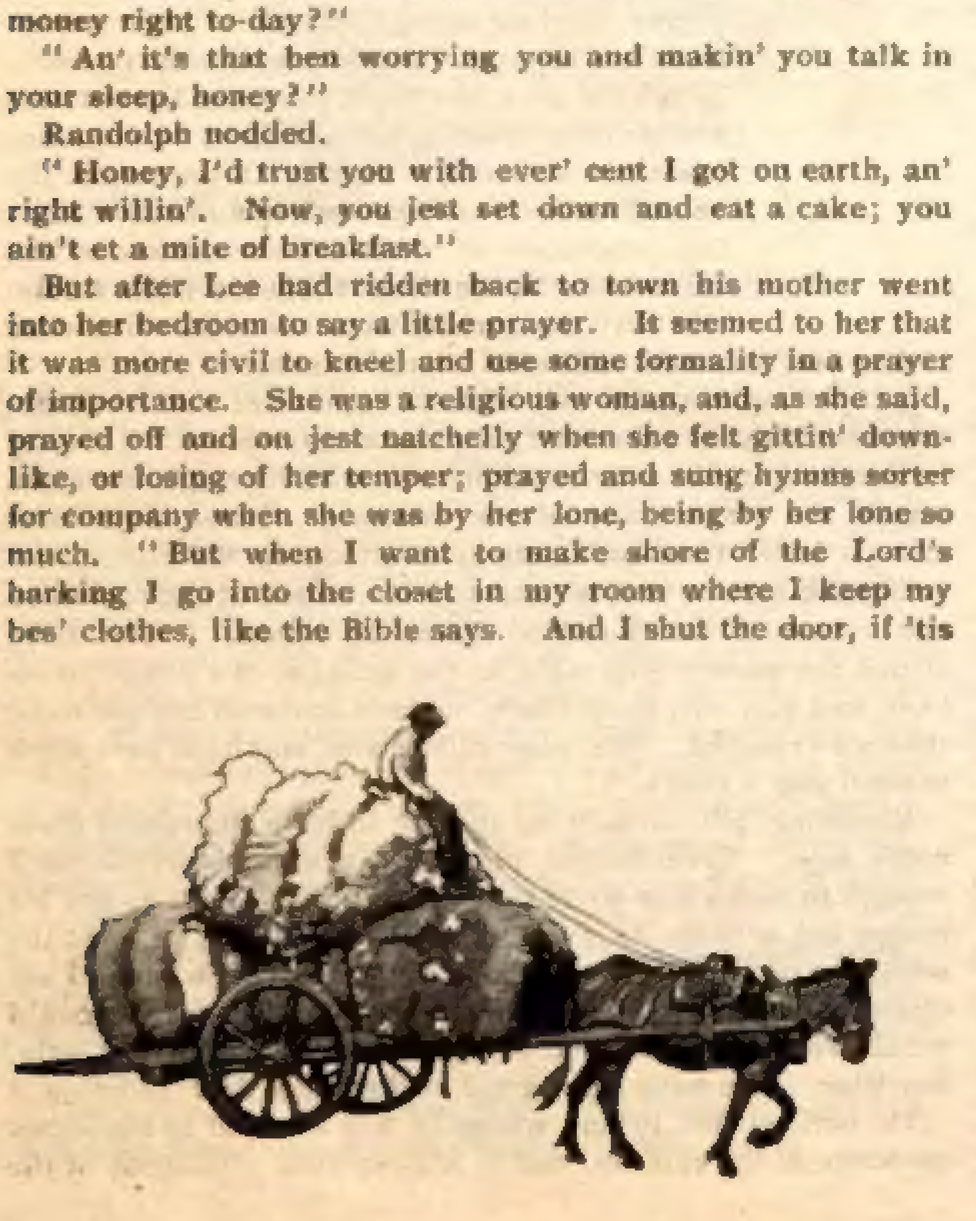
"Did you take notice? Yes, ma'am; it is. Maw, I don't know whether I ben a plumb idjit or an awful smart man. And I cayn't honorably tell you 'bout it all. But—but if I cayn't raise two hundred dollars to-day I'm going to lose an awful lot. An' there's only one way to raise that money, and that is to mortgage the farm. Now, do you trust me 'nuff to sign a deed of trust with me so's I can git that money right to-day?"

"An' it's that ben worrying you and makin' you talk in your sleep, honey?"

Randolph nodded.

"Honey, I'd trust you with ever' cent I got on earth, an' right willin'. Now, you jest set down and eat a cake; you ain't et a mite of breakfast."

But after Lee had ridden back to town his mother went into her bedroom to say a little prayer. It seemed to her that it was more civil to kneel and use some formality in a prayer of importance. She was a religious woman, and, as she said, prayed off and on jest natchelly when she felt gittin' down-like, or losing of her temper; prayed and sung hymns sorter for company when she was by her lone, being by her lone so much. "But when I want to make shore of the Lord's harking I go into the closet in my room where I keep my bes' clothes, like the Bible says. And I shut the door, if 'tis right warm, and looks like I was doing my best, then, to git my prayer heard. But these projecking 'round prayers, why, they ain't much more'n good intentions. Maybe stray angels hears 'em and reports, but I ain't even shore of *that!*"



Lee sent the two hundred, Saturday morning. It was Tuesday morning that he saw a little crowd about Priam Wayne's store. The crowd was so much larger than offers of Bargains in Ladies' Clothing, Codfish and Preserves would warrant, and it seemed so frowning and interested, that Lee rode up to it. There were no signs of smoke, so it could not be a fire. The snuff-colored greatcoat of the solitary constable of Mercutio brightened the doorway, and Lee suspected burglars. It was worse than burglars: Abe Warwick, the clerk, had been sent to the bank for money and had run away with the money.

Randolph hurried into the store. Priam was in his office, and his wife was there, too, in her calico Mother Hubbard that she wore of mornings. Priam had his eyes glued to the ledger. It seemed unnatural to see his face without a smile. The cashier of the Mercutio bank was talking to him. He had that very day discounted some notes for Priam, and was to discount more. When young Warwick had appeared with these notes at the bank saying these were the ones the cashier had made no difficulties. Priam had often sent the boy to the bank. He had been an honest, faithful, rather stupid lad.

"What's worst of all to Mist' Wayne is having that boy we treated like a son turn out that way," said Mrs. Wayne.

"Well, it's kinder bad 'bout the money, tew," observed old man Doughty, who had shambled up. "Reckon you know what he done with that power of money, don't you?"

"No, sir," said Priam; he did not turn round, and his features kept their absolutely vacant look; but they broke as ice splinters under a stone at Doughty's next sentence: "He sent hit to them thar St. Louis skunks, Gowger Brothers. Yes, sir."

"Howd' you know that?" said Priam.

"Yistiddy night I seen him a-postin' a letter to them. I 'lowed 'twa'n't none er my bizness; then I 'lowed it *did* be my bizness if you'd a clerk doin' them tricks, an' I went to you-all's house to find 'im, but you-all didn't been thar."

"No, sir. Mist' Wayne ben in St. Louis, and we'd gone to my sister's; and Aby was going to stay the night with a friend of his, he said," explained Mrs. Wayne.

"It was right kind and neighborly of you, Mist' Doughty," said Priam.

"You'll maybe be able to ketch up with him," Doughty would have consoled. Priam shook his head.

"Maybe. But he won't have the money."

Randolph's eye caught his as he spoke, and he motioned to him. He shook his hand solemnly as if at a funeral. "I'd kinder like to speak a minnit with you, Lee," he said; and so soon as they were alone in the meat storehouse he asked: "Have *you* heard from Gougar Brothers?" Randolph had not heard. "Well, I have," said he; "they've sold me out on one of their d——n recessionals, in spite of cotton hopping up and being fifteen points higher'n last week."

Randolph's voice stuck in his throat; he was conscious of that same cold and empty sensation he had known last week.

"I dunno's I've the right to take my friends' money, for I was just goin' to squeeze along as 'twas, and now Aby has taken my last chance from me. I reckon I *got* to fail."

"Don't you give up so easy, Priam," said Randolph; "I'll go to St. Louis."

"No good. I went. I couldn't see nobody but a clerk that didn't know nothin'. What *you* done?"

"I don't feel just right to talk——"

"Laws," interrupted Priam, but in neither haste nor excitement, "are you feeling bound still, 'lowing you and me are the only men they took into the deal? *I* found out they wrote the same identical letter to Bud Blakebury and Chris Stayner and ever' man that Wilson Starr could git to listen to him. I mistrus', Randolph, they ain't no better'n thieves, and Wils Starr is jest natchelly spreading their nets for them."

"I'll send them a telegram this very day," Randolph proposed. "I'll tell 'em to send my money straight back."

"They won't," said Priam wearily.

Randolph stood still; his knitted brow was wet, and after a while he passed his handkerchief over it very carefully.

"This means just ruin for me," said he in a small, dry voice.

"Well, I reckon I know how you feel," Priam sighed; "I'm right there, too."

"It—it isn't only losing all that money that maw and I worked terrible hard to earn; terrible hard we did work, Priam; but it ain't jest that nor the being liable to have a heap of trouble, for Mist' Doughty's mortgage is due Friday, and I'll maybe not git the money ready by that time, for I've lost my good name dealing with these thieves—if they are thieves—and folks will say it was no better—no better than gambling"—he got the word out in a kind of groan—"but it'll fairly break maw's heart; and besides that, I don't expect Mist' Doughty'll ever consent to Wilella's ever speaking to me again in this world. Maybe she'll not want to. And to-morrow was my Sunday to call."

"'Tis mighty bad," Priam agreed, dropping on his meat block in far too great disorder of spirit to consider his trousers, and propping his head up with his hands; "I'm mad at being such a fool! I might 'a' known that lying, sneaking Wils Starr'd never turn out decent. But I believed he'd repented and wanted to do a good turn to me to kinder make restitution without regular owning up. Lee, they're jest out an' out thieves. They ain't even bucket-shop fellers, as they call 'em. They don't try to trade in stocks; they jest gobble the money. At first they let some fellers win a little—jest for a ad. Oh, I've looked 'em up. So's Chris Stayner; he's fighting mad. But I was saying, first, they give the fellers play, you might say, like a fish; but this here last month or two they done skinned ever'body on earth they could get their knives on. I reckon they're aimin' to light out, now. Maybe they have lit out a'ready. I wisht I'd set the police on 'em when I was in St. Louis. Lee, they got an awful pretty office, handsome's a Pullman car, and a clerk all dressed up to kill, and sassy in a reg'lar blame niggery way, pertending to be polite, and intermating to ye all the while that you're jest poor folks not worth their touching! I feel like I'd like to *kill* that clerk!"

Lee had only half heard him; he was walking up and down the room; once his hand struck a bleeding hog's head and was smeared. He looked at it with a curious smile.

"Good-by, Priam," he said. "I'm going to go tell my mother the whole story. I'm rising of twenty-four years old, yet this last fool trick's the only thing I ever did do without telling her 'bout it. And now I'm going to own up and let her know what a fool she's got for a son."

. . . .

Lee never looked at his mother while he blurted out his sorry tale. His heart was so sore that he would have welcomed reproach as his due; but his mother, who had never punished him when he was little ("For you're maw's partner, now, Bud," she had said on one solemn occasion, "and I'm going, please God, to treat you like a man; and you're natchelly obleeged to *be* one!"), his mother uttered not one word of reproach. At intervals she would bring her chair a little nearer, until, as the last faltering words came, she was so close that she laid her hand on his head and smoothed the black curls. "I feel"—she choked a little—"I feel *that* grateful! 'Tis shore in answer to prayer!"

"Maw!" gasped the young man; the dreadful idea assailed him that the shock of the story had overthrown her wits. But the smile that met his wild glance was her old smile.

"Yes, honey. Now, hark to me. You kep' something from me, counting it square and hon'rable. Well, I kep' something from you. It was the fear I couldn't no more git rid of than Reuben Doughty, pore feller, though Heaven knows I was rarin' and chargin' on him for having it. But I had it myself. I ben plum terrified, son, lest you should git cyarried away by your pore paw's love of gamblin'."

"And you were right. I did be cyarried away," interrupted Lee bitterly.

"You hush! You got you' lesson, honey. You know now. I ain't never feared you'll git to any kind of gamble no more. I felt like my prayers ben answered. They do be. I suffered a smart sight, honey, while you was so still. It didn't be like a partner, you doing me that a-way!"

"I know it, maw. But I got trapped. You raised me to be honest and never tell tales. I 'lowed I was being so, but I'd no right to be such a trustin' ijit."

"I understand, son, but—how come you keeping still *yet?* Don't you reckon I can guess what you aimin' to do to them men? Now—let's talk it over."

"Maw," Lee said half an hour later, his voice almost trembling with admiration, "you're the boss of us all!"

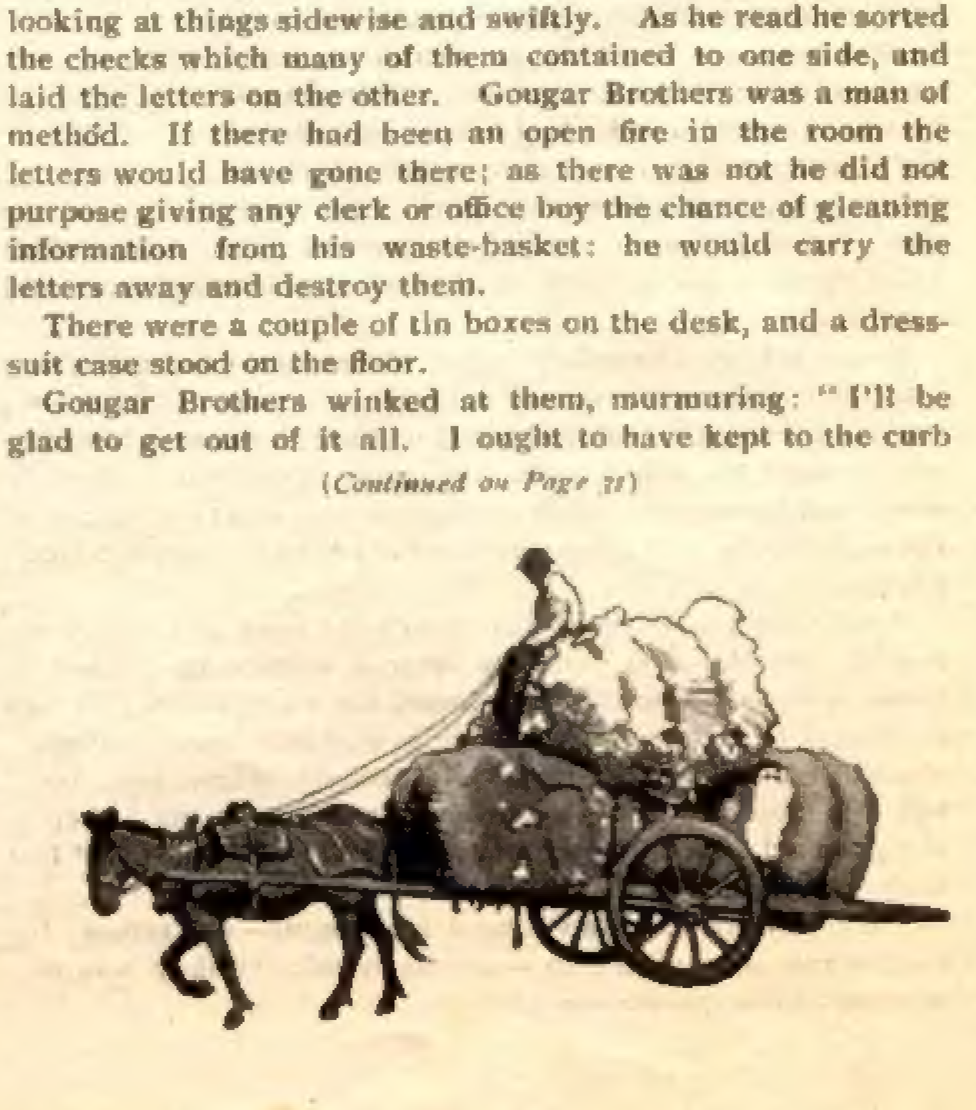
. . . .

Gougar Brothers sat in his private office smoking a very good cigar and casually reading a heap of letters. Gougar Brothers was a youngish man, dressed with quiet expensiveness, sleek and well nourished of aspect. Nothing in his aspect distinguished him from a thousand keen brokers who liked luxury and fed on excitement, unless it were a habit of looking at things sidewise and swiftly. As he read he sorted the checks which many of them contained to one side, and laid the letters on the other. Gougar Brothers was a man of method. If there had been an open fire in the room the letters would have gone there; as there was not he did not purpose giving any clerk or office boy the chance of gleaning information from his waste-basket: he would carry the letters away and destroy them.

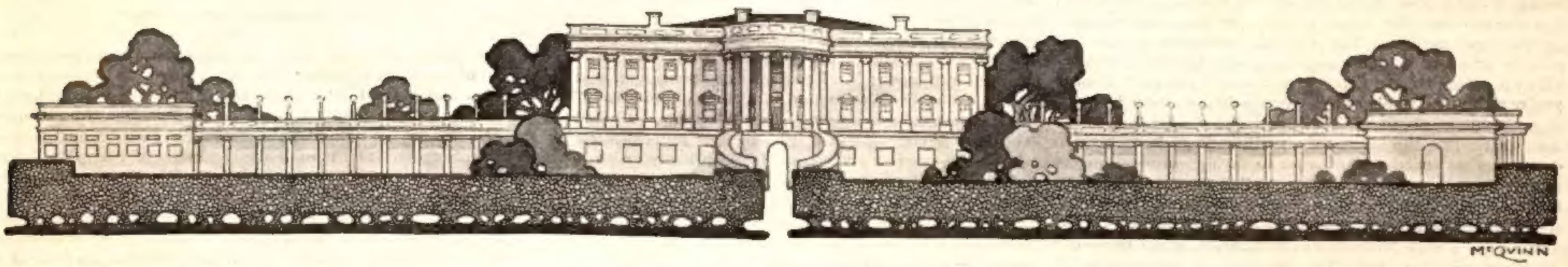
There were a couple of tin boxes on the desk, and a dress-suit case stood on the floor.

Gougar Brothers winked at them, murmuring: "I'll be glad to get out of it all. I ought to have kept to the curb

(*Continued on Page 31*)



POLICIES AND PEOPLE



By Alfred Henry Lewis

SPEAKING broadly, Washington just now is maintaining itself in a state of masterly inactivity. The White House is brisk enough, pushing present policies and formulating new ones. To offset this, however, both Houses of Congress are seeking the safety of inaction, and strive only to kill time. The cork is driven tightly home at each end of the Capital, and, as Doctor Everett once complained, affairs are so ordered that you can't get anything into the House or out of the Senate, a condition of narrowness deemed desirable by party managers of both sides upon the threshold of a Presidential campaign. There arises talk; but it seldom lifts itself above the dignity of gossip.

Speaking of talk, they discuss four things: the Russo-Japanese war, the next President, the coming of Mr. Rayner to the Senate and Mr. Cockran to the House, and, lastly, Mr. Roosevelt's probable attitude toward Venezuela and her debts, as well as his pose concerning Santo Domingo, rocking with the usual insurrection and firing upon the Stars and Stripes by way of showing her contempt for mankind.

Mr. Rayner will be heard even if he be not felt in the Senate. He, with Mr. Cockran, was aforetime a member of the House, and both gentlemen have distinguished themselves in their day as exponents of what Mr. Reed called the School of Athletic Oratory. Both swing their arms, and shout and fume and ramp about the aisles, and are very thundergusts of rhetoric. They did much, these violent ones, to fasten upon the House its Senate appellation of The Cave of the Winds. The contemptuous Senate will now have Mr. Rayner for its own, and may knock the horns off his rather obstreperous, not to say headstrong, eloquence.

Mr. Rayner is supposed to have been elected against the will of Mr. Gorman. It is none the less a yawning chance that Mr. Gorman will have Mr. Rayner in leading strings before the session is over. Who is there so softly, plausibly dexterous as a tamer of men as Mr. Gorman? There came but one who might resist the spell of him, and that was Mr. Cleveland. The latter was not to be detained—or retained—by the silken wiles of the Marylander, and walked through them as would a buffalo through a cobweb.

New York—that is, Tammany—expects much glorious Congressional advertisement from Mr. Cockran. Tammany will be disappointed. The members of the House are not impressed by uproar; nor do they set such respectful store by mere clamor as do the members of Tammany Hall. Mr. Cockran is vociferous, but Mr. Cockran is not clear. His oratory is of the sandstorm sort that fills one's eyes as well as one's ears, and first obscures a subject and then covers it beneath an utter drift of words. There abode justice in the remark of Mr. O'Ferrall, who said, after listening to an hour's speech by Mr. Cockran—full of flash of phrase and thunderclap of sound—that he felt throughout the ordeal much like the terrified old darky in the thunderstorm who, following an unusual flash and crash, fell on his knees and prayed for "a leettle less noise an' a leettle mo' light."

Captain Cook and the Congressional Cannibals

IN THE old time—that is to say, a decade ago—Mr. Cockran counted many enemies in the House. Mr. Cummings attacked him on every chance, while his urban insolence when brought in contact with certain of the more carelessly garbed members from the rural West and South earned him many a combing. Mr. Cockran, upon perceiving some shagbark specimen from the great wilderness which lies beyond the Hudson, the savage inhabitants whereof are held in contempt by true New Yorkers, would evince a supercilious forbearance, as it were, a tolerant insolence, that belongs with your gentleman of estate upon encountering folk barbarously beneath him. Mr. Cockran's manner on those occasions was doubtless the manner of Captain Cook when he discovered the Sandwich Islanders. Mr. Cockran would seem to have copied those superior airs of Captain Cook, while forgetting how those savages whom the great mariner despised fell upon him as a gustatory finale and ate him up. It is to be hoped Mr. Cockran has been taught with years, and that the Reeds, and the Cummingses, and the Walkers, and the Hatches, and the Boutelles, and the Blands of to-day will not roast and devour him as did those others of Congresses astern.

"Don't try your Bowery airs on me!" cried the formidable Mr. Hatch.

Mr. Cockran had provoked the Ajax of agriculture with some insult, and, when the pinch came, lacked the courage to face him. Mr. Cockran sat pale and still, replying nothing, although the term Bowery was as the stab of a knife. Mr. Cockran would not have cared if Mr. Hatch had said Fifth Avenue. It is ever the truth that hurts.

Our Sentiment Toward Russia

SO FAR as I may see, or hear, or feel, or taste, or smell a sentiment, there abides no foundation for St. Petersburg excitement over an anti-Russian impulse in America. I have talked with hundreds in and out of Congress, and for the greater part I found no feeling either way. There was a vast interest, but no partisanship. Indeed, those who expressed a hope on this side or on that spoke for the Russians. They placed their preference on paleface grounds, and declared that they did not want to see a white man go down before a yellow man. Commonly my pro-Russ friends were from our Southern States. Their racial instinct had been intensified by their environment, and they, with closed eyes, were for the white man against the world.

Not one could I discover who held Japan in any peculiar favor, although there came many whose admiration as well as sympathies wandered Japanward on an argument of the smaller dog. One enthusiast quoted Doctor Holmes' poem wherein he tells of the bulldog:

> Small though he look, those jaws, that never yield,
> Drag down the bellowing monarch of the field.

Doubtless, this student of Holmes and many like him would rejoice over Japanese success. At that there would lie no anti-Russian feeling at the bottom of their exultation.

St. Petersburg would do well to suppress its charges of an American hatred for Russia until sure that it exists. There lies no safety and only peril in mistake. It's worth the while of a nation, as well as a man, to get things right.

Mr. Dubois was the other day relating a mistake which he once made, and he frankly declared that he never felt more shamefaced and ridiculous in his life. Mr. Dubois had just been elected Senator by his Legislature after a tremendous struggle that lasted weeks. Flushed with victory he returned to his home camp of Blackfoot. As Mr. Dubois swung off the train he was delighted, indeed, he was touched to the point of tears, to find every male inhabitant, not to mention a brass band, waiting at the station. Mr. Dubois did not hesitate. Springing upon a baggage truck, he began:

"Fellow-citizens, I thank you——"

At this crisis Mr. Dubois was pulled from behind by Mr. Hunter, who dealt fan-tan in the Tub of Blood.

"What's the matter, Hunter?" demanded Mr. Dubois in a whisper.

"This blow-out ain't for you, Fred," remonstrated Mr. Hunter in an agony; "it's for Jim Barton, who has come up from Boise to open a new saloon."

Mr. Dubois, without further argument, relinquished the baggage truck to the rightful heir. Mr. Dubois said later, however, that the experience was not without its value. It taught him to be sure of his facts before he either formulated an opinion or went about its expression in words. It would be cautious wisdom for Russia to be certain of Yankee hostility before proclaiming it. You have but to call a man your enemy often enough and he will be your enemy.

Venezuela, with her debts, has become a matter of foreground importance at the Capital. Venezuela was defendant in divers lawsuits at The Hague. She was beaten, and judgment rendered against her in favor of sundry European nations, notably England and Germany. The question now is, Will she pay? And if she will, then How? and When? The last interrogation is readily replied to. Venezuela will pay only when she must. The Spaniards, wherever one finds them, reverse a proverb, and never do to-day what they may put off until to-morrow. Venezuela, in that business of payment, will procrastinate and postpone. In the end some one will have to take her by the ear and lead her to her duty. The thought among diplomats in Washington is that we, by stress of our own Monroe Doctrine, are decisively the nation that must intromit with the Venezuelan ear.

The Monroe Doctrine was a gallant conception and one gallantly pronounced. It found expression in 1822, when we numbered eight millions for a population and possessed a national income of fewer than nine millions of dollars. The Holy Alliance, which was only another name for all Europe with England looking on, meditated a swoop at this hemisphere, the last purpose whereof was the destruction of republicanism. It was to be a crusade of the monarchs against popular government, the bad example of which might unsteady their thrones. It was then we builded a line fence between the hemispheres, called it the Monroe Doctrine, and mounted guard over its sacred rails with a gun.

This attitude of European exclusion brings with it responsibilities. We will not permit England or Germany to cuff the Venezuelan ears or pull the Venezuelan tail. Therefore, we must not let Venezuela do a wrong to these nations without compelling her to right it. There are no two opinions on this point; and it is expected that Mr. Roosevelt will take such measures as are made necessary by the circumstances. Venezuela will have to liquidate.

One high in Administration confidence told me that the procedure would be this: On Venezuela's failure to pay The Hague judgments by a near day, Mr. Roosevelt, naming this country as a receiver in the affair, will seize the Venezuelan customs. He will then notify Germany and England and what other creditors of Venezuela there are to select collectors for what ports have been taken, making the condition, however, that such collectors be named from among either the Belgians, the Dutch or the Swiss. All of these have a native trick to count dollars, and any search among them for collectors could not go astray. When customs to the amount of the debts have been heaped together and the debts paid the Venezuelans may again return to their custom-houses and rake in their tariff undisturbed. It should be a wise, good thing to do; not alone as promising a near payment of Venezuela's honest debts, but because the step will have a salutary effect upon other South American countries with weaknesses of spendthrift kind.

President Roosevelt's Political Education

IT IS believed that the European nations interested will acquiesce in the proposal described when it is made by Mr. Roosevelt. They will agree the more quickly, perhaps, since with it will go an intimation that any attempt on their personal parts to collect the money with a battleship cannot fail to be regarded invidiously by Mr. Roosevelt. If they want their money he will get it for them. If, on the other hand, they want trouble, and are inclined to make the Venezuelan debts a pretext for it, they will decline the suggestion of Belgian or Dutch or Swiss collectors with the American flag protecting all, and send their warboats.

When such coils as those of the Venezuelan debts occur it is within my inclination to congratulate mankind on Mr. Roosevelt's presence in the White House. There be folk with a bent toward opposition politics who are fond of picturing Mr. Roosevelt as one whom such conservatives as Mr. Hill, and Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Schwab, and others with interests in Northern Mergers and Steel Trusts and Shipbuilding Combines fear for his aggressiveness. They might add with truth that England and Germany and others of Europe, for the same reason, share their apprehensions. And who is he to say that this very appreciation of Mr. Roosevelt's honest force is not likely to keep the peace and preserve a justice both at home and abroad? It is a nation's weakness, not its strength, that gets it into trouble, and a President in his personal characteristics will ever make us either very weak or very strong. Given a President firm and clear and sharp, and of the Jackson stamp, we have internal security and are granted respectful justice in Europe. Given one who is sluggish and a trifle weak, one of the Madison feather, and Europe searches our ships, insults our flag, and we fight another war of 1812. Yes, indeed, aggression means frequently progression, and no one gets hurt merely because of his own strength. Mr. Crockett was fond of saying, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" He should have added, "But, in any event, go ahead." It will be found oftener than otherwise that when the skies turn perilous there is nothing so dangerous as inaction, and that to do the wrong thing is vastly better than doing nothing at all. Among those manifold wisdoms of which a many-angled world is capable there stands preëminent the Wisdom of the Strenuous. In the destinies of a state motion means security, while there can come no disaster like the disaster of stagnation. A Government is so much like a man on a bicycle that it is all right while it is moving and falls down when it stops.

Climbing the Presidential Ladder

WHILE one's mind is running on questions of policy, foreign and at home, it might properly be observed that Mr. Roosevelt comes to be the subject of much respectful wonder, not only among the Legation diplomats in Washington but on the parts of our own deep men of state. They are not surprised by his force: they expected that; but they did not anticipate his wide grasp of affairs. Had they paused to consider Mr. Roosevelt in his upcoming the tide of their amazement might not have mounted so high. Mr. Roosevelt, now in middle age and with nothing of his energy subtracted by mere years, has had an education in government that was granted to no one else. He went to the Assembly at Albany and was taught the detailed lesson of a State. He was chief of the Civil Service, and thereby given something broader than a glimpse of our national machinery in its smaller wheels and springs. Then he became Police Commissioner of New York — an education of itself in those reasons, black and white, which in human nature make the fundamentals. He is next given a naval course under Mr. Long. Then he takes a regiment to practical war, and smells the powder and hears the guns and sees the blood of it. He goes back to Albany as Governor and directs the business of a mighty Commonwealth. Later he presides over a National Senate, and is shown how mysterious may be a Congress in its ways. And so to a White House. Could there have been a deeper preparation for a President? Besides, Mr. Roosevelt has traveled up and down the land, and encountered every condition of man. He has gained a hand-to-hand knowledge of the American people, and there abides no part of the country that is hearsay with him. Moreover, the pores of his apprehension were open; Mr. Roosevelt has been a man who could learn. What the Washington mind finds impressive in him — that is, his comprehension of a situation, and his quick ability to devise support if it be good, or propose a remedy if it be bad — are only the natural fruits of that very liberal education in public concerns which has been his. There have been Presidents who were called diamonds in the rough. Mr. Roosevelt has been ground upon the emery wheels of a score of experiences until, regular of shape and accurate of angle, he owns a facet for every possible contingency.

Poise and balance are worth while in a President. Any student of Governments will tell one that the President is the most powerful officer presented by any scheme of state. Your Sultan, for instance, is a bridleless creature in theory, the frontiers of whose power are measured only by the frontiers of his own will. In practice, however, the Sultan dwindles until he becomes nothing taller than a molehill monarch, with potentialities imaginary rather than real. The Sultan may put a slave to death, or sack and sink a superfluous wife in the Bosphorus; but these, though of moment to the victims, are not to be called affairs of state. In those matters of taxation and war and peace, which bear upon a whole people, he is handless compared with a President. The latter, for one matter, has 200,000 office-holders at an aggregate salary of two hundred annual millions beneath his thumb — a fashion of standing army almost enough in itself for any conquest of public opinion. With a broadest sweep of power, it calls for no especial skill to see that the personal attributes of a President for courage, and promptitude, and integrity, and intelligence cannot be overstated in their weight. During his term, at least, they become the practical measure of the courage, and promptitude, and integrity, and intelligence of the nation.

Abreast of Venezuela as a question is that other question of Santo Domingo. Of late, the insurrectionary natives of that isle have evinced a taste for shooting at Americans whenever the latter came sailing within range. In international law this has always been looked upon as a justification for doing anything one pleased with a country weaker than one's self. More than one nation has been blotted from the map for less.

The Attitude of Senator Hoar

IT SEEMS to be the Administration's plan to take possession of our dingy neighbor, and insure the future from recklessness and fill it full of peace by maintaining a protectorate over her. The proposal meets with indignation from such as Mr. Hoar, who, with the best intentions in the world, are of the academy rather than of the workshop of life. Mr. Hoar believes in men as they should be, not in men as they are; wherefore he would deal with Santo Domingo as he would with England, albeit there is as deep a difference between the mentalities and the morals of the two peoples as between their complexions, one being white and the other the color of a saddle. Instead of a "protectorate" we should annex our vivacious folk of Santo Domingo; we would do so, doubtless, save for the disheartening fact that they are not and will never be the materials wherefrom republics are made. No, the indignation of Mr. Hoar will hardly serve to stay us from putting Santo Domingo under arrest. The Senator from Massachusetts will vituperate against such action as tyranny; his speech will be listened to and disregarded, and that will be the end.

Mr. Hoar's wrath might have had a greater weight, perhaps, if the world had not been granted such copious doses of it. Mr. Hoar, for one reason and another, has been angry with every Administration during the past quarter of a century. His indignation was a thing of remark even as far away as when Mr. Garfield filled the White House. At the time when Mr. Conkling gave up his seat and indignantly withdrew to private life in the name of patronage, Mr. Hoar, who owned grounds of complaint against Mr. Garfield coincident with those of Mr. Conkling, was also in a temper. Some anxious soul, on that acrid occasion, feared that the example of Mr. Conkling would have its effect upon Mr. Hoar, and that he, too, would step down and out of the Senate.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Ingalls to the anxious one. "When Mr. Hoar's indignation reaches the height you describe he will do no more than just rise in his place and tender the resignation of his colleague, Mr. Dawes."

OLD GORGON GRAHAM

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

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VII — From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, to his son, Pierrepont, at Yemasee-on-the-Tallahassee. The young man is now in the third quarter of the honeymoon, and the old man has decided that it is time to bring him fluttering down to earth.

CHICAGO, January 17, 189—.

Dear Pierrepont: After you and Helen had gone off looking as if you'd just bought seats on 'Change and been baptized into full membership with all the sample bags of grain that were handy I found your new mother-in-law out in the dining-room, and, judging by the plates around her, she was carrying in stock a full line of staple and fancy groceries and delicatessen. When I struck her she was crying into her third plate of ice cream and complaining bitterly to the butler because the mould had been opened so carelessly that some salt had leaked into it.

Of course, I started right in to be sociable and to cheer her up, but I reckon I got my society talk a little mixed — I'd been one of the pall-bearers at Josh Burton's funeral the day before — and I told her that she must bear up and eat a little something to keep up her strength, and to remember that our loss was Helen's gain.

Now, I don't take much stock in all this mother-in-law talk, though I've usually found that where there's so much smoke there's a little fire; but I'm bound to say that Helen's ma came back at me with a sniff and a snort, and made me feel sorry that I'd intruded on her sacred grief. Told me that a girl of Helen's beauty and advantages had naturally been very, very popular and greatly sought after. Said that she had been received in the very best society in Europe and might have worn strawberry leaves if she'd chosen, meaning, I've since found out, that she might have married a duke.

I tried to soothe the old lady and to restore good feeling by allowing that wearing leaves had sort of gone out of fashion with the Garden of Eden, and that I liked Helen better in white satin, but everything I said just seemed to enrage her the more. Told me plainly that she'd thought, and hinted that she'd hoped, right up to last month, that Helen was going to marry a French nobleman, the Count de Somethingerino or other, who was crazy about her. So I answered that we'd both had a narrow escape, because I'd been afraid for a year that I might wake up any morning and find myself the father-in-law of a Crystal Slipper chorus girl. Then, as it looked as if the old lady was going to bust a corset-string in getting out her answer, I modestly slipped away, leaving her leaking brine and acid like a dill pickle that's had a bite taken out of it.

Of course, it's only natural that Helen's ma should be a little disappointed in you. Good mothers often make bad mothers-in-law, because they usually believe that, no matter whom their daughters marry, they could have gone farther and fared better. But it struck me that Helen's ma has one of those retentive memories and weak mouths — the kind of memory that never loses anything it should forget, and the kind of mouth that can't retain a lot of language which it shouldn't lose.

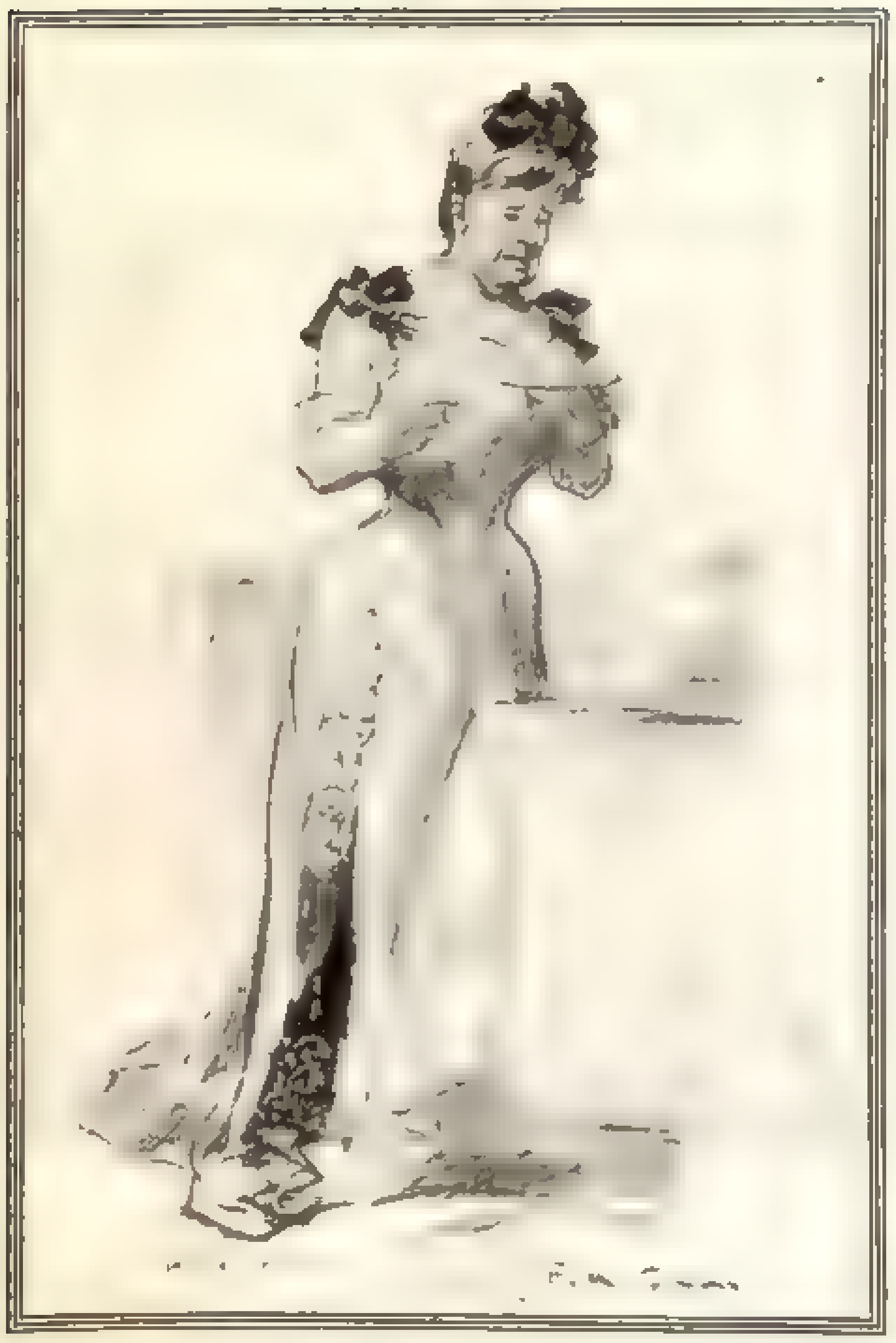
Of course, you want to honor your mother-in-law, that your days may be long in the land, but you want to honor this one from a distance, for the same reason. Otherwise, I'm afraid you'll hear a good deal about that French count, and how hard it is for Helen to have to associate with a lot of mavericks from the Stock Yards when she might be running with blooded stock on the other side. And if you glance up from your morning paper and sort of wonder out loud whether Corbett or Fitzsimmons is the better man, mother-in-law will glare at you over the top of her specs. and ask if you don't think it's invidious to make any comparisons if they're both striving to lead earnest, Christian lives. Then, when you come home at night, you'll be apt to find your wife sniffing your breath when you kiss her, to see if she can catch that queer, heavy smell which mother has noticed on it; or looking at you slant-eyed when she feels some letters in your coat, and wondering if what mother says is true, and if men who've once taken chorus girls to supper never really recover from the habit.

On general principles it's pretty good doctrine that two's a company and three's a crowd, except when the third is a cook. But I should say that when the third is Helen's ma it's a mob, out looking for a chance to make rough house. A good cook, a good wife and a good job will make a good home anywhere; but you add your mother-in-law, and the first thing you know you've got two homes, and one of them is being run on alimony.

You want to remember that beside your mother-in-law you're a comparative stranger to your wife. After you and Helen have lived together for a year you ought to be so well acquainted that she'll begin to believe that you know almost as much as mamma, but during the first few months of married life there are apt to be a good many tie votes on important matters, and if mother-in-law is on the premises she is generally going to break the tie by casting the deciding vote with daughter. A man can often get the best of one woman, or ten men, but not of two women, when one of the two is mother-in-law.

When a young wife starts housekeeping with her mother too handy it's like running a business with a new manager and keeping the old one along to see how things go. It's not in human nature that the old manager, even with the best disposition in the world, shouldn't knock the new one a little, and you're Helen's new manager. When I want to make a change I go about it like a crab — get rid of the old shell first, and then plunge right in and begin to do business with the new skin. It may be a little tender and open to attack at first, but it doesn't take long to toughen up when it finds out that the responsibility of protecting my white meat is on it.

You start a woman with sense to making mistakes and you've started her to learning common-sense; but you let some one else shoulder her natural responsibilities and keep her from exercising her brain, and it'll be fat-witted before she's forty. A lot of girls find it mighty handy to start with mother to look after the housekeeping and later to raise the baby, but by and by, when mamma has to quit, they don't understand that the butcher has to be called down regularly for leaving those heavy ends on the steak, or running in the shoulder chops on you, and that when Willie has the croup



CRYING INTO HER THIRD PLATE OF ICE CREAM

she mustn't give the little darling a stiff hot Scotch and try to remove the phlegm from his throat with a buttonhook.

There are a lot of women in this world who think that there's only one side to the married relation, and that's their side. When one of them marries she starts right out to train her husband into a nice old Carlo who'll go downtown for her every morning and come home every night, fetching a snug little basketful of money in his mouth and wagging his tail as he lays it at her feet. Then it's a pat on the head and "Nice doggie." And he's taught to stand around evenings retrieving her gloves and handkerchief, and snapping up with a pleased licking of his chops any little word that she may throw to him. But you let him start in to have a little fun scratching and stretching himself, or pawing her, and it's "Charge, Carlo!" and "Bad doggie!"

Of course, no man ever believes when he marries that he's going to wind up as kind Carlo, who droops his head so that the children can pull his ears, and who sticks up his paw so as to make it easier for his wife to pull his leg. But it's simpler than you think.

As long as fond fathers slave and ambitious mothers sacrifice so that foolish daughters can hide the petticoats of poverty under a silk dress and crowd the space in their heads, which ought to be filled with plain, useful knowledge, with the doings of cheap society, a lot of girls are going to grow up with the idea that getting married means getting rid of care and responsibility instead of assuming it.

A fellow can't play the game with a girl of this sort, because she can't play fair. He wants her love and a wife; she wants a provider, not a lover, and she takes him as a husband because she can't draw his salary any other way. But she can't return his affection, because her love is already given to another; and when husband and wife both love the same person, and that person is the wife, it's usually a life sentence at hard labor for the husband. If he wakes up a little and tries to assert himself after he's been married a year or so, she shudders and sobs until he sees what a brute he is, or if that doesn't work, and he still pretends to have a little spirit, she goes off into a rage and hysterics, and that usually brings him to heel again. It's a mighty curious thing how a woman who has the appetite and instincts of a turkey buzzard will often make her husband believe that she's as high-strung and delicate as a canary bird.

It's been my experience that both men and women can fool each other before marriage, and that women can keep right along fooling men after marriage, but that as soon as the average man gets married he gets found out. After a woman has lived in the same house with a man for a year she knows him like a good merchant knows his stock, down to any shelf-worn and slightly damaged morals which he may be hiding behind fresher goods in the darkest corner of his immortal soul. But even if she's married to a fellow who's so mean that he'd take the pennies off a dead man's eyes, not because he needed the money but because he hadn't the change handy for a two-cent stamp, she'll never own up to the worst about him, even to herself, till she gets him into a divorce court

I simply mention these things in a general way. Helen has shown signs of loving you, and you've never shown any symptoms of hating yourself, so I'm not really afraid that you're going to get the worst of it now. So far as I can see, your mother-in-law is the only real trouble that you have married. But don't you make the mistake of criticising her to Helen or of quarreling with her. I'll attend to that for the family. You simply want to dodge when she leads with the right, take your full ten seconds on the floor, and come back with your left cheek turned toward her, though, of course, you'll yank it back out of reach just before she lands on it. There's nothing like using a little diplomacy in this world, and, so far as women are concerned, diplomacy is knowing when to stay away; and a diplomatist is one who lets the other fellow think he's getting his way, while all the time he's having his own. It never does any special harm to let people have their way with their mouths.

What you want to do is to keep mother-in-law from mixing up in your family affairs until after she gets used to the disgrace of having a pork packer for a son-in-law and Helen gets used to pulling in harness with you. Then mother'll mellow up into a nice old lady who'll brag about you to the neighbors. But until she gets to this point you've got to let her hurt your feelings without hurting hers. Don't you ever forget that Helen's got a mother-in-law, too, and that it's some one you think a heap of.

Whenever I hear of a fellow's being found out by his wife, it always brings to mind the case of Dick Hodgkins, whom I knew when I was a young fellow back in Missouri. Dickie was one of a family of twelve, who all ran a little small any way you sized them up, and he was the runt. Like most of these little fellows, when he came to match up for double harness he picked out a six-footer, Kate Miggs. Used to call her Honeybunch, I remember, and she called him Doodums

Honeybunch was a good girl, but she was as strong as a six-mule team, and a cautious man just naturally shied away from her. Was a pretty free stepper in the mazes of the dance, and once, when she was balancing partners with Doodums, she kicked out sort of playful to give him a love pat and fetched him a clip with her tootsey that gave him water on the kneepan. It ought to have been a warning to Doodums, but he was plum infatuated, and went around pretending that he'd been kicked by a horse. After that the boys used to make Honeybunch mighty mad when she came out of dark corners with Doodums by feeling him to see if any of his ribs were broken. Still, he didn't take the hint, and in the end she led him to the altar

We started in to give them a lovely shivaree after the wedding, beginning with a sort of yell which had been invented by the only fellow in town who had been to college. As I remember, it ran something like this:

Hun, hun, hunch!
Bun, bun, bunch!
Funny, funny!
Honey, honey!
Funny Honeybunch!

But as soon as we got this off, and before we could begin on the dishpan chorus, Honeybunch came at us with a couple of bed slats and cleaned us all out.

Before he was married Doodums had been one of half a dozen half-baked sports who drank cheap whisky and played expensive poker at the Dutchman's; and after he'd held Honeybunch in his lap evenings for a month, he reckoned one night that he'd drop down street and look in on the boys. Honeybunch reckoned not, and he didn't press the matter, but after they'd gone to bed and she'd dropped off to sleep, he slipped into his clothes and down the waterspout to the ground. He sat up till two o'clock at the Dutchman's, and naturally, the next morning he had a breath like a gasoline runabout and looked as if he'd been attending a successful coon-hunt in the capacity of the coon.

Honeybunch smelt his breath and then she smelt a mouse, but she wasn't much of a talker and she didn't ask any questions—of him. But she had brother Jim make some inquiries, and a few days later, when Doodums complained of feeling all petered out and wanted to go to bed early, she was ready for him.

Honeybunch wasn't any invalid, and when she went to bed it was to sleep, so she rigged up a simple little device in the way of an alarm and dropped off peacefully, while Doodums pretended to.

When she began to snore in her upper register and to hit the high C he judged the coast was clear, and leaped lightly out of bed. Even before he'd struck the floor he knew there'd been a horrible mistake somewhere, for he felt a tug as if he'd hooked a hundred-pound catfish, there was an awful ripping and tearing sound, something fetched loose, and his wife was sitting up in bed blinking at him in the moonlight. It seemed that just before she went to sleep she'd pinned her nightgown to his with a safety pin, which wasn't such a bad idea for a simple, trusting, little village maiden.

"Was you wantin' anything, Duckie Doodums?" she asked in a voice like the running of sap in maple sugar time.

"N-n-nothin' but a drink of water, Honeybunch sweetness," he stammered back

"You're sure you ain't mistook in your thirst and that it ain't a suddint cravin' for licker, and that you ain't sort of p'intin' down the waterspout for the Dutchman's, Duckie Doodums?"

"Shorely not, Honeybunch darlin'," he finally fetched up, though he was hardly breathing.

"Because your ma told me that you was given to somnambulasticatin' in your sleep, and that I must keep you tied up nights or you'd wake up some mornin' at the foot of a waterspout with your head bust open and a lot of good licker spilt out on the grass."

"Don't you love your Doodums any more?" was all Dickie could find to say to this; but Honeybunch had too much on her mind to stop and swap valentines just then.

"You wouldn't deceive your Honeybunch, would you, Duckie Doodums?"

"I shorely would not."

"Well, don't you do it, Duckie Doodums, because it would break my heart; and if you should break my heart I'd just naturally bust your head. Are you listenin', Doodums?"

Doodums was listening.

"Then you come back to bed and stay there."

Doodums never called his wife Honeybunch after that. Generally it was Kate, and sometimes it was Kitty, and when she wasn't around it was usually Kitty-cat. But he minded better than anything I ever met on less than four legs.

Your affectionate father, JOHN GRAHAM

P. S. You might tear this letter up after you've read it.

A Musical Malaprop

AMONG such a mass of players as comprise a great orchestra there are "characters" enough to supply a new Dickens. One of these characters is noted more for his love of big words than knowledge of their meaning. During Mr. Seidl's lifetime he played in the orchestra at Brighton Beach. One day the tuba player, who sat back of him, had a very difficult part to play in Liszt's Symphonic Poem, Mazeppa. Hearing his heartfelt sigh of relief on its conclusion, Mr. Malaprop turned and asked, "Barnum had one, hadn't he?"

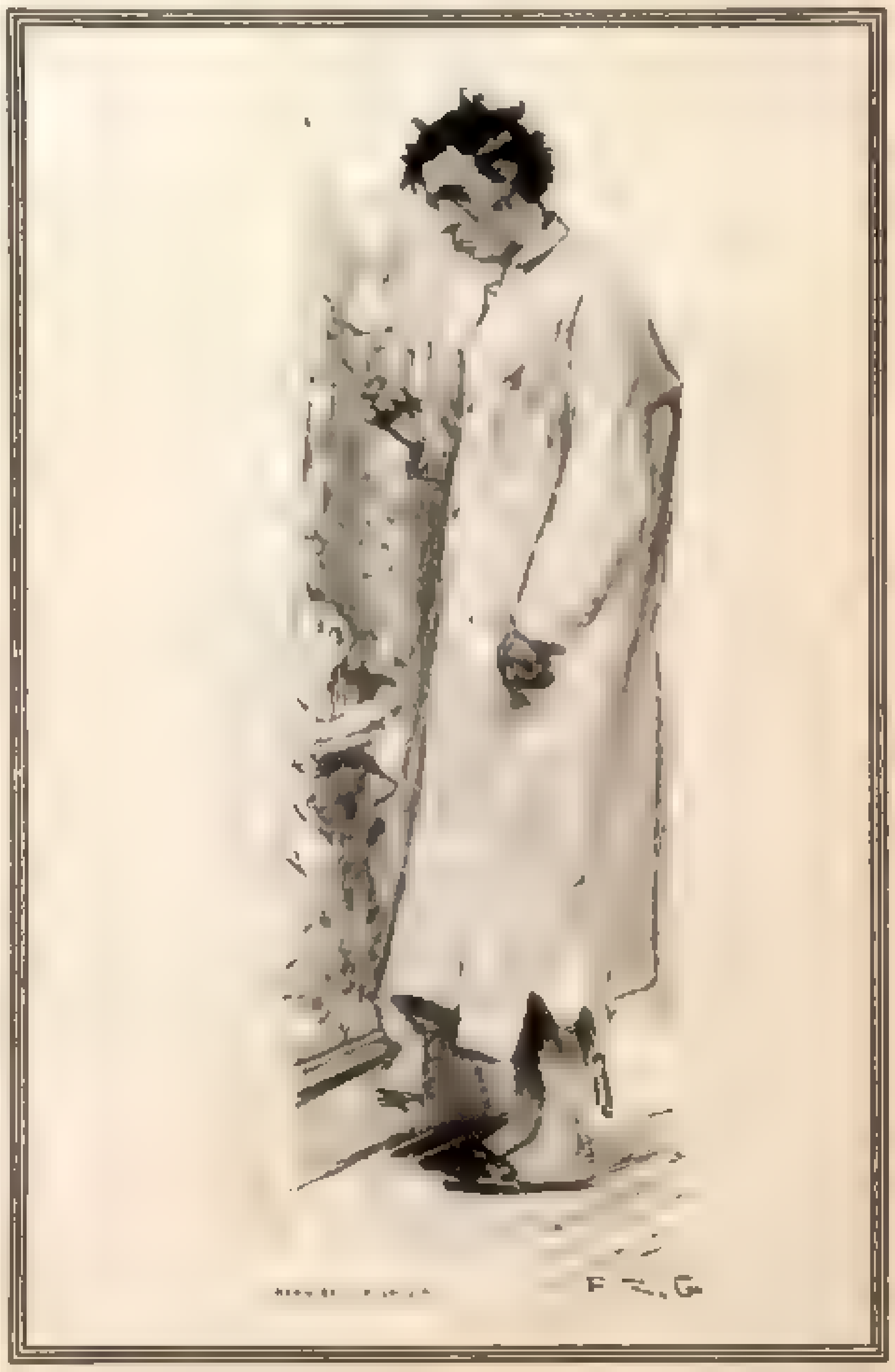
"What?" was the query.

"A Mazeppa, of course," was the answer. He had confounded the hero of Byron with a zebra.

"Do we play this with or without reputation?" he asked one day of a colleague.

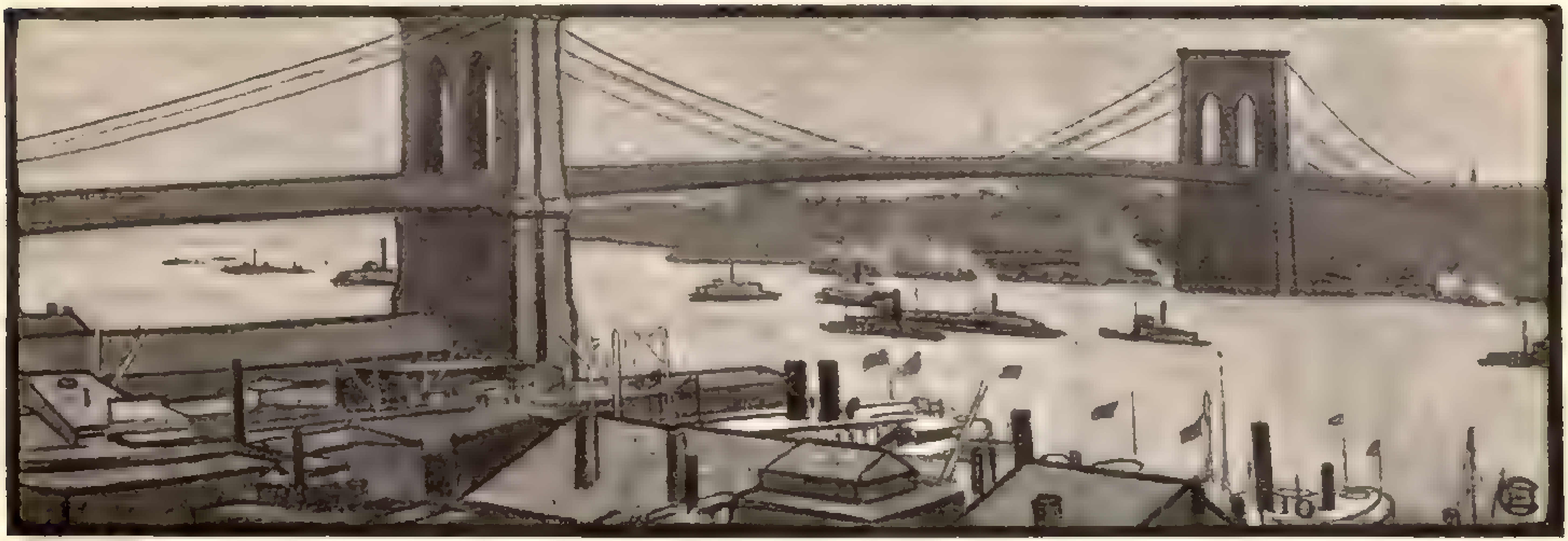
Playing in a new theatre on tour, the man who sat next him looked up and announced, "The acoustics are bad here."

"Are they?" he said critically, sniffing the air. "I have such a cold that I can't smell. But I take your word for it."



"N-N-NOTHIN' BUT A DRINK OF WATER"

An American in New York



BY OPIE READ

AS VOICED by the bellow of the great bells old Time's wheel had slipped four cogs, signal for the homeward rush, and the American in New York stood at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge. In the contemplation of a mighty crowd the developed soul is stirred to rebellion. In the crowd the mind may be more active but it is narrower. Solitude is breadth; man makes many noises but creative nature lives in silence. Silence was the beginning and silence must be the end of all, and to look upon the nightmare of this troubled dream of life, knowing that its struggles are but gestures made wild in the meaningless air, depresses and takes from us that keen nerve, that live wire of ambition that inspires to action. Such were the thoughts of the Colonel as he watched the tide flowing across the bridge, but with a shake he roused himself! "Come now," he mused. "That is the way an old man thinks. The world is real and the sun is its lamp and the moon is its evening sentiment. America, even in its discovery, refuted the belief that the world had seen its best day. The forces of creation are ever new and we learn more from the ringing hammer than from the aging moralist, sitting half blind in his darkened chamber. But why should the mind grow old? Can any one trace its beginning, and, therefore, who should attempt to trace its end?"

Before taking his meditative stand at the bridge the Colonel had moralized in an old churchyard where headstones were crumbling beneath the touch of flowing years. It was an odd sight to him, these ash-heaps of the past in the midst of the roaring furnace of the present, and it made him sad, the nothingness of it all; and he had come to the bridge to look upon the fullest tide of American life. And here were myriads of faces without the illumination of an ennobling thought—sheep rushing to the slaughter of inevitable circumstance, souls dwarfed by the narrowing stress of merciless obligation. But amid those myriads an occasional lamp was carried by, a mind radiating its light, a philosopher forced out of his contemplative pace; and in sombre garb were seen the noble and self-sacrificing, the father, the mother—the unmarked hero of some crisis yet to come. Ah, these face-pages, what a book! Sublimity, stupidity, comedy, tragedy—life. Tear out a thousand of these pages and to-morrow the book would seem just as thick. But in the homes the poems and the psalms would be missed, sonnets unknown to the public and destined forever to remain unread by the crowd. How illustrative of us all, this swift channel flowing high in the air, this aqueduct of human currents. Nothing is of avail except as it causes us to halt and to think, for when we do think we are kindlier and thereby the world is made better. An invention is a thought and a kind deed is a part of true education.

The muser turned away, bettered by this sermon which he had preached unto himself, and he thought of the millions upon millions of acres to the westward where those struggling souls would be welcomed and freed. An overpowering sense of his own smallness came upon him, and he wondered how any man who existing thus as a grain of sand in a whirlwind could fancy himself greater than his fellows. But when he got down into the street where the crowd had thinned out his sense of individuality returned. It requires but a moment for self-assertive nature to come back to us, again to beset us with whims and vanities; and, indeed, without them there would be no humor, no literature, no reflective interests

Millionaire Lane of the Stocks-Bonds Hotel was in the glory of its evening swell. And what a different tide from that which flowed across the bridge. Here fashion was gathered, women with white skin gleaming, and men prim in elegance but powerful in the apparent thought that they had fought, had won and were among the conquerors of the world. We wonder how it would feel to be able to draw honorable check for ten millions, and upon the man whom wealth alone has granted international fame we gaze speculating as to how he feels. He is afflicted, he shakes with palsy, he is tottering toward the magnificent tomb the plan of which he has just approved, and still there is about him a power which struggle and disappointment compel us to recognize. He crosses the bridge, not on hastening foot, but in sweeping chariot, and those of the scramblers who do not get out of his way are likely to be crushed; but one of his chariots will move slowly and naught save his kinsman, the worm, is in danger of being run over by the wheels. But is he not weary, and may he not be as willing to ride in that last chariot as some of the rest of us? It does not seem so. Trace back the lengthened thread of his life and wonder at his beginning, a poor boy, teaching a country school. Did he follow the precepts in his books, or did he make precepts of his own? Was there a guide to tell him how to speculate in stocks, to bring about panic, to cause distress? Can there be true democracy until his power—his mythical power to shake the financial earth—is gone? Look at that beautiful woman: money spiritualized, she seems. Did she ever hear of the German poetess who was found in the potato-field and summoned blushingly and afraid to the court of the emperor? The Colonel looked at her as he sat by the wall, and he said to an acquaintance who made it an evening custom to watch the gorgeous parade "I think I saw her the other day, out riding with her dog"

"Happy dog," replied the acquaintance.

"Well, not wholly," said the American. "While she was waiting for the policeman to clear a way through the jamming carriages the dog leaped out and was immediately seized by a cur that broke away from a boy's string. For a moment the air was full of ribbons. The lady shrieked, and the policeman, knowing his duty, ran to the rescue of the wallowed pug. If such a thing had not been impossible the cur would have made the pug's face uglier than it was. I never saw such a shaking. Usually I am for the under dog in the fight, but on this occasion, sir, I was for the upper one. I said to myself, 'Madam, the sweetest and most appealing smile of a beautiful child might not so nearly concern you as the sneeze of that brute. Let him take it and I'm glad he got it.' I shall not go so far as to say that she kissed him when he was lifted back into the carriage, but if I did it wouldn't be a lie, sir. Ah, look through the doorway at that old chap at the bar. See him shudder. He is trying to ease himself down from a height he attained yesterday. He puts me in mind of an old fellow I saw in Louisville.

"Early one morning I went into the hotel bar and the thought struck me that I had need of ice-cold buttermilk. About the time the bartender put it out in came the old citizen. His hair looked like newly-ginned cotton and in his cheeks there were broken veins. 'Billy,' he said to the bartender, 'make me a cocktail.' The bartender cracked his ice, clapped his tin thing on a tumbler and shook out the drink, poured it into a glass, sugared the rim, hooked on a piece of lemon peel and placed it before his customer The old man reached for it but suddenly drew back with a sort of jolt. The memory of the night before was a little too much for him. He turned about, looked at the pictures on the wall, whistled a few bars from an opera, and, again facing the bar, put out his fumbly hand, but again there came the jolt, deep from within. Then, glancing at me, he said to the bartender: 'Billy, give me some buttermilk.' The milk was set out for him. He took the glass, drank half of the contents, which, upon my word of honor, sir, I could hear sizzling, and then he spoke to me: 'I beg your pardon, sir, you being a stranger to me, but I was just thinking what a shame it is that this stuff won't make a man drunk.'"

A page came up and told the Colonel that a number of his acquaintances were in the Turkish room, waiting for him to tell them a story, and inquiring the name of the man who sat beside him, he conducted him in and introduced him, of course, as his old and valued friend. "You have honored me," said the American, bowing to the men and most graciously smiling upon the ladies, and then, seating himself, he continued: "I don't know that I have a story, but to-day as I gazed upon a great moving mass of humanity I thought that not in all the community which has cast by environment such countenances was there one of those peculiar individuals known as typical American characters. I remember at this moment an old fellow whom I shall speak of as Uncle John, the oracle of a rural neighborhood, shrewd with the opinion that in his own observation was a world of knowledge. Not long ago he returned from a visit to Chicago, and in the crossroads grocery store, the forum of his wisdom, he took his seat near the stove. About him soon gathered a number of his friends—Jim Horn, horse-trader and general liar of the community; Uncle Bill Butterworth, recorder of late and early frosts; Tom Malone, neighborhood drunkard, who reformed every fall and fell every spring—together with a number of others whom neither age nor experience warranted in asserting their identity

"'Well, Uncle John,' said Malone, 'you've got back, I see.'

"'Yes, in a measure, Tommy. Hain't been drunk since I left?'

"'No, and ain't goin' to drink no more.'

"'Shake on that, Tommy,' and according to well-worn custom they shook hands to celebrate the reformation. 'Yes,' said Uncle John, 'got back and mighty glad of it, for there ain't no place on this earth that can equal Jefferson Corners. And I've been about a good bit, I tell you. And while I was in town, a-visitin' my married daughter, boys, I seen Richard the Third.'

"With brightening interest Tommy looked up and said 'Richard the Third. He made it in about one-thirty-six, didn't he?'

"'Made what?'

"'A mile.'

"'A mile!'

"'Yes; ain't you talkin' about a hoss?'

"'No, sir, I ain't. I'm talkin' about Shakespeare.'

Editor's Note—This is the third of six papers by Mr. Read.

"'Oh, excuse me,' said Tommy, 'but when a man comes a-talkin' about Jay Eye Sees and Richard Thirds, I jest nachully puts it down that he's talkin' about a hoss.'

"'Shakespeare,' said Uncle Bill Butterworth. 'Ah, hah My granddaughter's schoolbook's got somethin' in it writ by him. Come across it t'uther day, and he writes fair enough, but he can't spell alongside of my granddaughter. But go ahead with what you was a-goin' to say, Uncle John.'

"'All right. You see, this was the first time I have visited my daughter since she married that Board of Trade man. Sorter skittish about goin', but I went. And he's all right, my son-in-law is—ain't proud—don't occupy more than half the house he lives in. Why, Tommy, it's a quarter of a mile high and I don't know how long; don't pretend to climb the stairs; hoisted up in a cage—s-s-s-shee—and you're there, either up or down, as the case may be.

"'Well, first night after I got there, about the time we got through supper, son-in-law asks me if I am fond of the drama. And I told him that I had drinked a good deal of hard cider and a Tom and Jerry now and then, but couldn't say I was married to it beyond the possibility of a divorce. And then he laughed, he did, and said he didn't mean anything to drink: not a dram, but the drama, the theatre Then I laughed and told him yes. And I wanted him to understand, too, that I knowed a good deal about the theatre business, for once when an Uncle Tom's Cabin company played at the Corners I furnished two of the slats for Little Eva's death-bed. And this pleased him—goned if it didn't please him till it appeared like he was glad he had married my daughter. And then he told me to come on down with him and we'd see Richard the Third. He didn't say nothin' about my daughter goin', and I thought to myself that maybe it wa'n't for wimmin folks, but that didn't cripple me none to speak of, so I told him all right, a-gittin' keener every minute. When we'd got into the cage and dropped down to the bed-rock passage son-in-law asked me if I didn't want to smoke as we went downtown, and as I was a-goin' to a show a leetle too nippy for wimmin to attend I thought I might as well swaller the whole shootin' match, and I told him so in words befittin' of the occasion. Gentlemen, I reckon you have seen what you thought was segars, but you never saw such as son-in-law bought for me. Jest about the size of a bench-leg in a district school, and had a gold band around it, rated in price at five cents of any man's money; and I felt that nobody but bankers and Board of Trade men could afford to smoke such goods, but I didn't let on—fired up one end and got on the outside of a car and puffed jest like I was borned and raised in the town. Never had a cigar to keep me so busy. And putty soon I seen why it must have cost so much. It would smoke up one side jest half and then you could go back and light the other half.

"'Well, after a while we got to the show-house, and it was all lit up outside, but I didn't bat an eye. Son in law told me to throw away my cigar and I hesitated, knowin' that I could smoke t'uther half goin' back, but I flung it out in the street and it bounced around red like a chunk of fire. After gittin' seated I looked up, and right in front of the platform what they call the stage there was as putty a curtain as you ever seen, all painted yaller and red and blue, but it didn't strike me that it was intended for wimmin to look at along at the same time with men. It represented a barge a-comin' down the river, and in it sorter lay back a putty lady powerful scant of clothes and some half-naked niggers was a-holdin' feather dusters over her. Son-in-law said it was Cleopatry a goin' to meet a fellow named Ant'ny, and I 'lowed she put me in mind of a woman that was a goin' to replevin her duds. He snorted and told me to hush.

"'Well, then the horn blowers and the fiddlers come out, and they done right well, considerin' that there was so many of them. When they got through with this the curtain was pulled up and there was the feller they called Richard the Third. And it was plain to be seen that murder was his game, for at this particular time he wa'n't king, but was a putty powerful candidate for the office, for it appeared like that mighty nigh everybody what was dead he killed 'em. I thinks to myself that they had to look a long time to find a man of that shape, and the bill-of-fare said he was great, and mebby he was. Well, it wa'n't long now till things began to warm up. And here come a funeral to make it natural. This here Richard had killed a king that had been shut up in the round-house—no, the Tower, I believe they called it—and the king's daughter-in-law, the wife of a prince, a good-lookin' woman named Ann, she come along a-mournin' like, and Richard he steps out and told the hired hands to put down the deceased, and they done it. And then Mis' Prince she begins to abuse him.

"'I know that when the average woman puts her mind on it she can say a good many mean things, fust and last, but I never heard a woman that could equal this one. Put me in mind of the feller that told the jedge in the old story that he could addle a whole roomful of goose-eggs by lookin' through the keyhole. There wa'n't nothin' she didn't call him, but he stood there with a smile like he had jest licked up some sorghum molasses. She accused him of killin' the deceased and he didn't deny it, but smiled at her, and then she thought she would give him a stunner by accusin' him of killin' her husband. But he didn't deny that, either. Told her he loved her so he couldn't keep from killin' him—wanted to help her to a better husband—and she spit at him like a cat. She swore he ought to be dead, and he drawed his sword and handed it to her, and she took it and made at him, and I yelled out, "Dodge, you fool!" But he didn't. She let the sword drap and 'lowed she couldn't kill him. Then he grabbed the sword and said he would kill himself if she said the word, but she shook her head and told him to get up and he said he would never get up till she promised to marry him, and boys, you may not believe it when I tell you, but blamed if she didn't promise right there! Yes, and he sent her one way and the deceased the other, and then tittered fitten to kill himself.

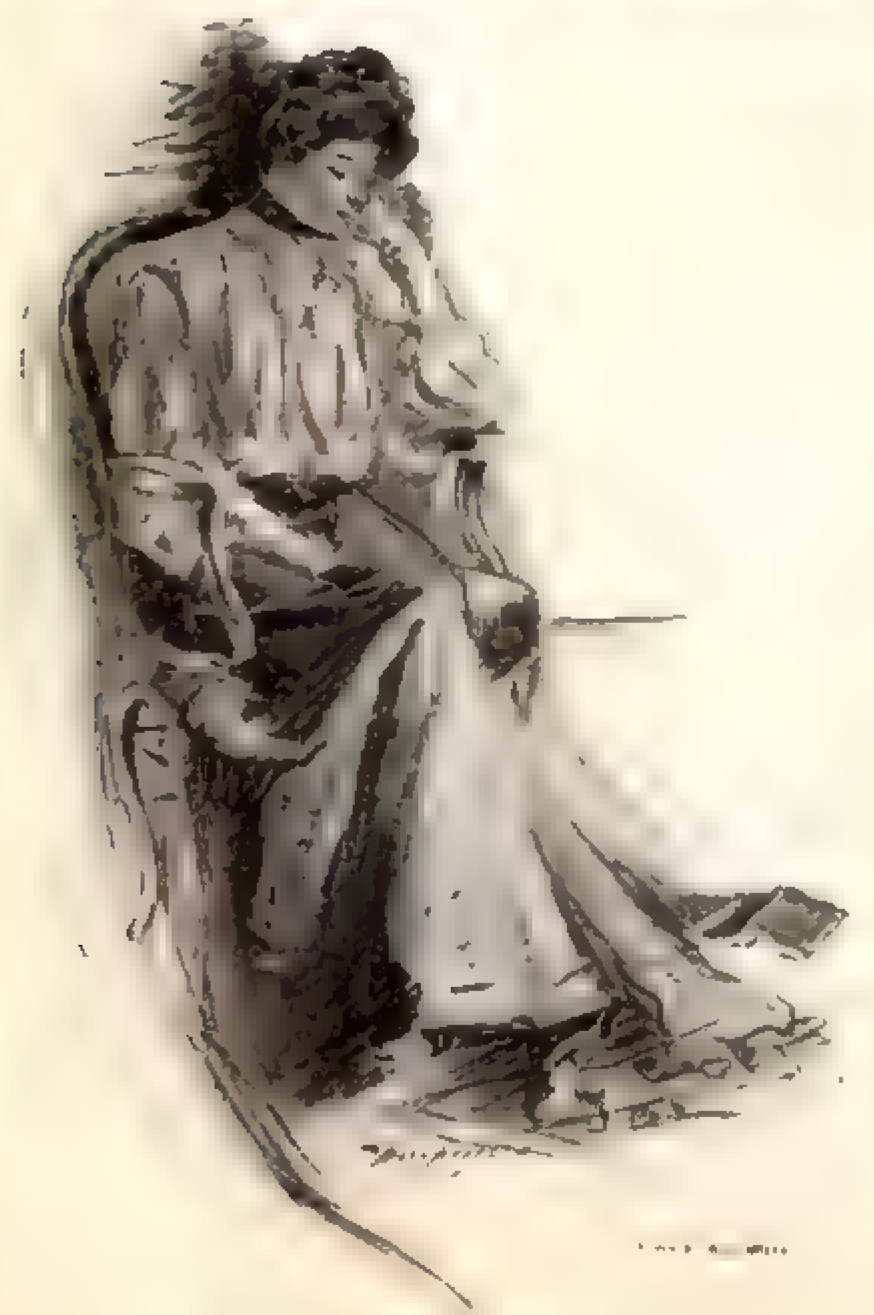
"'Well, every once in a while they'd drop the curtain and show the niggers a-holdin' the feather dusters over the woman that was so scant of clothes, and with each time things warmed up more and more. Richard had a cousin named Buckingham, and he says to him, says he, "Buck, you help me to be king and ther ain't no tellin' what I won't do for you," and Buck 'lowed he was with him, and he was for a good while—helped him put out of the way fust one and then the other; but after the real king died and he wanted Buck to go to the Tower and murder the two princes, Buck he quibbled. Richard told him he oughtn't to stick at a little thing like that, but Buck said he wa'n't feelin' very well that mornin' and didn't believe he'd do it; and he didn't. He grabs his sword and rushes out to join the enemy that was comin' to fight Richard.'

"The old man was silent for a time and then went on: 'And, boys, I dreamed about that show, and along toward mornin' of the last night I was there I dreamt that the niggers was a-holdin' feather dusters over me, and I awoke sudden and grabbed somethin' and give it a wring and a twist—and it was my daughter's parrot that had come in and was on my pillow a-ticklin' my ear with his tail. I wa'n't more than half awake, you understand, and I killed the thing. Yes, and I didn't know what to do—didn't know how to apologize, for I never had killed a parrot before. But suddenly a thought struck me. I would put it in my valise and take it away and nobody would be the wiser. I put it in on top of my shirts and went out to breakfast, and while we were eating daughter she wondered what had become of Polly, but of course I didn't let on. Well, as I was a-startin' off daughter called me to stop, and then here she come with a small bundle which she said she wanted me to take home for her mother. I told her all right, that I would put it in my pocket, but she said no, I would leave it on the train like I left some calico once. She declared she must put it in my valise. I hollered out against it, you may bet, but she grabbed the valise, opened it, and then she tuck out the parrot and lookin' at me said: "Oh, poor Polly, poor Polly!" And then I says, "Yes, poor Polly, for when they git into my carpetbag unbeknownst to me and touch that spring lock it kills 'em every time." Son-in-law followed me down to the rock passage, put his arm around me, handed me a fifty-dollar note, and said "This is to keep that spring lock in good workin' order and to pay your way back here when she gits another parrot."'"

"He was an old rascal," said one of the ladies when the Colonel had finished. "Ah, that may be," replied the American, bowing; "but, as our friend Bacon would say, 'A taint of rascality, like the alloy in gold, makes character more workable, and therefore more enjoyable.'"

The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley



I SHALL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN

CHAPTER XII.

W. B. has been away for three days. He came back this morning and didn't even glance at me when I handed him his coffee. He was late again for supper. I brought in the hot dishes in silence. He pulled off his glasses (why on earth does he wear them?) and looked at me thoughtfully. "You are tired, Anne," he said kindly.

"Yes," I said, and felt of a sudden a wave of self-pity which brought an aching ball to my throat. I was actually afraid for a moment that I might cry. I pulled myself together immediately. I *loathe* that poor-little-Anne-how-you-have-been-abused feeling.

"Sit down, and talk to me while I eat my supper, Anne," he went on. "I've something to tell you."

I hesitated; after all, I thought, I am only a kitchen-maid and he is a foundryman. There can be no actual impropriety in a foundryman talking to a kitchen-maid

"I'm tired, too," he went on after a pause. "This is a hard world, Anne?"

"You had something to tell me," I muttered indistinctly. I really wanted to cry dreadfully. He has a beautiful voice, and it touched some string in me which vibrated intolerably.

"Yes," he said, feeling absent-mindedly in his waistcoat pocket. "It was an address. Here it is. If you will go to this house, Anne, I think you will find a way to better things. A woman lives there who will appreciate such a servant as you might become—with training."

My face crimsoned angrily. "Thank you," I said icily. "I can suit myself with a place"

He set down his cup hastily. "Why are you angry with me, Anne?" he inquired in a tone of mild surprise. "Surely not because I called you a *servant*. That is the noblest name in all the world's vocabulary."

"It wasn't that," I mumbled. "It was —— Oh, I don't know what it was!"

It's horrible; but I did cry. Regularly boo-hoo-ed as I haven't since I was a baby.

William Brown jumped up and overturned his chair. "For Heaven's sake, child," he cried, "what have I said—or done? You *must* tell me!"

But I bolted into the kitchen, and thence by way of the back stairs to my own room, where I cried deliciously and to my heart's content for a whole hour. I feel made over someway.

I haven't the slightest idea *why* I cried.

. . . . . .

I had scarcely written the last words when Mrs. Buckle knocked at the door. She had an open telegram in her hand, and a firm determination in her eye to know its meaning.

"I opened it first off," she announced, "thinks s'I if it's a death I'd ought to know it so's to break it to 'er easy. It ain't a death 'xactly, I guess; but you can't allers tell."

I snatched the bit of yellow paper and read: "Please come home. I am not well. M. Nugent."

"Land, ef I wa'n't struck all of a 'eap," observed Mrs. Buckle, seating herself comfortably on the edge of my bed. "To think of your bein' called away *now*."

I was mechanically thrusting my meagre belongings into my trunk.

"An' whativer'll I tell Wileyum Brown to-morrow?" Mrs. Buckle continued with a plaintive intonation, "I'm sure I don't know."

I called a cab and went directly home, my conscience belaboring me violently all the way. Poor dear Aunt Nugent, how I had neglected her and abused her kindness. "Not well," the telegram said. She was doubtless dying, while *I* amused myself with *foundrymen*. How could I be so unspeakably cruel and foolish? By the time I had reached Beacon Street I had worked myself into so fine a frenzy of emotion that I dashed upstairs like an affectionate whirlwind.

I met Lizzie in the corridor. "How is Aunt Nugent?" I begged in an excited whisper.

"She's as usual, thank you, Miss Anne," Lizzie answered with a cool perfection of demeanor which made me feel crude and awkward. "Will you dress before seeing her, Miss?" Her quiet, observant eyes conveyed volumes of intelligence and reproof.

"Yes, Lizzie," I said meekly.

Aunt Nugent was propped up with cushions reading Doctor Pilkington's Evening Reflections when I crept into her room half an hour later. She wore a robe of lavender silk lavishly decorated with white lace; the pink light from her shaded lamp fell upon the soft, puffy curves of her face and her white, heavily-ringed hands. There was a faint aroma of Florida water in the room. "Oh — Anne," she exclaimed, looking at me queerly. "It is you."

"Yes, aunt," I said humbly; "I've come back."

She moved uneasily among her pillows, all the time staring at me in that strange, half frightened way.

"You — you are looking well," she said at length

I shrugged impatiently. "I'm always well," I said. "But you — the telegram said you were not well. Have you been ill?"

At this Aunt Nugent began to sob weakly. "Oh, Anne," she sniffed, "I wonder I am not laid away — I do indeed, what with heart rending anxiety and cook's insisting on too much salt in my chicken broth — you know I never *could* bear much salt; it's so irritating to the mucous membranes. But Mary *will* season to suit her own taste, and when Mrs Van Deuser called on Thursday morning — and Lizzie, too, and told me *everything*. Oh, my dear child, what *could* I do?"

"Mrs. Van Deuser!" I exclaimed. "What could she possibly tell you? And Lizzie — I must ask you to explain yourself, aunt!"

"How can I?" moaned Aunt Nugent. "But I must nerve myself and have it over with." Her hands trembled so excessively that I was really alarmed, and approached with the camphor bottle. "She saw you — at *that concert*," went on Aunt Nugent, waving the bottle aside; "they *both* saw you, and told me."

"Well?" I said stupidly.

"*With a man* — a coarse, common-looking workingman; Mrs. Van Deuser said she noticed him particularly. She is a patroness, you know, of the lecture course for working people."

"He is not common-looking," I said hastily, "nor coarse, and I don't care what Mrs. Van Deuser says. She is a meddlesome old cat."

"Then it is true," wailed Aunt Nugent, wringing her hands. "And all the while I thought you were visiting in the most select circles in New York. Oh, Anne, Anne, I did so hope it was all a mistake — though Lizzie was sure it was you. She was there with her young man — a very respectable young person in the plumbing line, and sat directly behind you. She said she had done your back hair too many times to be mistaken in it."

I drew a deep breath. "Aunt Nugent," I said, "I would like you to remember that I am my own mistress to begin with. And to end with, I beg to remind you that I know what is proper quite as well as you do. I will tell you all about what I have been doing to-morrow. But I'll tell you now that it's nothing I'm ashamed of, and there's nothing wrong about it, though you may think so."

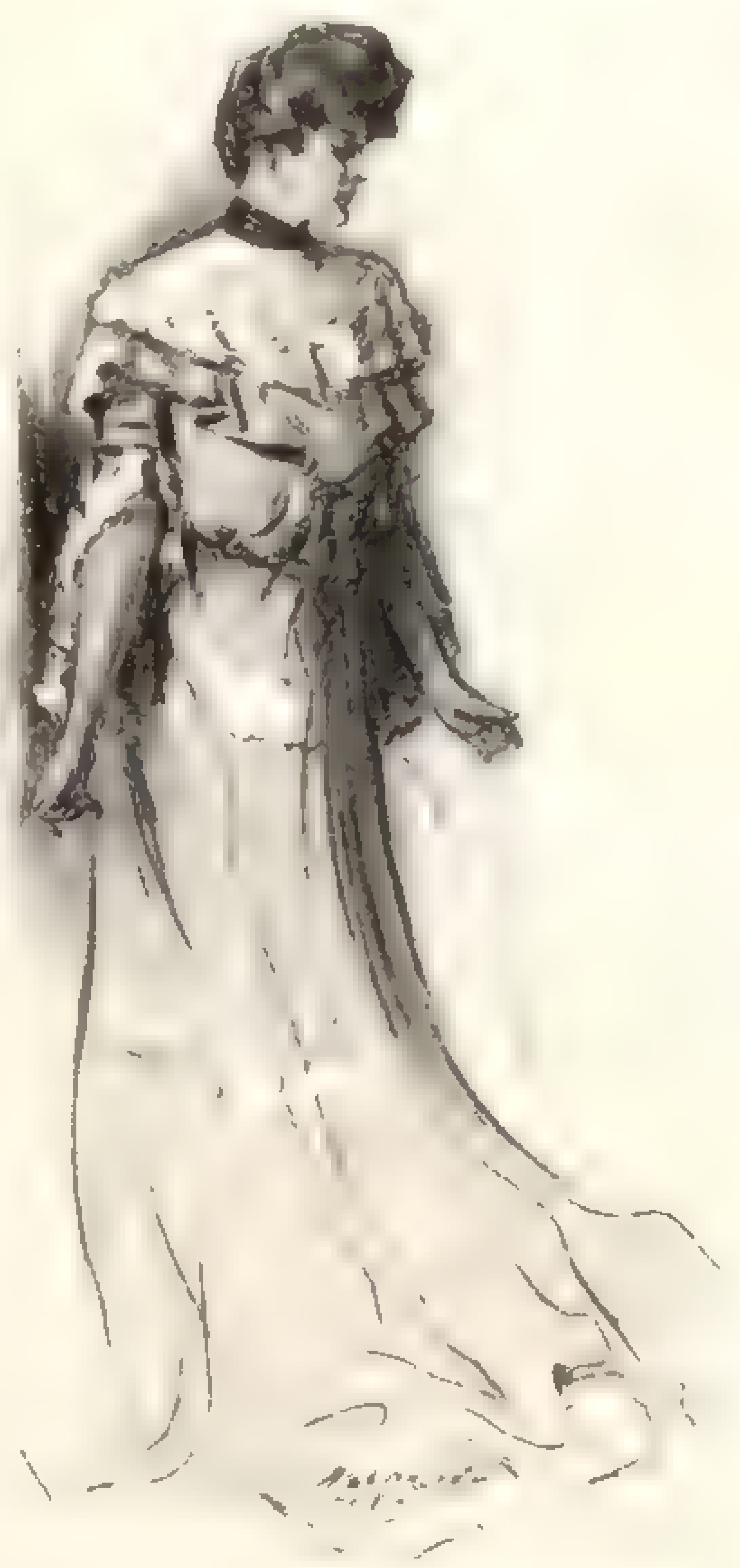
"I hope so, I'm sure. Oh, my dear, my dear!" mumbled Aunt Nugent with another of her strange glances.

Just what this meant I discovered this morning when my three lawyers called upon me in state. They were excessively embarrassed, but determined, and I made a clean breast of the whole affair, when I saw I must.

"I regret all this seeming impertinence of ours, as you doubtless regard it, my dear Miss Smith," said Mr. Taunton, the oldest and stateliest of the three, after I had done. "But when Mrs. Van Deuser — a friend of your aunt's, I believe, and a mutual acquaintance — came to me and told me quite fully, on your aunt's behalf, just what she had seen, we felt bound to make some inquiries into the matter, you know. Mrs. Nugent actually suspected that you might be — well, to — ah — put it briefly — she really feared that you might have become *non compos mentis*. Very absurd it all seems in view of your really laudable ambition to reach the working classes. But if you will permit me to say so, my dear young lady, I should recommend another sort of investigation of sociological problems. It's a favorite study of my own, by the way, and I can put you on to the track of all the authorities."

They tried to be very jocose and complimentary and bowed themselves out with all sorts of apologies.

After they went I shut myself in my room and *simply raged* — till I grew frightened at myself. Then I went out and walked miles. When I came back I went straight to Aunt Nugent's room. "Aunt Nugent," I said, "I want to tell you that I'm sorry I frightened you so. To tell you the truth, I didn't think anything about you. I mean to think about you more after this, and take better care of you." Then I kissed her — for the first time in years — and let her cry over me as long as I could bear it.



"YES, AUNT," I SAID HUMBLY; "I'VE COME BACK"

I still had Lizzie to reckon with. "Lizzie," I said abruptly, when she was doing my hair at bedtime, "what did you think when you saw me at the Mechanics' Concert?"

"I was that surprised, Miss, to think as 'ow you were in town, an' we didn't know it, an' that's ivery word I said to Mrs. Nugent, Miss, she'll 'ave told you." I felt the girl's hand tremble against my hair.

"I wanted to see how it felt to be a servant, Lizzie. I wanted to find out just what it was like to be poor."

"It ain't all bad, Miss," half whispered the girl; "I wanted to tell you as 'ow I've been thinkin' of bein' married come Christmas — though I can't bear to leave you, Miss."

"Yes, you can, Lizzie," I said with a sigh. Somehow I understand just how the girl feels, and I'm glad I do.

CHAPTER XIV

THE shell doesn't fit. It hurts. But what am I going to do about it. Four days of the old life and I am running on my wheel with all the desperate energy of a caged squirrel. *I want something*. And I don't know what it is. The foundryman said, "You must be sure of what you want, or you'll never get anything." I've always been an aching void of want, and I never knew what I wanted. I don't now.

To-day I read over the story of Christ and the rich young man. He said, "Go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven." The foundryman thinks that is the solution, I am sure. I wish I had asked him if he thought one really ought to do that. I never heard of any one who did. I have given lots of money away. I am giving so much now that Aunt Nugent says we shall be ruined. I'm not one bit happier, though. I wonder what would happen if I should really sell everything and give the money to the poor. I should "find treasure in heaven," I suppose. But somehow or other I don't want that — yet. And — who are the poor?

Mrs. Van Deuser came to see me this morning. "Do you know, my dear, I really admire you more than I can say for what you have done," she said impressively. "But I fear the working classes are hardly able to appreciate the magnitude of such a sacrifice as you have made."

"I did it for fun," I said bluntly.

"Noble, noble girl," murmured Mrs. Van Deuser. "Do you know, my child, that people are just beginning to find out how wonderfully clever and interesting you are — *so different* from the ordinary girl. You will see!" She said this with a sort of massive archness.

I have had an astonishing number of invitations this week, and I have made up my mind to accept every one of them, if for nothing more than to show people that I am not crazy.

I am a society success at last! It began in the queerest way. My first "function" was a dinner-dance, and it occurred to me how funny it would be if instead of the people who were there I should see the "folks at Buckle's." Then I perceived that there were, in fact, a number of strong resemblances.

That tall, showy Miss Braisted, who's been making such a sensation this winter, is enough like Stella Kimbark to be a near relative. Her supercilious mein, her black, soulless eyes, her metallic laugh, and even the clashing, glittering adornments of her person were all perfectly recognizable. Next to her sat Joey Larkins, disguised as a Harvard athlete It required no stretch of the imagination to see a likeness to good Mrs. Buckle in our elegant hostess, with her shrewd, anxious eyes and her humorously ill natured speeches.

Just for the fun of it I began to talk to the person next me — a dull, washed-out looking man, who strongly resembles a certain boiler maker I had seen at Buckle's — just as though he was the boiler-maker, and not a dilettante scientist with too much money to amount to anything. He was charmed. So was the attenuated little milliner's apprentice who sat opposite; and so, after a little, was the butcher's assistant who sat next the milliner's apprentice. I found the experiment really amusing. And when in the ballroom after dinner I was introduced to Mrs. Lehn's veritable double, and danced twice with a very lively and entertaining steam-fitter, I was quite filled with the joys of my discovery.

I looked carefully for the foundryman; but I didn't see him.

This sort of thing has gone on for several weeks. I make new finds every day, and the crowning joke of it all is that I'm now "a social favorite!"

Last week the boiler-maker actually proposed; and the butcher's assistant is openly infatuated. The latter gentleman poses as a banker, and bears an illuminated old Boston name, but for all that he is precisely like the butcher's assistant who boarded at Buckle's in every discoverable particular except his clothes and his accent.

The actual solidarity of the human race never really dawned on my horizon before. If clothes and accent are the only apparent effects of modern education, real differences of character must be the result of ages of living — somewhere. All this time I haven't seen anybody who resembles the foundryman in the least particular

I saw him to-day. I was in the carriage, and Winston somehow got into a snarl of carts and busses on Tremont Street. He finally drew up near the curb to wait a bit. I leaned forward idly and saw — W. B. He was helping a poor woman with a big bundle to cross the street. In an instant the crowd had swallowed him. He didn't see me.

The butcher's assistant was waiting in the reception-room when I returned. "I really couldn't go away without seeing you, Miss Smith," he began in his unpleasant, toneless voice. I saw what was coming, and scowled in a way which ought to have intimidated him. But he went on and asked me to marry him in precisely the terms one would expect from such a man.

After I had refused him point-blank and in a variety of other ways he smiled and advised me not to decide the matter hastily. I saw that he was considering the correlative facts that I am twenty-seven years old and that he is the "great catch" of many seasons. His little eyes glistened pleasantly. "I fancy I have been too sudden — too — er — precipitate, you know," he murmured. "I will wait a month for my final answer."

"My answer will be precisely the same at the end of one month or twenty," I said. He only pressed my hand, stared beadily, and took his leave.

It was a horrid day, cold, drizzling and altogether nasty. It reminded me absurdly enough of the day I talked with the foundryman in the church porch. And presently, without any real idea of my destination, I found myself in a street car. After that I walked a long way through dirty, sloppy streets, and then — I waked up to the fact that all this time I had been gravitating toward Mrs. Buckle's as unerringly as a bird flies south.

There was the four-story red-brick house, with its ancient, fly-blown legend, "Boarding," and its greenery-yallery blinds tightly drawn to keep a hypothetical sunbeam from an equally hypothetical carpet. The area door opened and a slatternly girl enveloped in an almost visible halo of yellow soap and frying fat emerged. She stared at me open-mouthed for a full minute; then I heard a familiar voice from within: "Whativer's got a holt of you now, 'Liza? You ain't got no more sprawl 'an a scaling sarpint, an' that's the gospel truth. Come in 'ere this minnut an' do them turnits."

I walked quickly away, turning the nearest corner in my haste to escape from the place. How could I have stayed there even one day? I felt hot and ashamed all over, and my ears tingled as if with a blow. I bent my head against the wind and rain and was hurrying blindly forward when the most astonishing thing happened. I walked directly and with some violence into a man who was approaching in the same blind fashion from the opposite direction I looked up with a mumbled apology.

"Oh, it's you?" I said foolishly. It was the foundryman

"Anne!" he cried in his deep voice. "Why are you here?"

I knew without a shadow of doubt why I was there, and I never thought of lying. "I wanted to see you," I answered in the tone of a small and particularly stupid child

"Anne!" he murmured again with one of his illuminating smiles. "Come, we mustn't stand here in the rain; where shall we go?"

"Calvary Church is right around the corner; we can stand in the porch as we did before," I said unblushingly. I couldn't think of anything but that I had found him.

"Where have you been, child?" he asked. "Are you coming back to Mrs. Buckle's?" His eyes roved anxiously over me. "But, no. You mustn't go there again; it is not a fit place for you." After a pause he added thoughtfully, "I am going away soon, so I am glad to have this little good-by talk. Did you keep the address I gave you, Anne?"

"I have a place, thank you," I said. Then I added hastily, "I only wanted to ask you about that rich young man Do you think he ought to have sold *all* his property?"

"The rich young man?" he replied, frowning and eying me suspiciously. "What rich young man?"

"The one in the Bible," I explained. "Don't you think Christ meant that he should give away the interest on his money, and—and live simply—I mean give up living like a very rich man? I ought to tell you I've gone back to live with the rich woman I told you of, and—and she's very much interested in that chapter Sometimes I read it to her nights. She does give away a great deal of money, and I don't think she means to be selfish."

His face had cleared and brightened wonderfully as I went on with my halting and deceitful explanation. I felt thoroughly ashamed as his listening eyes rested on my face "Do you know, Anne," he said warmly, "I am wonderfully pleased to think you remembered our little talk, and that you are trying to help on the great cause in the world. Your reward will come to you, my child, never fear. But about this lady you speak of; I wonder if it would be possible for me to see her. Do you think it would, Anne? Is she a prim, proud, haughty sort of person who would—But, no—I see that it would be impossible And, after all, it is not my work"

He stopped short, and I took advantage of the silence to ask a question. "What is the great cause?" I demanded "If I am to help it on, I must at least know what it is."

"The great cause," he answered directly, "is the bringing to pass in the world of universal brotherhood. Not the artificial, tied-on, make-believe sort that so many preachers prate about year in and year out; but the real brotherhood that Christ preached. God the actual Father of all human beings Christ the elder brother."

"That's just what our rector says almost every Sunday," I murmured resignedly. "It doesn't seem to mean very much

"That's just the trouble, Anne!" he said with strong indignation. "It doesn't mean anything. So many men who preach this gospel of brotherhood are sleek and well fed in their broadcloth and silk. They jostle one another in their scramble for big-salaried churches. They soothe and coddle the rich members of their congregations. They have turned the fiery sayings of the Master into meaningless platitudes, which they chant monotonously into the drowsy ears of humanity. Tell your rich woman that Christ meant *just what He said.* Tell her to obey, if she dares, and enter into the kingdom."

"What would she find there?" I asked. "Remember, she is a woman and alone in the world. If she becomes poor what could she do?"

"God is her Father, and she need fear nothing" he answered. "The kingdom means abundance, Anne. Not the abundance of the muck-rake and the moth-eaten, rust corrupted hoard, but the boundless opulence of the Father's house. If the world could only see that *once!* Why, Anne, when Christ wanted money to pay tribute with He got it from a fish's mouth. When He wanted bread to feed the multitudes He created it out of viewless air. These are not idle tales, child. They are facts, and point the way to the most tremendous discoveries. *Christ was not poor.* He was conscious of boundless resources. No child of God need fear present poverty, nor hoard for a rainy day, nor want—*anything*. Your rich woman cannot find out these things about the Father till she lets go her foolish money. She *must* let it go, Anne, and you must make her do it. You can. And I honestly believe that is your mission in life. You would not have come to me else." His eyes glowed. His whole face was transfigured.

"Oh, *why* are you a foundryman?" I cried.

"Why was Christ a carpenter?" he answered.

I was silent for a long minute and the monotonous drip and gurgle of the water-pipes filled the air with a sad murmur of sound. "You are going away," I whispered miserably. "I shall never see you again."

"I don't know, Anne," he said quietly "No one can say as to that. It depends altogether on what we are meant to be to each other. Sometimes I have thought——" He stopped short and looked at me fixedly

I met his eyes unwaveringly. And so we looked at one another for a moment—or an eternity And in that space I resolved to give up my money

"I think we shall meet again, Anne," he said softly "And now—good-by

He stooped and kissed me on my forehead. My eyes were blinded with a sudden rush of tears. When I could see once more he was gone, and the rain was filling the silence with a desolate murmur of sound. Good by—good-by

CHAPTER XI

I AM torn with a thousand doubts and anxieties about my future. I must give up my money, but I haven't the slightest idea how to go at it. Everything is absolutely mine, to be sure, and has been since I was twenty-one. I suppose there are any number of charitable boards and missionary enterprises and "causes" which would make one comfortable gulp of a fortune like mine; but I don't want to be like the small boy I saw in Florida last winter who threw his piece of cake to a pet alligator. He came running to his mother in great distress of mind. "He didn't even chew it, mother," he complained; "he just opened his mouth once, and it was gone."

If one is to give up one's cake it would be a satisfaction to see it chewed.

Then there is Aunt Nugent. I offered to read out of the Bible to her on Sunday afternoon. She was delighted. "Do, dear child," she purred, and settled herself in her most cushiony chair, and closed her eyes with a beatific smile

I read the nineteenth chapter of Matthew

"Beautiful!" murmured Aunt Nugent sleepily.

"But what do you think of it?" I urged rather excitedly. "I am a rich woman, aunt, and you see what I must do if I really want to be saved."

She opened her eyes wide at this. "Oh, my dear, *dear* child, how I have *prayed* for this hour," she gurgled softly; "and to think that you have really begun to think seriously on the subject of religion. I'm sure I never expected such a thing."

"I'm not talking about the subject of religion," I said crossly. "I am talking about my money. Don't you see I must give it all up? That's what He said, and He meant it, too"

"*Who* said such an absurd thing, Anne?" demanded Aunt Nugent. "Pray hand me my camphor bottle, child. I really cannot bear any more excitement."

I fetched the camphor from the dressing-table. "It says so in the chapter I read, aunt. Christ said so; didn't you hear?"

"*Oh!*" sighed Aunt Nugent with an air of strong relief "What a fright you did give me! I thought perhaps you'd fallen in with some dangerous reformer. Do you know, Anne, I never could quite get over your going to that concert with a *common workman*. How did you ever come to do it?"

"Never mind the workman, aunt," I said; "I'm quite in earnest I'm going to give up my money just as soon as I can make up my mind what to do with it."

Aunt Nugent sat up straight. "You'll do nothing of the kind, Anne," she said with a determination I never dreamed she possessed. "People will say you are crazy with some reason if you don't stop talking such unheard of nonsense."

I saw there was no use of wasting words, so I put down the Bible and went out to walk. He ought not to have gone away He ought to have stayed and told me what to do

There is a lot said about the difficulties of getting rich, but I never heard any one mention the difficulties connected with getting poor. I am simply worn out with them. I was an idiot to mention my plans to Aunt Nugent. She has made my life a burden ever since with a mixture of tracts, expostulations, tears and visitors. Doctor Gallatin has called to see me twice. The first time he affected the urbane and kindly ecclesiastical shepherd engaged in hooking back into the way of truth an eccentric and straying sheep—I can hardly be termed a lamb, though Aunt Nugent called me one yesterday in a burst of fervid emotion

"May I ask, my dear Miss Smith, what led you into this very unusual way of thinking?" he demanded smilingly.

"It's in the Bible," I replied shortly

"There are many statements of approximate truth in Holy Writ, dear Miss Anne, which do not apply personally to you or to me," he said authoritatively. "Our blessed Savior never intended to lay down rigid rules for the guidance of His church. It is the Spirit which illumines these difficult sayings, my dear young lady, and makes them easy of comprehension"

"What kind of a spirit do you mean, Doctor Gallatin?" I inquired.

He looked shocked "Surely you must have understood that I referred to the third person in the Holy Trinity, Miss Smith," he said severely. "That Spirit is ever with the believer, instructing and guiding him into safe paths. You believe this statement, do you not?"

"If I did believe it, it would not be necessary for me to discuss the subject of giving away my money with you, or any one," I replied smartly.

"Do you feel that it is the third person in the Trinity which directs you to this course?" he asked pointedly, "or is it some other influence?"

He had me there. I felt my face and ears slowly taking fire. "You have no right to ask such a question," I murmured wrathfully

I've had two hundred begging letters in the last three weeks; and the door is besieged from morning till night by persons who "represent" every conceivable scheme for reforming and relieving wretched humanity

Aunt Nugent says it is horrible—disgraceful. And for once I'm inclined to agree with her. I don't mind the mud on the reformers' boots, nor the odor of boiled cabbage and fried cakes which seems curiously to enfold the reformers like an aura; but I am afraid of their hungry eyes, and their whining voices fill me with disgust and loathing. I must have time to think—to consider. I will not give father's fortune to such people. It can't be right

I had a talk with Mr. Taunton to-day. He was father's best friend, and I respect him as one of the sanest men I know. "Miss Anne," he said, "do you know you're trying to match yourself single handed against one of the greatest questions of the ages? Christ cut the knot fairly and squarely, and the church weakly attempted to follow His teachings for a time. You know the story of the apostolic age, with its 'all things in common,' and its 'daily distribution to the necessities of the saints,' and all that. It didn't work. They carried out one dead Ananias and Sapphira, to be sure, but there were too many left to tell their lies more circumspectly. It's a pretty big proposition for one lone woman to try and turn the world current back. Now, I call myself a Christian, and I believe I should be considered a fair sample of the church's product of to-day; but I know that I'm no more of a *Christ* than the thief in his cell. We're called to be *Christs*, Anne, and we've got to get there in some age or other, in some world or other, but the time hasn't come for most of us. I simply cannot bring myself to obey the Sermon on the Mount. I almost laugh aloud when I hear it intoned at St. Andrew's. Nobody, including the rector and the curate, ever thinks of such a thing as obeying it"

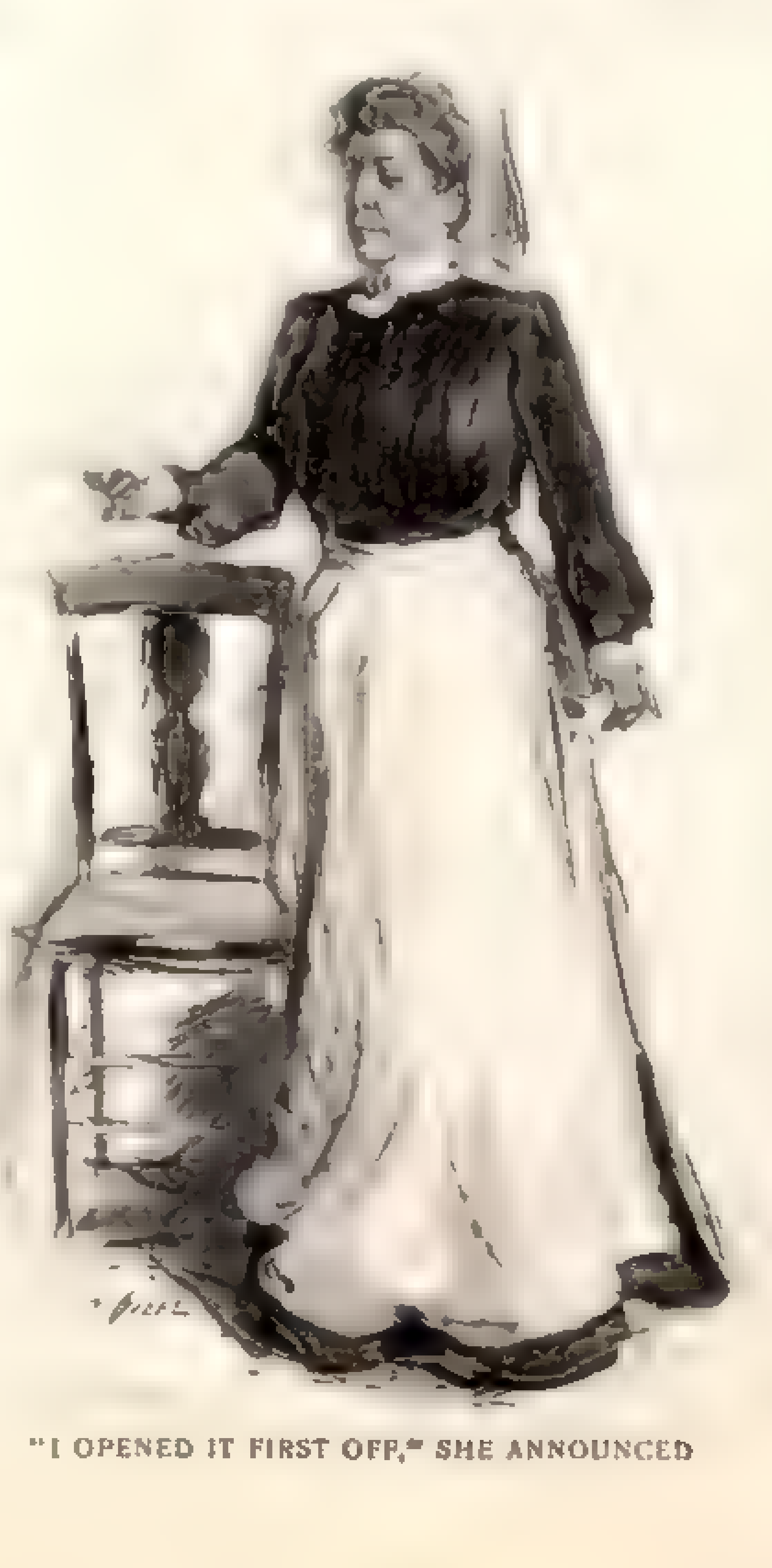
"I know one man who does," I thought aloud.

He looked at me keenly. "Don't be too sure of that," he said quietly. "Do you want to tell me who he is?"

"No," I answered drearily. "It does not matter to you—not to me; I shall never see him again."

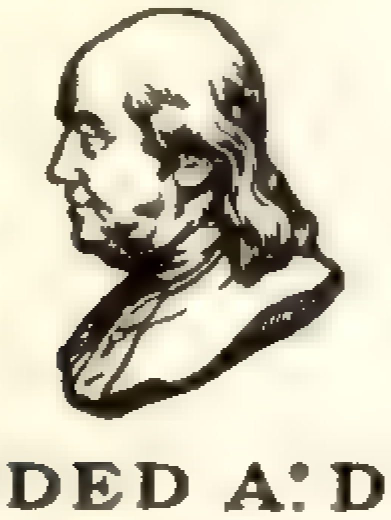
I am so tired of it all that when Aunt Nugent, after a long and tearful preamble, begged me to go to Baden with her for the winter I consented. I know W. B. is right; but I can't fight the battle alone—yet

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



"I OPENED IT FIRST OFF," SHE ANNOUNCED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Net Paid Circulation of The Saturday Evening Post of March 26 was
706,400 Copies

At the Fair

THOSE crowds that will presently be pouring through the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will get great benefit from the exhibits, so many, so varied, so splendid, so instructive. But greater far will be the benefit from getting out of the house or neighborhood or sectional rut and making a journey to see ten thousand thousands of one's fellow-beings from all parts of the world, to be broadened by the mere sight of them, to pick up from them those little improvements in manner, in thought, in mode of living that are acquired only by contact.

In one sense the Exposition itself is a mere pretext for the grand national and international pow-wow.

Soft Food and Hard Facts

IT MAY be true, as some scientists contend, that if most of us had no teeth, teeth would be regarded as unsightly. No doubt there was a time when the tailless branch of the primates that was one day to develop into man was held in contempt and derision by the tailed branches of the family, and was even, at heart, not well pleased with itself. Still, as long as teeth are the fashion, we ought to be looking out more carefully for the teeth of the oncoming generation.

Soft food is playing the mischief with the teeth. Probably the medical profession, if it ever emerges from the spell of drugs, will discover that the same cause is at the root of the appalling increase in digestive derangements. Man is still an animal, and Nature still holds him accountable to her laws for the animal kingdom; and she laughs at the dentists and dosers.

Business in Literature

AN ALARMED custodian of the sacred Temple of Literature demands, "How much longer are we to be inflicted with the business novel?" The implication is that business is a vulgar theme, unworthy of the pen of a true literary man

The obvious retort is, "How much longer are the self-appointed custodians of the Temple of Literature in this country to sleep oblivious of the fact that this is the twentieth century and an age, not of nobles, of diplomats, of 'society,' of aristocracy, but of democracy and business?" If Cervantes had lived to-day would he tilt at mediæval chivalry? If Shakespeare lived to-day would he crowd the stage with mediæval figures?

Curiously enough, the great artists of every age have portrayed the life of their own time; and where they have chosen subjects from other times they have borrowed little more than the barest skeleton. The novel of our day that will be truly great will probably be a "business novel" written by a man with the greatness to see all time mirrored in his own time.

The Czar and His Money

THE fact that the Czar has just made a little contribution of $100,000,000 from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world. There are a few others, and there is hardly a doubt that the Russian monarch overtops the Standard Oil emperor, not only as the first of autocrats but as the first of plutocrats.

Most royalties are very small potatoes financially compared with any one of several American millionaires. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe, except the Czar, on his pay-roll at their present wages without depriving himself of a single bowl of crackers and milk or ever lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday. He could pay the salary of King Edward or of the Kaiser for a year out of a month's income and have something left for carfare.

But the Russian Emperor is in a different class. In the Imperial budget the allowance for his household is figured at the meagre rate of about $8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property — mines, forests and illimitable stretches of arable lands. In European Russia alone the strictly private domains of the Imperial family are as large as Indiana. The State owns twenty times as much more, and the Czar is the State. In Siberia the Imperial resources are still more opulent. Most of the rich mines of gold, platinum and precious stones are worked for the benefit of the Czar and his family

But beyond all this, the Emperor is the absolute master of the national Treasury and all its varied sources of income In England the King talks in his speeches of "my army," "my navy" and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by Parliament, and the King cannot touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use. But in Russia the Czar can speak of "my army" and "my navy" in literal fact. He could disband the whole outfit if he chose, and pocket the money saved by the operation. His civil list is simply the amount that he sees fit to dip out of the Treasury. He could double or triple it without asking anybody's permission. The whole Treasury is his, and all the taxing power of the empire, to the limit of the ability of his subjects to pay. Is it not clear that the diffident young Nicholas is the richest man in the world?

This suggests an interesting theme for speculation. What would some of our American millionaires do if they had the Czar's opportunities?

The Lesson of the Post-Office

FOR many years the advocates of public ownership of several utilities have used our own experiment in that direction, the Post-Office Department, as their stock illustration. Well? Why this sudden recent silence?

Because, within six months, the Post-Office Department has been shown to be:

Inefficient;
Behind the times;
Honeycombed with corruption.
Preposterously expensive.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that we had better wait a while before we give the politicians any more "utilities."

On the Mourners' Bench

TO USE a phrase of the revivalists, Chicago is "under conviction." With a realizing sense of her sins and the wrath to come she cries, "What must I do to be saved?" And the cry seems to have been directed to New York, of all cities! For within the past few weeks no lesser personages than District Attorney Jerome, Deputy Police Commissioner Piper and Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury have been busy at the mourners' bench in Chicago.

Conviction of sin is preliminary to salvation, and there's hope for Chicago in that cry for help. Meanwhile, Boston seems to be in that spiritual condition known to certain theologians as sanctification or perfection, Philadelphia is showing no disposition to renounce the devil and all his works, and New York has backslid

It would seem that of the lot Chicago's experiences during the coming months are likely to prove the most interesting and, we shall hope, the most profitable.

Long College Presidencies

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, has passed one-half of his life of seventy years as president of the oldest of American academic institutions. It has sometimes been said that his is the longest presidency in any American college. It is the longest to be found at Harvard College by some three years, but it is not the longest even of presidencies that are still continuing. President King, of Cornell College, Iowa, has been in his office a longer time than President Eliot by some three years. The length of both these presidencies seems short in comparison with that of Eliphalet Nott, who became president of Union in the year 1804, and retained the place until his death in 1866. In his last years he was not an active executive. Among the other long as well as among the more conspicuous of college presidencies is that of Doctor Angell, of the University of Michigan, who entered upon that great office in the year 1871.

Among the longest presidencies found at Oxford or Cambridge is that of Routh, of Magdalen, who was elected in the year 1791, and continued in the office during the remaining period of his life, which ended in 1854, in his one hundredth year. It is probable that Routh, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Nott, of Union College, Schenectady, represent the two longest college presidencies.

The "Destruction of the Trusts"

OUR Democratic and Republican "statesmen" are hotly wrangling over which group of them deserves the credit for bringing about the "destruction of the trusts." The Republicans say they passed the law; the Democrats say they drove the Republicans to do it. The Republicans say they were in power when the Supreme Court decided against the "trusts"; the Democrats say they were in power when the suits were begun — and so on.

But practical people will take little interest in this squabble. They will wait until the end of the reign of corrupt and corrupting monopolies. Of that millennium there is, as yet, not the faintest sign.

Trustees for Humanity

NARROWNESS of interpretation of the duty of leaders of the people is passing away The leaders of the people are usually found in the profession of the ministry, of the law, of teaching, or of journalism. The ministry is interpreting its work less as a denominational duty or as an ecclesiastical service, and is coming to interpret it more as embodying a great human opportunity for serving all men. The lawyer considers his profession less as a means for winning the cause of his client than as a method for promoting justice. The teacher, of all men, is most remote from all partisan privileges or duties. He seeks to serve the community through the training of the child. The journalist endeavors to interpret occurrence and phenomenon in such ways as to promote the human weal.

Men of high position and of large opportunity are, with each passing decade and year, thinking of themselves as being put in trust with the highest interests of humanity; they are becoming genuine shepherds of the people.

"Stunning" Language

AN ENGLISH literary journal has been reading a lecture to the war correspondents, the younger ones especially, whom it accuses of striving for startling effects in language rather than for a plain record of the facts. It appears that in the Boer war some one of these scribes of Bellona spoke of a large cannon as having "coughed at the enemy two or three times and then relapsed into tense, painful silence." The editor thinks the young man tried too hard.

This critic apparently lacks the fine perceptive ear for the sound of words which the correspondent exhibited. He would have no sympathy for the dear old lady who "found great support in that comforting word, Mesopotamia." The cannon in question was supposed to be some distance away, and its remarks may have sounded like a cough. Nobody supposes that the cannon was actually afflicted with a bronchial difficulty which the surgeon should have treated. Cannon have boomed too long; let them cough. Perhaps the correspondent, if hard pressed, ought to be allowed to make the rapid-fire guns sneeze

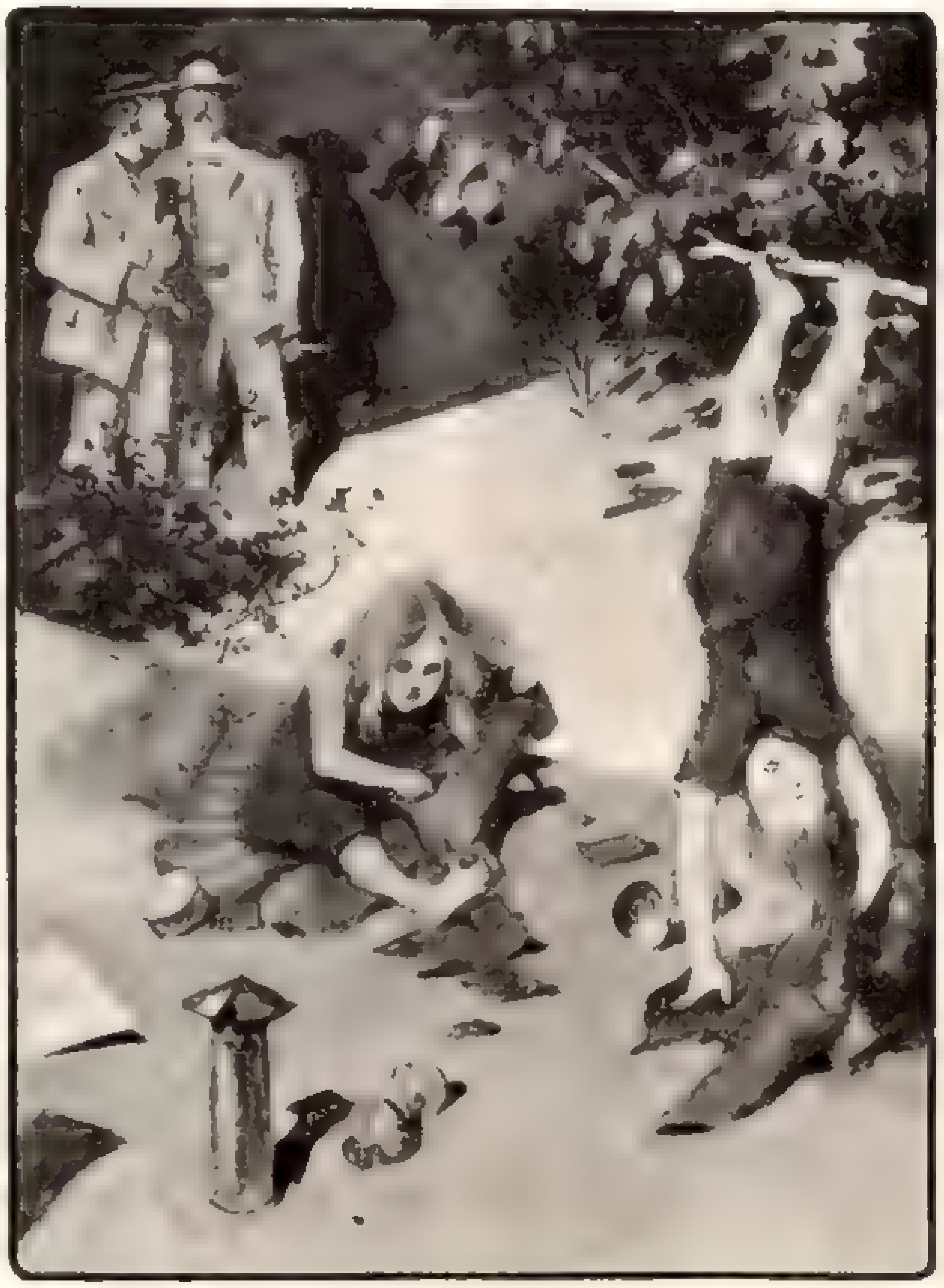
This matter of the cultivation of striking words, or the using of words in unexpected ways, mainly for the effect of the sound of the word itself, is never carried on very industriously in English. Efforts in this direction are usually casual and sporadic. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was a lover (and user) of out-of-the-way and high-sounding words, and after his death his brother, William Michael, found long lists of such words dug from Chaucer and the old romants or made up by himself during happy moments of inspiration and written down for reference when actual composition was under way. Among some hundreds in these schedules of "stunning words for poetry," as William Michael termed them, were soothfastness, lass-lorn, gonfalon, cheverel, fleshquake, bergamot, jess-hawk, eldrich, grisamber, creance, gracile, knee-tribute, eagle-heron, guerdonless, cherishance, aughtwhere, jacent, trench-payne; all certainly very beautiful words indeed.

If the majority of poets will persist in neglecting their duty in cultivating the language and making it blossom as the rose there seems to be all the more reason why the war correspondents should not be curbed. Perhaps the newspaper correspondent is the true poet of the age. It was Artemus Ward who said that "Shakespeer rote good plase, but he wouldn't hav succeeded as a Washington correspondent of a New York daily paper. He lackt the rekesit fancy and immagginashun." But many Washington correspondents do succeed, and the conclusion is too obvious for mention. We live in fallen times. In another age our war correspondents might be writing epics while the Washington men turned out odes. But possibly we're just as well off.

The Social Life of Freaks

What the People of the Side Show Do Out of Business Hours

BY JAMES L. FORD



THE MONKEY CHILDREN'S NURSERY

A MAN of rustic mien, wandering through the side show of a great circus, was moved by curiosity to ask what salary was paid to the different human "freaks" that were there assembled. On learning that more than one of them received $800 a week for simply sitting on a platform for five or six hours every day, and that salaries much higher than that were not altogether unknown in the circus business, his amazement knew no bounds, and he cried unto Allah, saying: "Wa'al, b'gosh! if I could travel raound in parlor cars 'n' eat at taverns 'n' get $800 in wages every Saturday night I'd just as soon have hair growin' out o' my eyeballs, or be ten foot tall, or weigh seven hundred pound as not!"

To the mind of this wondering rustic nothing seemed just then more desirable than some abnormal inheritance that would enable its possessor to amass a comfortable fortune by a few years of exhibition in a circus side show or on a dime museum platform. But if he had given the matter the slightest thought, or asked the opinion of any one at all familiar with the subject, he would have learned that no human beings on earth are more to be pitied than those fat women, and bearded ladies, and dog-faced gentlemen, and other human odds and ends who find in their deformities their only means of livelihood; while the well-known fact that nearly every "freak" of distinction dies rich only serves to show how completely they are isolated from the rest of their fellow-creatures and how limited are the enjoyments in which they can have a part

The salaries paid to these human monstrosities range from $60 to $800 a week, and in some instances to nearly double the higher sum. But money is not much more useful to a man thus set apart by his own physical malformation from the rest of his kind than were the "pieces of eight" that mocked the cupidity of Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island JoJo, the dog faced boy, died in a small village in eastern Europe not long ago, leaving a large fortune, the savings of many years of circus and museum life. He left his money behind him for the most pitiful of all reasons—that he was absolutely unable to spend it For JoJo's face resembled that of a spaniel, and whenever he left the museum or circus tent he was obliged to put on a thick veil and step at once into the carriage that was to convey him to his lodgings. He was what is known, in the vernacular of his strange calling, as a "carriage freak," meaning one whose malformation is of such a nature that he would cheapen himself were he to show himself in the streets or in public places. Thus the giant, and the fat woman, and the bearded lady are all "carriage freaks"; but the whirling dervish, and the elastic-skin man, and the man on whose head blocks of granite are broken by the blows of a sledge hammer can freely go about the town and enjoy themselves in the busy haunts of men without fear of lowering their professional value by a free display of their deformities.

To a man who deems himself lucky if a year of hard work on the farm leaves him $400 the better in worldly goods, a life that yields twice that sum for a week of idle resting on a platform seems little short of enchantment. But if this sunburned and toil stained farmer were to consider for a moment the limited opportunities that the "freaks" have for spending the money that they earn with so little exertion he would probably realize that his own lot was not by any means a hard one in comparison.

JoJo could not enjoy a peaceful walk up Broadway on a sunny winter's afternoon; he could not seat himself with a friend by a café window and smoke and chat while looking out at the passing show; he could not attend public balls, except possibly a masquerade, or even visit the theatre or opera; he could not drive in park or avenue except in a closed carriage, nor was his voice ever lifted in notes of enthusiasm at football or baseball match. There was absolutely nothing in the way of ordinary social life that he, or any other "carriage freak," could enjoy.

While on exhibition in New York the freaks live in the few hotels and boarding houses that cater especially to them, for theirs is a custom that the average landlord does not seek. Nearly all these houses of freak entertainment are situated within easy reach of the Madison Square Garden, and their best business is during the brief season of the circus, whose side show is the most important item in its expense account. While traveling the freaks dine together at tables of their own, and as many of them come from remote Eastern countries, and are ruled in their choice of food by ancient caste prejudices, the question of supplying them with what they want and what they never fail to contract for is oftentimes one of no small difficulty and annoyance to the circus caterer.

Unlike musicians, actors, painters, writers and other artistic prodigies, "freaks" have scarcely any social life whatever; but in such matters as professional pride and jealousy of one another, insane vanity and egotism, and ingenuity in affixing all sorts of demands and conditions to a contract, they are even more highly developed than their superiors.

It is interesting to learn, too, that to the fat lady the matter of weight and to the giantess the question of exact height are matters as delicate as that of age to the woman of normal upbringing. No giant or giantess will consent to be measured, nor will any fat lady permit her precise weight to become a matter of record. So long as no authoritative figures are published each freak may claim to be either the tallest or the fattest in the world.

Despite the popular belief that freak marriages are mere matters of business or convenience and that they are made with a keen eye to publicity, besides serving as a drawing-card for a week or two, it is interesting to know that genuine love affairs are by no means uncommon in this walk of life Propinquity has a great deal to do with these affairs of the heart here as elsewhere; but it is also true that physical opposites are drawn toward one another to an extraordinary degree, and that it is by no means unusual for the fat woman to fall in love with the living skeleton and the dwarf with the giant.

Unable to take part in ordinary human enjoyments, and cut off as they are from association with their fellow-beings, it is not strange that persons cruelly malformed should cling to one another with more than common ardor, or that love affairs begun in the very presence of a gaping, large-eyed public should result in really happy marriages. One advantage these unfortunates certainly possess is the fact that poverty seldom becomes a serious menace to them. Having no opportunities for spending money, and knowing themselves to be unfitted for ordinary avocations, they carefully save their salaries, many of them allowing the money to accumulate in the hands of their manager until the close of the season, when they draw it out in a single big check, and others investing shrewdly from time to time in diamonds and other precious stones. These jewels are worn conspicuously and add materially to the attractiveness of the freaks in the eyes of the public, while at the same time they serve as a safe and oftentimes profitable investment for their earnings. Chang, the Chinese giant, who was a man of unusual intelligence and genuine artistic knowledge so far as the products of his own country were concerned, made a great deal of money during his travels by his sales of bits of jade, specimens of carved ivory and ebony and other things that he imported for the purpose and carried about with him.

Unlike many opera singers and actors, freaks are willing to retire to private life when they have saved enough money to insure for themselves permanent comfort. This is not because they are less avaricious or more intelligent than artists of the stage, but because their work soon becomes hideously monotonous and distasteful to them. Then, too, the fact that there is not a particle of artistic inspiration to give an impulse to what they do, and that, instead of the bursts of spontaneous applause which reward the efforts of the singer or player, the only recognition that they ever receive from the public is the solemn stare of bovine wonder, are matters of no small moment when we compare the two callings. It is not, therefore, altogether astounding that a certain giantess should have refused an offer of $1000 a week and board for herself, her cousin, her mother and her father, made to her for no other reason than that she was nearly nine feet in height, and given as her reason the fact that she has already money enough to keep her for the rest of her natural life. This young woman is fairly intelligent, has the usual accomplishments of a farmer's daughter, and has lived since her retirement from the platform in a small village in Missouri

It is seldom that persons who have been conspicuously before the public for years in any capacity are content to drop entirely out of sight and spend their later years in complete obscurity; but when the retiring freak turns his back on the platform on which he has for years courted the great white light of renown, and signs his last receipt for his salary, he disappears as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up, and not until he desires to return to public life do any of his old-time managers or fellow-freaks learn of his whereabouts. As a general thing, he seeks some remote rural district, knowing that as soon as his few neighbors become accustomed to his appearance they will cease to stare at him, and there, in a comfortable farmhouse and with perhaps the largest bank balance in the county, he settles down to the enjoyment of his declining years, to be heard of no more until the announcement of his death brings him for the last time into the public mind.

The Siamese twins settled in the far South after a lifetime passed in the public gaze, and there they died within a very few hours of one another, several years ago. Millie-Christine retired with a large fortune, and now lives, secure from observation, in a small Western village. During her lifetime she visited, as do many of the most celebrated freaks, nearly every quarter of the habitable globe, but it is doubtful now if her address is known even to her old showmen. A double-headed boy who drew a large salary a decade ago retired to his native Italy with a fortune that must have seemed astounding to his old neighbors. This double boy, who had two trunks and but one pair of legs, used to quarrel with himself very frequently, but the Corean twins, who are not unlike their Siamese cousins in physical malformation get along beautifully together, though their tastes in the matter of food and drink differ materially.

Millie Christine was always noted for the amiable cast of her countenances and the sunny nature of both her smiles. After listening one afternoon to a eulogy pronounced over her by the eloquent lecturer, Professor Hutchinson, I have always thought of her as a most well informed and cultured pair of colored ladies, and really envied her the ability to discuss with herself, or with "any lady or gentleman in the audience," any phase of art or letters that might claim her divided attention.

Study the subject as we will, it is difficult to find among freaks any traces of even the most primitive social enjoyments. Such a thing as a freak club was never heard of so far as my knowledge goes, and the rigid caste lines which separate one class from another are entirely professional. At the close of the exhibition hours they are conveyed, of course with as much secrecy as possible, to their lodgings, where they remain in a state of complete apathy and idleness until duty calls them again. There was one freak, a bearded lady named Annie Jones—married three times despite her hirsute adornment—who possessed the social instinct to a degree almost unheard of in the side-show tent, and often gave parties to which she invited her fellow freaks of the Barnum show. The only other freak I ever heard of who cared for society at all was the Learned Pig in a Bowery museum who used to play forty-fives with the night watchman every night after the place was shut up.

Although—thanks to tales of the fabulous salaries paid—the managers of amusement enterprises are constantly in receipt of letters from all parts of the world containing photographs of the most hideous deformities, it is a fact well known that some of the most remarkable human freaks in the world have always shrunk from showing themselves in public. Instances have been known of children of development abnormal enough to be worthy the attention of scientific men and who have been sedulously concealed from the very moment of birth by wealthy parents. Nearly every large city has its fable of the mysterious child who, although adored in secret by its parents, is never seen even by its near kin, and never goes out of doors except at nightfall, when it is wheeled in a closely guarded perambulator. Next to the freak who covets notoriety for commercial reasons there is no more pathetic figure in all humanity than the one who is so carefully hidden from the gaze of its fellowmen.

Bismarck and the Turtle Boy

To write truthfully and intimately of the social and domestic life enjoyed by museum freaks is simply to destroy a great many of the illusions that have been woven about them by years of tireless industry on the part of press agents, lecturers and museum artists. But the truth is that the huge colored pictures in front of side shows and museums do not always tell the literal truth. It is generally believed, for example, that the Wild Man of the Balkans was captured in his mountainous retreat by a division of the Imperial Guards under command of the Emperor Alexander himself, who with his own hands helped to bind the furious captive with chains and lead him to a splendid captivity in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. As a matter of fact, the wild man worked on a farm in Pennsylvania until sheer distaste for manual labor converted him into a professional freak.

If we are to put full credence in museum signs we are bound to acknowledge that not since a famous gathering of royalty on a raft at Tilsit has there been such an important meeting of European sovereigns as that which convened some twenty years ago in Berlin for the purpose of beholding the Human Needlecase, who was at that time dazzling the most brilliant Courts on the Continent by sewing suspender buttons on his nose and cheeks; and while we are still on the plane of actual truth it may not be out of the way to state that Bismarck did not burst into tears on first beholding the Turtle Boy and that the great Von Moltke found himself quite able to gaze upon the Ossified Man with unblanched cheeks. Personally, I am skeptical regarding the oft pictured fable of the Emperor and Empress of Austria turning the skipping rope in order that the Three-legged Girl might dance.

I cannot speak with so much authority concerning the habits of the half-naked savages who people remote and little known countries, and am, therefore, perfectly willing to admit that it may be a universal custom in all uncivilized lands to fall upon the shipwrecked voyager, bear him to the forest, and tattoo a picture of the Brooklyn Bridge across his back. I am also willing to accept in childlike faith those interesting printed narratives of the manner in which ladies and gentlemen thus adorned have been found roaming the fields and forests that lie adjacent to the huts of their ferocious captors, and, in spite of their fierce struggles, have been captured by companies of English soldiery and borne away on the ships of his Majesty's fleet for purposes of exhibition in East Fourteenth Street.

The Freaks Off Duty

I must, however, caution my readers against the information conveyed in song, picture and story regarding the freaks who display themselves in such popular resorts as Atlantic City and Coney Island. These freaks, by the way, seem to be a race apart from even the rest of the freaks, for not only are they never to be seen in circus tent or urban museum, but, as I myself know, their winters are usually passed in complete retirement within gunshot of the busy scenes which they grace during the professional season. The Wild Woman of Coney Island, for example, who, according to the eloquent museum orator and the impressionistic work of art that hangs over the door, was found roaming among the pathless jungles that lie near the unfrequented side of Gravesend Bay, becomes a cook the moment the snow begins to fly, and as an expert tosser of flapjacks shines as brilliantly as she does on the museum platform where she is the centre of a brilliant and interesting group. The Man with the Iron Jaw turns his attention from cannon balls to Coney Island steaks during the months in which he follows commonplace pursuits; the Legless Marvel is an expert clam-opener, having fortunately chosen as his life-work a profession in which the feet cut no figure whatever; and the Albino Prince, an object of fanatical, semi-religious worship in his own far-off land, and one before whom all the other inhabitants of the Albino Mountains prostrate themselves in servile reverence, usually spends the winter on a Gravesend farm engaged in the most prosaic agricultural pursuits.

As for the Brahmin priest of exalted caste, to whose cultured and luminous mind the mysteries of the Orient are as an open book, no sooner do the leaves begin to fall than he descends from the platform which he has graced all summer long with his dignified presence and bends his steps toward the Chinese laundry, there to perform the wondrous daily miracle of the reincarnation of the red flannel shirt. I saw him there myself once, moistening a piece of somewhat frayed linen after the manner of Confucius, and, awe-stricken at the spectacle, and scarcely able to believe my own eyes, inquired of Wun Sock, the presiding genius of the place, if it were really the great Adept whom I saw before me.

"Yes, him workee in museum," was the reply. "Sittee on platform. Melican man come lookee at him."

"Do you suppose that when the Melican man looks at him he has any real conception of his greatness?" I inquired.

"Dunno," rejoined the Celestial with a careless shrug of the shoulders.

But those who know Coney Island only in the afternoon or evening, at the height of the summer season, when the sausages are sizzling over a thousand gridirons; when the steam organs of a dozen merry-go-rounds blend their discordant strains with the hoarse gutturals of the "barkers" whose cries lure strangers into dime museums, photograph tents and variety shows; when each train brings its load of sweltering, exhausted people all eager for the cooling lung-tester and weighing machine—those who have known one of these great seaside resorts only under these conditions have no idea of the almost pastoral quiet which reigns in the early morning after the last picnic reveler has subsided and before the sausage and popcorn ball and the chowder pot have begun their day's work. It is at this moment that the curiosities emerge from the dime museums and commune with one another and with Nature as they stroll along the beach. It is then that one may see without cost the Fat Lady, the Animated Skeleton, the Gentleman with Two Mouths, and the Tattooed Lady as they pace the wave-washed shore, until the arrival of the first batch of visitors sends them scurrying back to their platforms. To those who would study the human freaks of nature in their social and domestic relations of life, I would say that no better opportunity can be found than that which offers early every morning on this quiet ocean shore.

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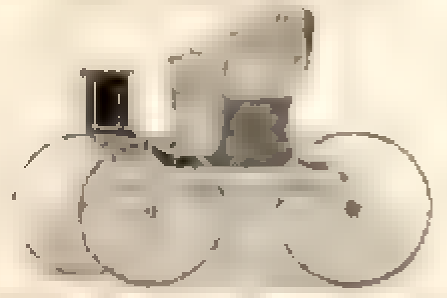

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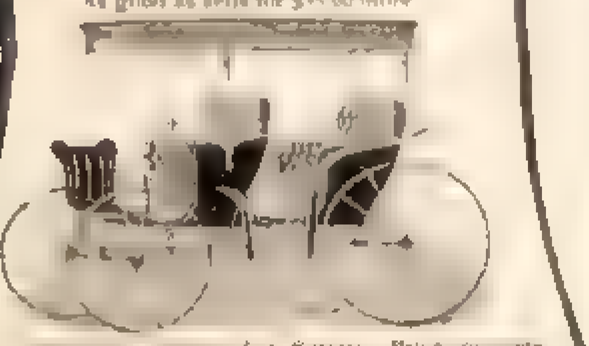

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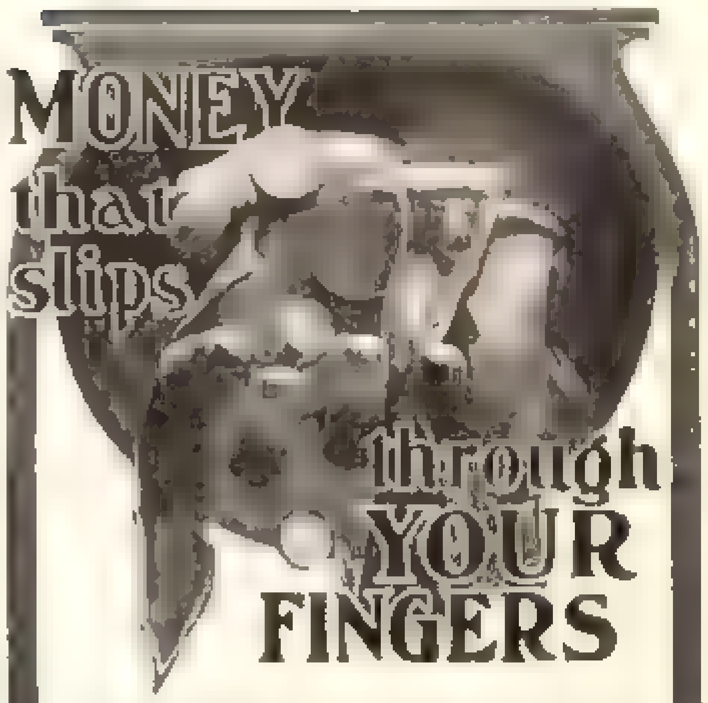

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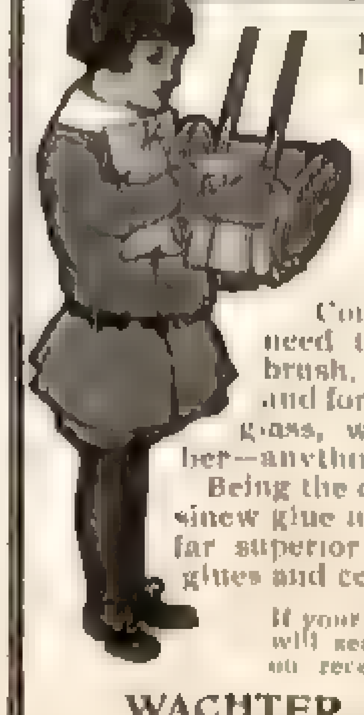

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THE SUBURBANITE

By HAROLD BOLCE

How to Beautify Your Grounds

SUPPLEMENTING the great economic purposes performed in the interests of the husbandry of America by the Department of Agriculture, scientists of that branch of the Government have taken up the subject of the adornment of small suburban places, the grounds surrounding the houses on estates, and the gardens on city lots. Every person, therefore, in the city, suburbs or country who has a lawn to grow or a garden to beautify may secure without price expert instruction to be had from the National Capital.

At the outset, it is the plan of the Government to impress on the owners of small city and suburban areas and on the owners of estates who wish to add to the beauty of their house lots, the fact that the planting of a small place is like the painting of a picture—in either case the result of the effort put forth may be a work of art or a daub, according to the deftness in the hand of painter or planter.

What will appeal with signal force to many owners, especially to young couples just starting homes, is that the plans furnished by the Government have been devised with a keen regard for economy.

In the instructions prepared the Government has taken into consideration the fact that many owners of small homes in the suburbs have the desire but lack the means to develop their places along lines of the most beautiful combinations of shrubs and plants and trees. The matter has therefore been worked out with great care, and expert advice is at hand to show that delightful effects can be secured with no more outlay of capital than is now employed in many gardens that betray the most painful simplicity.

The plans also make provision for the growing of vegetables and small fruits, so located as to form a part of the whole picturesque arrangement.

It is the Government's intention to encourage planting home areas according to complete prearranged plans, designed to give freedom to originality and at the same time to avoid both the baldness of gardens and the inartistic medley of plant growth which too often result from unsystematic development.

The owner should first prepare a map locating every structure on the premises, indicating the topography of the site, and showing clearly the outlook to be had from various points. One of the purposes included in the plan is to arrange for the growth of shrubs, trees and plants that will provide an effective and picturesque screen in front of any unsightly buildings, either on the owner's premises or on those of his neighbors. A practical combination of utilitarian cultivation and artistic landscaping is the end sought in the Government's recommendations.

With these purposes in view, model working plans have been prepared by Professor Corbett which, with modifications to suit various conditions, can be adopted by the owners of small places and used with good results as guides to the individual embellishment of their property. These drawings and schedules include plans for the adornment of suburban areas, city lots, grounds immediately surrounding the houses on estates and garden lots around farm dwellings.

What can be accomplished in home decoration by the planting and grouping of shrubs will be a revelation to every one who has not given the subject elaborate study.

"One of the great handicaps in embellishing small areas," said one of the Government botanists, "is that the majority of people, even including many landscape experts, are unfamiliar with the great variety of species from which to select. Many experts possessed of the proper artistic sense lack the necessary knowledge of the plants themselves."

ARTISTIC AND EFFECTIVE USE OF PERMANENT VINES

Except in rare instances, the Government experts are opposed to the isolation of shrubs. Neither is the grouping of shrubs of the same species commended. On the contrary, the groups should include members of many different varieties and even different genera. Combinations on this basis have been worked out so that floral displays are produced every month of the year. The plan for every group is designed to represent some idea of animation or rest, and all of them are arranged to express beauty.

The size and color of the shrubs, the profusion of bloom, the season of leafing, the blossoming time, and the inter relation of all these habits and characteristics of the plants have been studied, for the purpose of furnishing the people of the United States combinations of shrubbery that will be faultless from a standpoint of art. Principles somewhat similar to those entering into the weaving of exquisite tapestries have been followed in developing the harmonious blending of these flowering shrubs.

For example, one of the models prepared under Government auspices for the adornment of a home lot provides for nineteen groups of shrubs, and the analysis of one of them will give an indication of the artistic care and technical botanical knowledge employed in their combinations. The one group under consideration is in the general form of a triangle, although not rigidly conforming to the geometry of that figure. It is intended to be planted at the left of a driveway to a home and at the inner junction of that thoroughfare with the street or suburban road.

It is intended that this group should contain three forsythias, three syringas, two viburnums, three spiræas, four altheas and four hydrangeas. On account of the different character and rate of growth, and the different time of blossoming of the shrubs, it is essential that their arrangement in relation to one another should be carefully considered. At each angle of the group, nearest the lawn, the Government recommends that a spiræa, which

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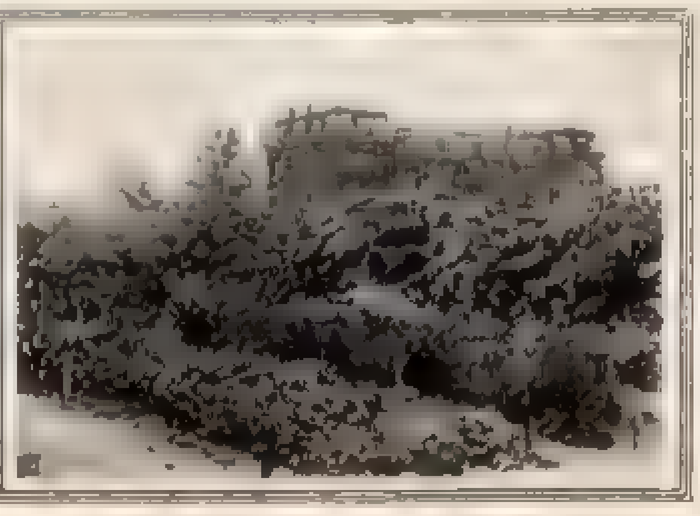

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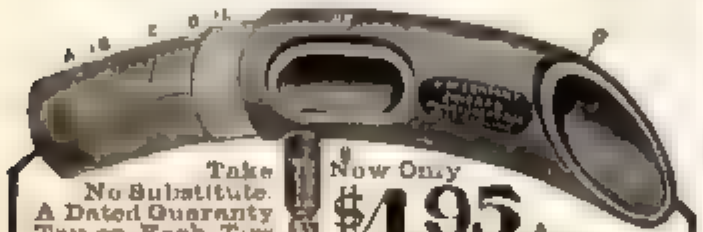

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blooms in July, be set. Abutting upon these it is designed to plant hydrangeas, which bloom also in July. Flanking these, the plan sets forsythias, which display their beautiful yellow colors in May. Next come the altheas, blossoming in August and September and even in October. In the centre are to be placed the taller viburnums, which bloom in June, and the syringas which, in company with forsythia, exhibit their radiance in May. Thus a floral display is begun in May and maintained continuously well into October by this little group of nineteen shrubs, representing six different types and genera of plants. Moreover, there is a pleasing variety in the foliage, the rate and form of growth is different in each kind of shrub, and when, in October, the last blossoms of the altheas fall, the tints of autumn begin to flame in the viburnums.

Great attention has been paid, not only to the selection of shrubs whose leaves both in summer and autumn will harmonize with companion plants, but also to combinations in the making of which the time of the falling of leaves is an important item. The foliage of some shrubs, Professor Corbett points out, is retained until after Christmas, and other species, such as the California privet and many of the barberries, retain their leaves all winter long. There are varieties of magnolias whose large glossy leaves are persistently retained. At the approach of spring they turn brown and fall, but within a few weeks the new foliage makes its luxuriant appearance. A general principle is laid down by the Government's experts that the grouping of shrubs should be so arranged, as to height, robustness, foliage, bloom, and the seasons of leafing, blossoming and autumnal coloring, that at all times the eye may be guided from the bordering lawn to the top of the shrub cluster without encountering offensive bare stalks between the plants or between the tiers of shrubs themselves.

For all owners of homes who wish to produce immediate effects and for all whose funds are limited, particular interest will attach to the Government's instructions in regard to the planting of hardy, decorative annual grasses. Even for those who invest in a complete supply of shrubs, the experiments in the artistic placing of annual plants will be of interest, as these can be used to great advantage in providing artistic screens and borders while the slower growing shrubs are maturing. Even after the grounds are beautified by developed groups of shrubbery, the planting of these annuals is recommended, to give new variety to the picture, from season to season.

The interspersing of such grasses as *Eulalia japonica* among shrubbery groups is recommended. These grasses are a marked contrast to the ordinary greensward. A suggestion of tropical vegetation may be readily obtained by growing certain hardy annuals, such as the tall reed (*Arundo donax*), especially if planted in combination with ailanthus or sumac. Particularly pleasing are the autumn effects when sumac is used as shrubbery, flanked by these grasses. Of the sumacs, preference is given to *Rhus glabra*.

The interesting fact that annual grasses can be multiplied by division makes it possible for the owner of a place to secure immediate effects in a very inexpensive way. "To produce an effect of richness and luxuriance at a minimum of cost," said one of the Government experts, "there may be planted a central mass of *Arundo donax*, bordered by tall growing, dark-leaved cannas, with an outer border of a robust coleus such as Golden Bedder. This form of decoration is not recommended as a high type, but it serves a useful purpose where funds are limited and quick results are desired."

The Government's plan includes suggestions for other temporary effects in garden decoration designed for the use of people living in sections where it is difficult to secure shrubbery, and for all who may wish to economize in the initial adornment of their places. One of these emergency planting models provides for the massing of canna and caladium plants with castor beans. The canna grows to a great height, while the caladium develops broad leaves, and these, in connection with the well known castor bean (*Ricinus*), with its picturesque foliage, its height and spreading habit, are recommended as a season's substitute for shrubbery. Of course, combinations of this character are makeshifts, enduring but for a few months, but while they last they are decidedly pleasing, and as the castor bean, properly cultivated, will attain a growth of eight feet in a single season, even as far north as New York, its combination with the other plants named serves practical as well as picturesque purposes, creating effective shelter belts and screens. These three species are also valuable as shrub borders and for masking groups while the shrubs are yet immature. The owner of a home lot will thus get the desired effect from year to year long before his shrubs have grown into beauty. After the shrubs have attained maturity a new spirit, the Government experts point out, may be imparted to them by interspersing here and there every season a cluster of castor beans, asters, eulalias or arundo.

Nearly every one is familiar with the beautiful effect wrought by climbing vines, many of which, thriving in both shade and sunlight, are peculiarly adapted to porch and arbor decoration. The Boston ivy (*Ampelopsis tricuspidata*), the well known English ivy, the various forms of clematis, the wistaria, the trumpet flower, the actinidia and akebia — these and other perennial vines have virtues popularly recognized. The Government points out, particularly, the peculiar value of the Japanese honeysuckle (*Lonicera japonica*), which has to recommend it its sand-binding powers and its comparative freedom from insect and fungus enemies. The five-fingered ivy and the bitter-sweet are also included in the Government's plans for home embellishment.

But though all these serve useful purposes, perennial woody vines are of slow growth. The owners of new suburban homes who desire to enjoy vine-clad dwellings during the first year will, therefore, find especial interest in the recommendation of certain annual vines whose great rapidity of growth, profusion of leaves and general luxuriance make it possible for a person to cover his home, his barn and all his buildings with vines in a few months.

It is suggested that early planting indoors be resorted to as a preliminary step likely to produce particularly good results. The vine, when transplanted, should be placed in rich and well-drained soil, and supplied abundantly with moisture. The moonflower, the morning-glory, the cypress vine, the hyacinth bean and the wild cucumber are among the annual vines which the Government suggests.

Even if the suburbanite plants permanent vines he is shown how he can take advantage of the annuals by planting them simultaneously. From them he can get comfort and pleasure while the slow-growing perennials are making progress. For example, it is pointed out that rustic summer-houses and arbors may be adorned in great beauty with cobæa long before the perennial vines designed to cover the structure have climbed into prominence.

Detailed instructions will assist suburbanites and others in the proper making of a greensward. "A perfect lawn," said Professor Corbett, "is one of the rarest possessions either of public or private establishments." To secure a good lawn it is important, of course, that the grass sown be adapted to the locality. Kentucky blue grass, for example, which produces perfect lawns in regions where the soil is heavy and the rainfall abundant, has to give way to white clover in light and sandy soil. In more southern

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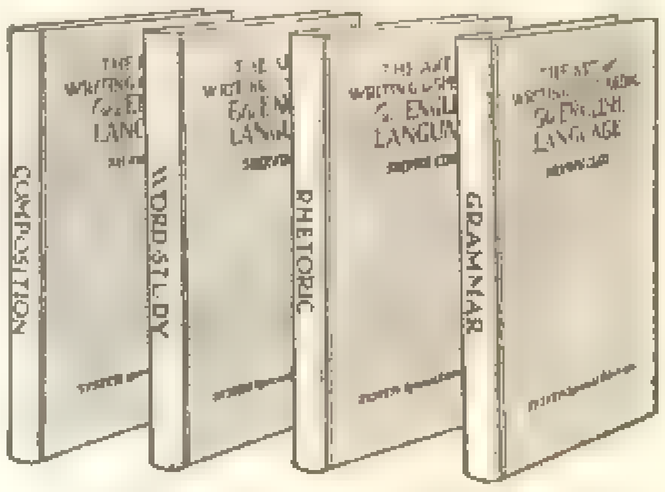
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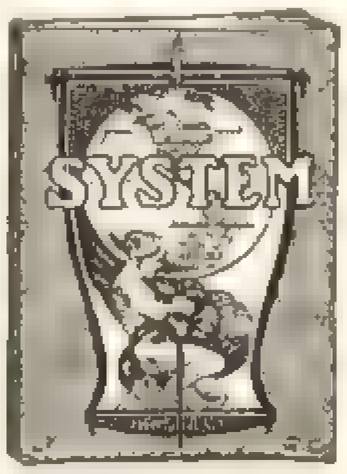

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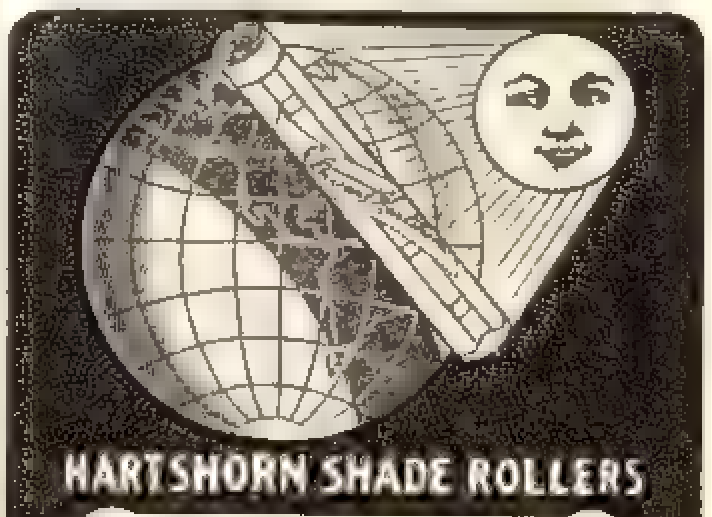

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latitudes reliance must be placed on Bermuda grass (*Capriola dactylon*) or St. Augustine grass (*Stenotaphrum dimidiatum*)

Although mixed grasses are recommended for many sections in order to produce a permanent greensward, the blend should be of such a character that a mottled appearance will not be developed. Many of the lawn blends are composed of grasses not only of different species but even of different genera, and as a result a uniformly-growing lawn is somewhat of a rarity. For example, the fescue grasses grow in bunches and the rye grasses grow more rapidly than the poas or bluegrasses, and are of lighter hue. The Government recommends the blending of redtop and bluegrass (*Poa pratensis*), as this, it is stated, makes the most satisfactory of lawns, combining the desired virtues of permanence and beauty. In some sections of the country lawns can be successfully made only from turf or from root stalks

Great attention has been given to the selection and placing of ornamental and economic trees in the decorative plans adopted. In regard to the relationship between lawns and trees it is pointed out that several of the oaks, particularly *Quercus alba*, retain their leaves after they have turned brown and become lifeless. The Government concedes that this habit of the oaks is of value from the standpoint of the artist, but as the leaves begin to fall in autumn and continue to drop until spring, the use of a number of these oaks in garden decoration greatly complicates the care of lawns. The Government brings the same botanical indictment against the beeches, *Fagus ferruginea* of that species being pointed out especially as an offender against the cleanliness of the greensward.

For the arraignment of a few species the Government more than atones by expert indorsement and instructions in regard to the planting of a wide variety of ornamental trees. In the diagrams these are carefully located, and artistic attention has been paid to the proper blending of evergreen with deciduous varieties. The Kentucky coffee tree (*Gymnocladus canadensis*) and the yellow wood (*Cladrastis tinctoria*) are among the many trees recommended. The sweet-scented flowers of the latter grow in great profusion, and as they appear in long, drooping racemes, one of these trees in a yard is regarded by the experts as serving a purpose not unlike that of a magnificent bouquet in a drawing-room. The yellow wood possesses the additional virtues of being immune from disease and of not creating an objectionable autumn litter.

Much attention in the Government's plans for suburban home embellishment has been given to the position and course of walks, driveways, and the location of terraces, fountains, flagpoles and other objects in their relation to plants. It is clearly shown that what is artistic for lots with a frontage of about seventy-five feet and a depth of one hundred and sixty feet would not be suitable for an acre lot. For certain parcels of land a formal style is given preference, and for others the plan is to make the grounds harmonize with the natural surroundings of which they properly form a part

The idea of beautifying suburban lots has been approached with high ideals, the Government's belief being that this work will have a marked influence on American communities. "Fortunately, the beauty produced by ornamental plantings cannot be selfishly kept for the exclusive use of its owner," said one of the Government scientists

In addition to the diagrams prepared for instruction in landscape gardening, the Government has prepared photographs of places which have been ornamented in keeping with the suggestions of experts, and these will afford object lessons of great value to every householder who has a lot or an acre to improve.

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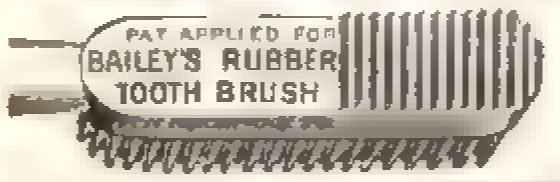

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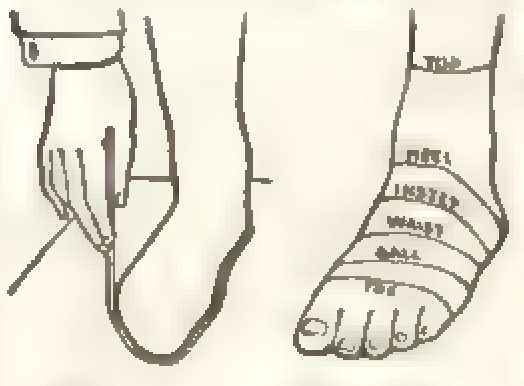

FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

Directions for Ordering—Take a sheet of ruled letter-paper and number the lines from 1 to 15. Then fill it as follows: 1. Your name. 2. Street and No. 3. Post-office. 4. Express office. 5. County. 6. State or Terr. 7. Model No. and description of Shoes wanted. 8. Amount of your remittance enclosed. 9. How many pairs ordered?—Now the foot measurements follow: 10. Top. 11. Heel. 12. Instep. 13. Waist. 14. Ball. 15. Toe. Enclose diagrams of your foot and shoe with the above.

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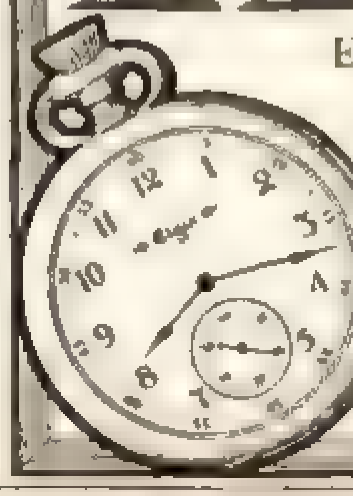

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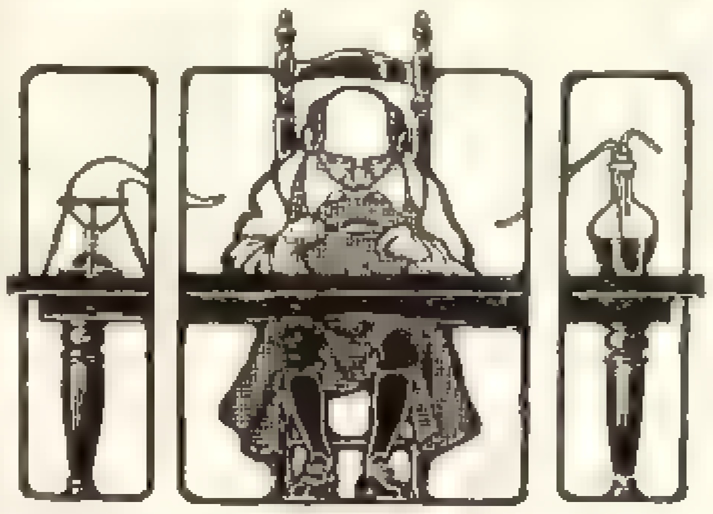

STRAWBERRY-RASPBERRIES — Not fastidious themselves, they are made into a jam delicious to the most difficult palate.

A RATHER curious and very beautiful fruit has been introduced into this country recently from Japan. It is called the strawberry-raspberry — not because it is a cross between those two species of berries, but on account of its appearance, which suggests a likeness to both. The fruit, it is said, is not remarkably palatable in a fresh state, but is convertible into delicious jams and preserves.

The plant seems to be well adapted for cultivation in this country, growing well almost anywhere in the Northern States; in fact, when once it gets a start it is with difficulty eradicated. Patches of it, with brilliant scarlet fruit standing out conspicuously against its glossy green foliage, are highly ornamental in gardens and on lawns. Being not fastidious as to soil, it serves admirably for covering banks and barren places, spreading rapidly and holding on like grim death wherever it gets a foothold.

The strawberry-raspberry has been extensively advertised as a cross between the raspberry and strawberry, chiefly for the sake of making it sell. Its white flowers are very decorative, about two inches in diameter, and quite fragrant. The scarlet fruit is half an inch in diameter, and is hollow when ripe. Eaten raw it is somewhat insipid.

GOOD HOPES FOR AMERICAN BULBS — Many varieties long imported from abroad are now grown here.

THE Department of Agriculture is obtaining from abroad considerable quantities of selected flower-bulbs of various kinds, which are to be grown in this country and propagated, with a view to finding out how and where such bulbs may be raised to best advantage within the limits of our own territory. With our varied climatic and soil conditions, it is believed that we undoubtedly possess large areas available for such a purpose.

It is announced that some success has already been obtained in Washington State in the growing of flower-bulbs, though attempts in that direction have been made as yet only on a limited scale. Along the coast of the Carolinas is a sandy strip that seems to afford conditions suitable for the cultivation of the Easter lily, the bulbs of which at present are imported from Bermuda. During the last few years the Bermuda stock has not been very satisfactory, owing to diseases which are thought to be due to improper methods of culture, and it is hoped that new varieties (already developed by the Government Plant Bureau) may yield a superior crop in the region above mentioned.

Tuberoses are already produced in the United States on a large scale, the market being chiefly supplied from a small area in Duplin County, North Carolina, which produces many millions of them annually for sale and for export. The bulbs are plowed out of the ground in autumn, gathered by colored women, hung up in bunches to dry for a month or two, and finally packed in paper-lined barrels, the price asked for them being from two to eight dollars a thousand. There are several varieties of tuberoses, among which are the "dwarf," the "variegated" and the "orange-flowered."

Nearly all of our tulip, hyacinth and crocus bulbs are imported from Holland, where they are grown in vast quantities on the dykelands. The second year after planting the bulbs are dug up, cured and dried. In this shape they are sent across the ocean, to be forced into sprout and blossom by florists on this side of the water.

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THE OUTLOOK'S offer in the United States of *The Historians' History of the World*, as announced in last week's issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, has been received with a cordial approval, which seems to justify the highest expectations of a genuine success. The Outlook had been confident of the existence of a strong demand for this work, and in co-operating with The History Association of London for its distribution in this country, had felt that its timeliness, the urgent need for it, and the undeniable literary excellence which marks the volumes already completed were sufficient reasons for the belief that The Historians' History deserved to be included among the three or four really great works of reference and study.

But more than this—The Outlook believes that the wide distribution of this work among the American people will stimulate the serious reading of history to a degree hitherto unknown, for the reason that The Historians' History will show *how interesting history really is.*

That history may be made the most interesting of all studies is a truth we hold to be self-evident, although it has not invariably been appreciated by writers of history. In "*The Historians' History of the World*" it has served as a guiding principle and a beacon light from the first page to the last. In fact, the motto of the History, "*He who would instruct must first interest,*" exemplifies the spirit with which the editors have approached their vast labors.

History in its best and highest sense, history compiled according to the rules laid down for this work, is more interesting, more fascinating, and *infinitely more profitable* than the best of fiction. History thus conceived must comprise all that is of deep and enduring human interest in the story of the race, and must be told by its makers and by the masters of language.

It is impossible to find works of fiction that can compare as fascinating reading with the great chapters of history. Even the stories of Edgar Allan Poe grow weak beside the true stories that have been left to us by nearly every age of the past. If we take the element of mystery in Poe, we shall find it surpassed in the mysteries of the Bastile, including among numberless others that of "The Man in the Iron Mask."

"Father' Dumas owed the attractive quality of his romances largely to a picturesque period of history, but if we can read the true stories of Richelieu, of Henry IV, of Marguerite of Navarre, of the events in which Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan played their parts, as they are told in this History by contemporary records and great historians, we shall find those stories of even more enduring interest than the offspring of the exuberant romancer's fancy. But how shall the reader search out for himself the best accounts of so many chapters of History? It has been the task of "*The Historians' History*" to do this for him and to weave these passages into the general narrative so that it moves along with stately, unbroken precision.

In every chapter of the History there are passages which are among the greatest in our own and in foreign languages, and which surpass any passages of fiction that may properly be compared with them. For instance, there are pages of James Anthony Froude, dealing with the Elizabethan period quoted in this History, which are more thrilling than the best pages of "*Kenilworth,*" in which Sir Walter Scott made the same period the background of romance. Froude's great work on the Tudor and Elizabethan period occupied twelve volumes, but all that is essential has been quoted in the History.

In all the fiction that has ever been written there are probably no descriptions so graphic and vivid as those of Thomas Carlyle on the French Revolution and the Terror. The best of these are quoted in the History, but Carlyle is admittedly inadequate as a historian of the facts, and these are therefore supplied by actors in the Revolution and contemporaries like Camille Desmoulins, and by eminent modern authorities like Mr. H. Morse Stephens.

VON RANKE

All the elements of human passion are found in true history. It is not only an affair of struggles between kings and nations, of battles, revolutions and strife. What romance can hold more pathos, more tragedy, more of the tender emotions than the story of Mary Queen of Scots? Yet in this work a hundred stories of famous but hapless women may be found to equal it

History indeed, as we have chiefly considered it here contains all of romance and more. It is romance without its untruthfulness, its absurdities, its shams.

Moreover, "*The Historians' History of the World*" is the only modern world-history in English. The last work of this character was "*An Universal History,*" published in London in 1779. Since then historians have grown more and more to be specialists, and the task of compiling an adequate, comprehensive, up-to-date world-history has become increasingly more difficult and at the same time more necessary.

To accomplish this great task it was necessary to engage not only the best living historical scholars but also to organize their labors in a highly ingenious and scientific manner. The editors and contributors organized themselves under the title of The History Association of London. Their first task was to search the national libraries and archives of England, France, Germany, Spain, Russia, Italy, and other countries. The work was begun in Germany, where the science of treating world-history has reached its highest development. Then it was resumed in Paris, where the Bibliothèque Nationale and the public museums contain priceless historical treasures. Finally it was carried on for three years in London, where the greatest library in the world, that of the British Museum, is one of many advantages for historical research.

Eminent Editors and Contributors

The leading universities of the world furnished the editors and contributors. They include professors and graduates of Oxford and Cambridge in England, of the University of France, of the University of Berlin, and of the other great universities of Europe and America.

One reason that makes an adequate world-history necessary is that a man cannot read even a tithe of the works that are necessary to a knowledge of the subject. *An association of scholars—a compound brain—has done what that one man could not do and has extracted all that is essential in world-history for his mental nourishment.*

Remember how impossible it is for a man to read history comprehensively. *It does not lie within one reader's power to master even one industrious historian completely* Edward Augustus Freeman, who is the standard authority on the Norman conquest of England, required five volumes to deal with that event alone. Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the most profound student of the Elizabethan period in England, filled seventeen large volumes in treating the period from the accession of James I. to the Restoration. Froude occupied twelve volumes with the sixty years from the fall of Cardinal Wolsey to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Macaulay's "*History of England,*" though covering only a period of thirty years and describing only the revolution of 1689 and the rise of the Whig party, filled four volumes.

Beyond One Man's Power

That means that one must read thirty-eight volumes to study incompletely four periods or phases of English history

Even then one's knowledge would be ill-balanced, for all these historians are open to criticism. In "*The Historians' History of the World*" every passage that is open to grave doubt is accompanied by the view of its principal critic. The fascinating Froude, for instance, is corrected by the more learned and judicious Gardiner

2000 Historians

Two thousand historians have been quoted in the compilation of "*The Historians' History of the World.*" Among them are Herodotus, Thucydides, Diodorus, Erman, Budge, Josephus, Maspero, Macaulay, Gardiner, Freeman, Froude, Meyer, Petrie, Strabo, Brugsch, Wilkinson, Curtius, Delitzsch, Hilprecht, Layard, Peters, Rawlinson, Gibbon, Grote, Sayce, George Smith, Tiele, Weber, Cheyne, Renan, Mommsen, Pomponius Mela, Xenophon, Justin, Caesar, Tacitus, Livy, Suetonius, Mill, Newman, Noldeke, Aelianus, Cox, Constantine VII, Demosthenes, Victor Duruy, Mitford, Pausanias, Plutarch, Niebuhr, Rogers, Polybius, Schliemann, Schlosser, Thirlwal, Bancroft, Ammianus, Appian, Dion Cassius, Finlay, Keightley, Liddell, Merivale, Sallust, Seneca, Taine, Bryce, Hallam, Von Ranke, Ibn Saad, Arnold, Milman, Machiavelli, Motley, Napier, Prescott, Michaud, Alison, Carlyle, Chateaubriand, Dareste, Martin, Guizot, Sismondi, Philip de Commines, Baroness de Stael, Lamartine, Michelet, Rosebery.

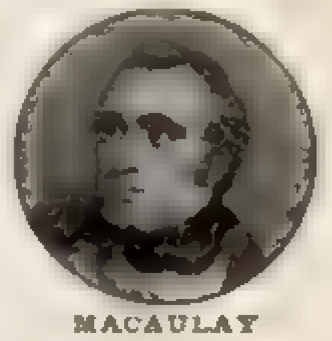
No great historian that ever lived has been overlooked, and the period of time covered is from 7000 B. C. to 1904 The quotations vary in length from illuminative paragraphs to excerpts of many passages, averaging about two thousand words each. Fifteen hundred quotations have been made from foreign languages; the majority of which were not accessible in English and were translated specially for this work. The languages include all the principal ancient and modern ones—Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, German and Scandinavian.

These excerpts are woven into one harmonious whole. That has been the task of the editors. Their aim has been to make "*The Historians' History*" just what it would be if all the long list of historians named, from Herodotus to Lord Rosebery, could meet in spirit, and were called upon to compile this history from their own works. The editors, indeed, have been with the authors in spirit.

The Index

The index constitutes the twenty-fifth volume of "*The Historians' History of the World.*" It has been said that a good index is a joy forever. This is an exemplification of the truth of that remark. It gives the History its chief value as a work of reference. It reveals at a glance the comprehensiveness of the work.

The index is the most convenient and convincing proof of the usefulness of the History. In the first place one finds every historical fact he needs to know at a glance.


MACAULAY

It guides one directly to any subject of serious human interest—whether marriage, religion, music, art, literature, science, architecture, war, finance, whatever you will. A complete history must necessarily comprise all these things.

The Outlook conceives it to be a duty to the reading public to call its attention to the qualities and character of this work. It has conducted an extensive business in the publication of books of the highest educational value, and it is convinced that "*The Historians' History*" holds a preeminent place in this class. It has therefore, acquired from The History Association of London the sole rights of issue and sale for this country.

Plan of Sale

In regard to the sale of this work in the United States, The Outlook will adopt new methods which involve a complete revolution in book-selling. Many attractive and novel features have been introduced into the plan of sale. The Outlook has prepared two interesting pamphlets, one of which deals with the Plan of Sale and how The Outlook proposes to introduce it to the intelligent reading public of the United States, while the other gives a concise outline of the History and the method of its compilation. The Outlook will be pleased to forward these two pamphlets on receipt of the following form of application.

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Please send me (1) pamphlet describing in detail The Outlook's plan of sale of *The Historians' History of the World* and (2) the pamphlet which gives a complete account of how and why the History has been made.

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The Reading Table

Not in the Running

THE Honorable "Tim" Sullivan, of Tammany fame, says that two friends of his, who are booksellers, while riding downtown on an "L" train, fell to discussing the relative popularity of certain novels, viewed from a selling standpoint. The first bookman had been reading to his friend an article from a newspaper that set forth the number of certain stories sold during the week previous. It happened that at this juncture an extremely sporty-looking individual entered the car and took a seat just behind that of the two friends.

"Now, this paper," said the first bookseller, turning to his friend, "places The Virginian first, Mrs. Wiggs second and —— "

"Gentlemen," interrupted the sporting man eagerly, "excuse me for butting in, but as I've followed this game for years I know what I am saying. That dope sheet you hold is a pure fake. There are no such horses running; take my word for it."

Correct Matilda

By Jennie Betts Hartswick

Matilda Prim was so correct
In language and in mien
That up and down in all the town
Her equal ne'er was seen.
Her hair was always smoothly brushed;
She never tore her clothes;
She was the pink of neatness from
Her forehead to her toes.

She never used improper nouns,
Or verbs irregular:
Odd numbers she'd avoid, lest they
Her even-speech should mar.
Unto the question, "Who is there?"
When other folk would cry
"It's *me*," the mild Matilda's tones
Would answer, "It is I."

Her teachers and her parents fond
This wondrous child adored,
But by her small companions she
Was fervently abhorred.
When visitors at school appeared
It made the children scoff
To see the teacher's eager haste
To show Matilda off.

One day a grave committeeman,
On his inspection stunt,
Walked in, and straight this model child
Was summoned to the front;
But, oh, with what embarrassment
She heard the teacher's words
Which confidently bade her add
Four-sevenths and two-thirds.

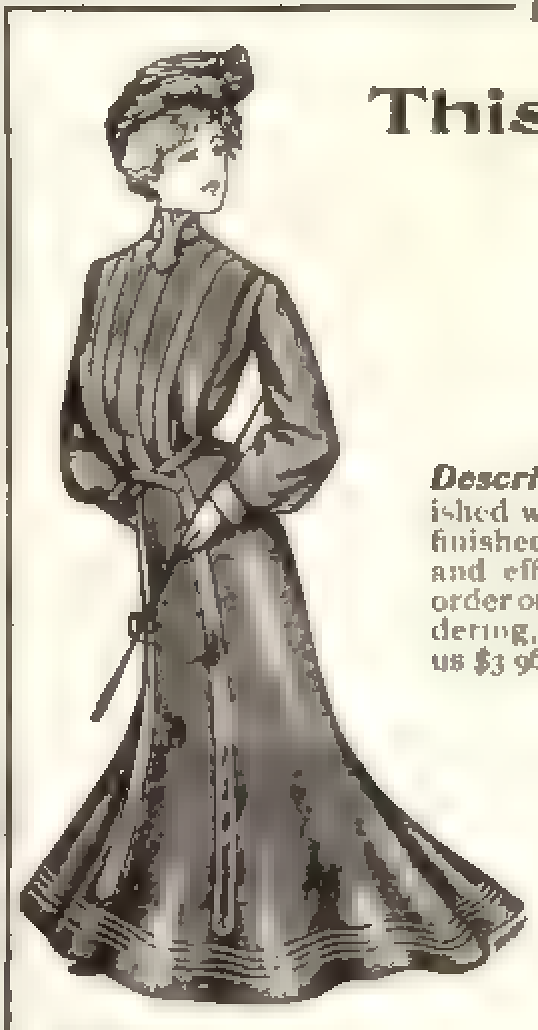
Before the board she blushing stood.
The children dumb were struck;
They nearly died of their delight
To see Matilda stuck.
"Oh, teacher, dear, I can't!" she cried—
With tears her eyes were dim—
"For fractions are so *vulgar*," said
Correct Matilda Prim.

The President Maker

OTHER officials in the Department of State at Washington come and go, but the Second Assistant Secretary is a permanent functionary, holding his job for life. This is owing chiefly to the fact that in that branch of the Government service it is absolutely necessary to have somebody who, through a complete acquaintance with all precedents and traditions, knows what to do in any emergency that may arise.

Thus it comes about that, though the office was created as long ago as 1866, there have been up to date only two Second Assistant Secretaries of the Department of State. The first incumbent was William Hunter, for whom the position was created. . He served the Department fifty-odd years, in various capacities, and during most of this period our foreign affairs may be said to have revolved around him. On his death he was succeeded by the incomparable A. A. Adee.

It is said that every Foreign Office abroad has its Adee—the indispensable man who is a living encyclopedia of international law, and who is acquainted with every precedent. They have faith in Washington that no emergency can arise so difficult or out of the common that Mr. Adee will not be able to furnish offhand a precedent in the case for



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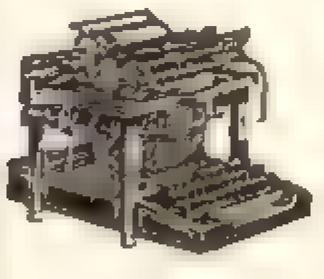

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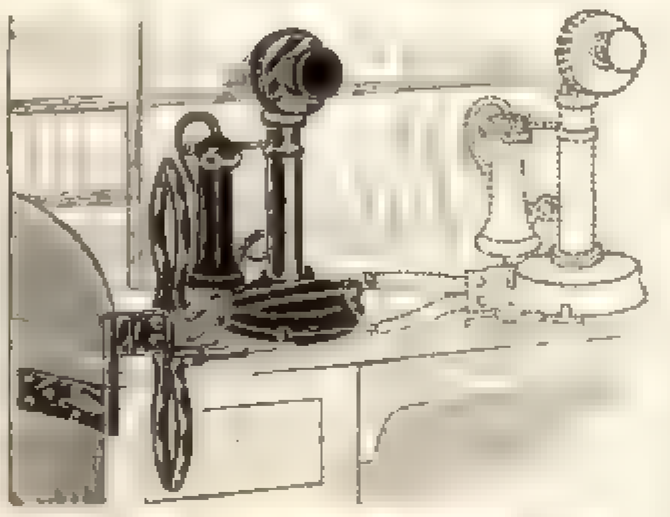

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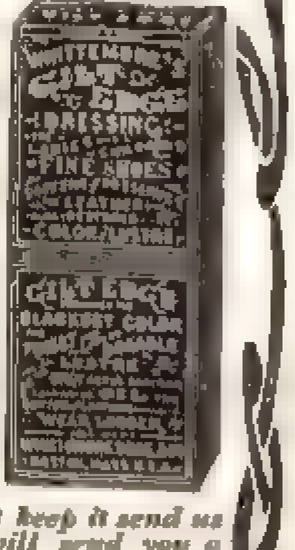

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the Government to follow. Precedents, it should be realized, are all-important in diplomatic affairs, and the Department of State is steeped in them. Since the beginning of the Government it has pursued one course, out of which it cannot be diverted by any human power. Once in a while a new Secretary of State comes in with ideas of his own. He enjoys for a time the notion that he will make use of these fresh ideas, but pretty soon he puts them away in a pigeonhole, and the Department returns to the even tenor of its way. This has been tried again and again by Secretaries who thought that they were bigger than the Department, but always with the same result.

The Department of State has always been famous for its literature—for the literary excellence of its dispatches and instructions. Though Secretaries have succeeded one another at short intervals, the literary style of this great Government office has remained always the same. Anybody can observe the fact for himself who will look over the volumes of Foreign Relations, published annually, a perusal of which will show that John Hay's style does not differ from that of Edward Livingston, nor his policy either.

It is a noteworthy fact that more Secretaries of State have become Presidents than any other officers of the Cabinet, the list including Thomas Jefferson James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren and James Buchanan. The only head of this Department that ever ran for the Presidency and failed of election was Blaine

The Ghost of Simeon Bean

By Wallace Irwin

I was all alone on the tarboard watch
  A-busying of meself,
A-driving nails and dusting the sails
  And laying 'em up on a shelf.

I was that engaged in me ardyous work
  It was minutes before I seen,
A-lighting a match on the rooster hatch,
  The ghost of Simeon Bean.

When I seen who it was I says to meself,
  "Oh, scuttle me shoes, what a bore!"
For I knowed by his walk he was going to talk
  As he done in his life before.

So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,
  "Ye're as welcome as you can be,
But I'm busy to-night a-putting things right,
  And I can't converse with ye."

"I can tell ye a tale," says Simeon Bean,
  "As would slither your marrer cold."
"Ye can," says I, concealing a sigh,
  For I'd heard all his yarns of old.

"I've went and seen," said Simeon Bean
  In a solemn, mysterious way;
So I answers polite, as a shipmate might,
  "Why, Simeon, you don't say!"

"I have been and went," says Simeon Bean,
  With the wheeze that I knowed so well.
And I says, as I tries a look of surprise,
  "You reely don't mean to tell!"

"If you'd saw what I done," says Simeon Bean,
  Which same he had said before—
But I gave not a darn for his musty old yarn,
  And I wouldn't endure no more.

So I says to the ghost of Simeon Bean,
  "Git back to your watery bier!
For I know dumd well that the tales you tell
  Is the wust that I ever did hear

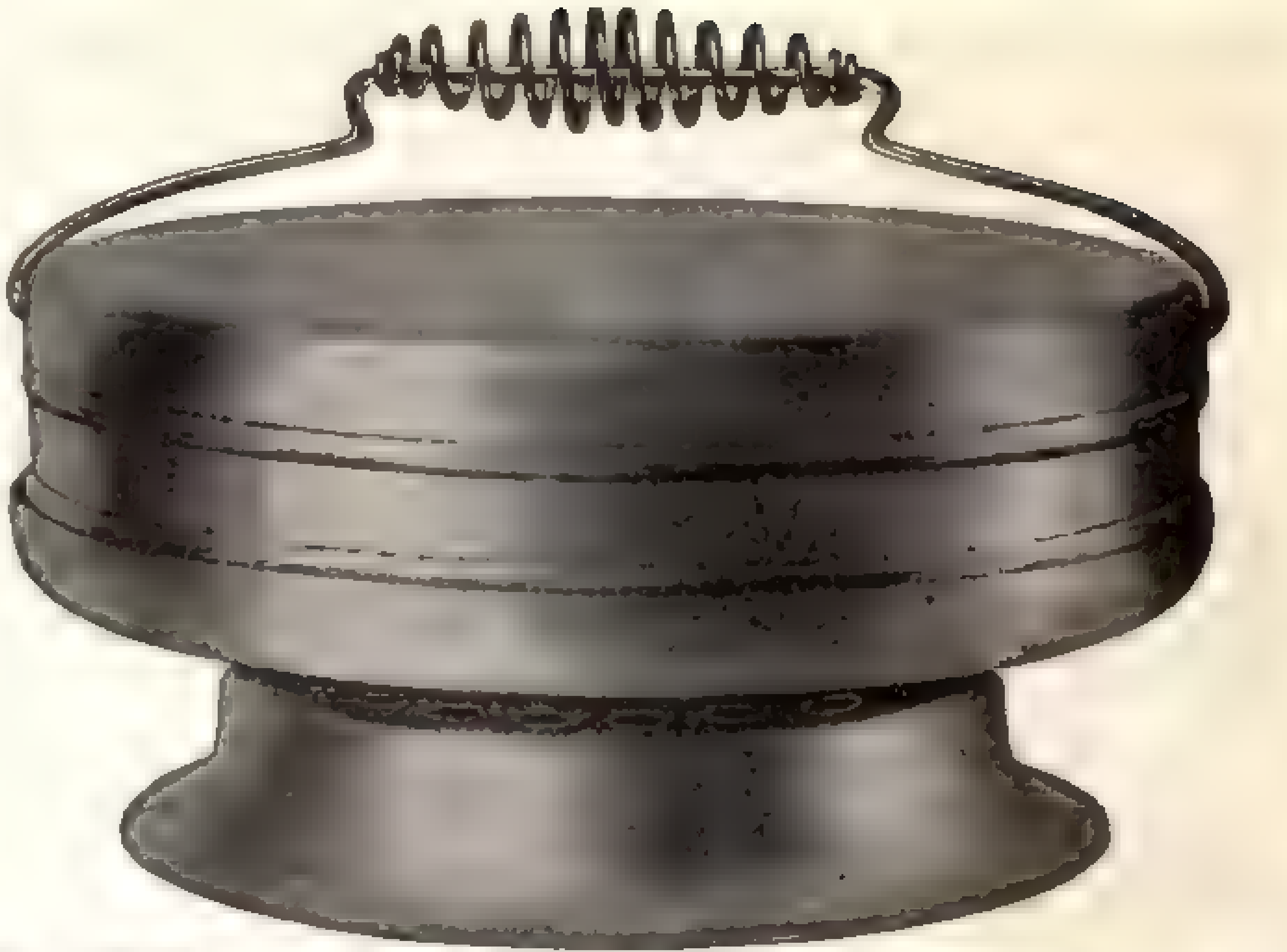
"And it's right that the dead un's should tell
    no tales,
  And the rule it applies to you.
You'd talk all night if I stayed polite,
  But that I refuses to do."

Then Simeon, throwing a ghostly stare
  That gimbled me heart plum through,
Says, "Where is that dime that you borrowed
    one time,
  And the knife that I lent to you?"

I was founded dumb and paralyzed numb
  By the terrible words he said,
Till I seen him glide right over the side,
  Down into the oyster bed.

And I says to the mate, "That Simeon Bean
  Was the longedest-windedest fool
That ever croke an almanac joke
  Or talked the leg off a stool.

"And if ever I sees the sperrit of Bean
  A-walking around the mast
I'll let him walk, but I'll smother his talk."
  "Aye, aye," says the mate, "avast!"



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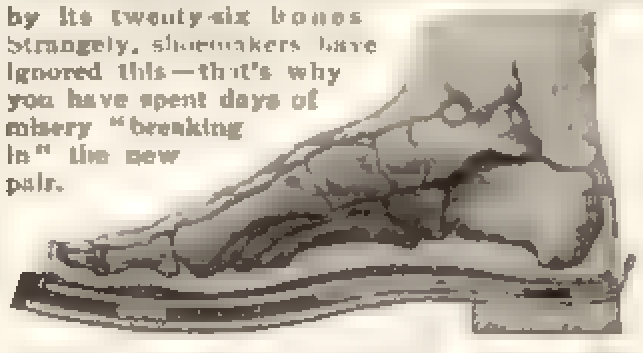

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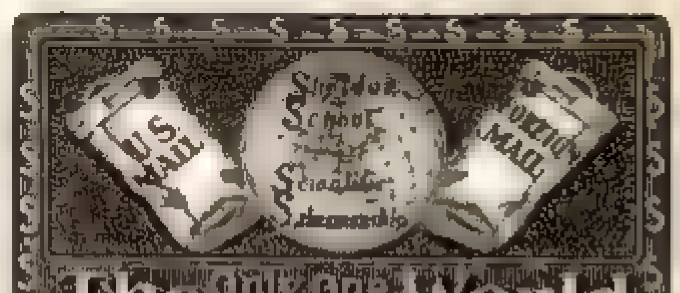
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What They Are Reading In England

A CHIP of wood will tell what tree it comes from as plainly as will a huge log, and the popular books of the winter in England and the United States, trashy and transient as some of them are, show the present character and condition, even to the whims and humors, of the two peoples just as clearly as would encyclopedias of information.

As usual, in England, biographies are the books now most in demand. Why? Because an Englishman, first of all, and above all, believes in the Englishman. Be he ditcher or duke, saint or thief, he has an undying faith that the Creator has set up in the foggy little island a masterpiece of humanity as a model for mankind. He can find nothing to make better in the manners, the government or the religion of his race. The American or Frenchman will brag uneasily, or try to improve, being doubtful of himself. John Bull does not brag, he does not alter. He never had a doubt of himself.

No subject, naturally, is so interesting to him as the history of Englishmen in any condition of life. Even a poorly written biography of an obscure individual is sure of a hearing.

But when the foremost literary Englishman of our time tells the story of the foremost English statesman of last century the whole kingdom stands at attention: Life of Gladstone, by John Morley (*Macmillan & Co., London and New York*).

We have noticed this book already and now only wish to call attention to one peculiar fact about it, which is that neither the enormous research, the labor or skill given by Mr. Morley to his task have enabled him to make of his subject a live human being.

In these three ponderous volumes we have every detail of the political history of the Great Commoner. We have a vast catalogue of the succession of books in a dozen languages and on every subject which, from youth to old age, he was busy in packing into his brain; we know what he said and how he voted on every subject.

But the man himself we do not know. Neither, we begin to suspect, does Mr. Morley. He handles his subject as he might a stone statue. No blood is in it.

Of the passionate love of the great mass of the English people for the Grand Old Man there is not a hint; concerning the fierce doubt and hate felt for him by the minority or their causes there is absolute silence. The reader wonders whether the man was human after all, or only a matchless machine made up of information and arguments. Did he really believe in the Christian religion? What was his secret attitude toward "Catharine"? What were the facts concerning the death of those negro slaves owned by his old father? Mr. Morley tells us without comment that a great legal authority advised that this matter should not be investigated before Parliament. He himself apparently judges it wise to pass over all doubtful matters in like silence.

Hence, though his work is of incomparable value as a register of historic facts between certain dates, it gives us no more idea of the William Gladstone who lived and felt and suffered in that time than the epitaph cut on a tombstone does of the man who lies dead below.

Another book that has had enormous popularity in England this winter hardly pretends to be a biography, yet it is essentially human and personal. This is The Creevey Papers, edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell (*William Clowes & Sons Limited, London*).

Mr. Thomas Creevey was a man without birth, fortune, learning or genius; but he seems to have been from his cradle a thoroughly good fellow, kindly and sympathetic, and with some magnetic quality which induced all kinds of people to ask him to dinner. From Rogers and Sheridan to the

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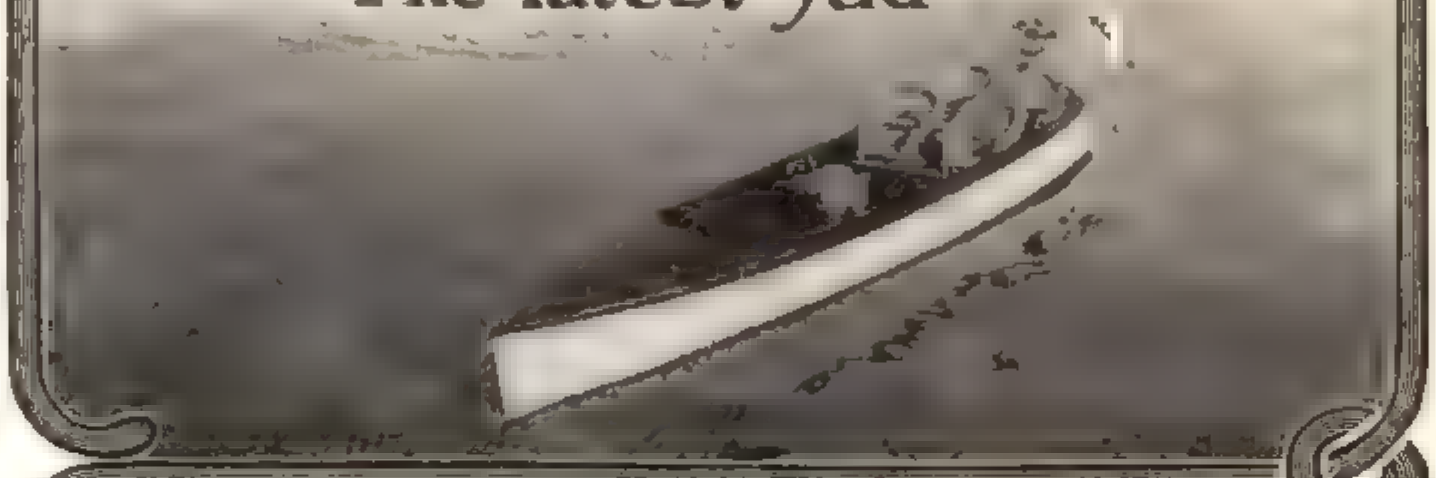

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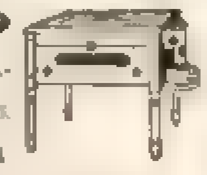

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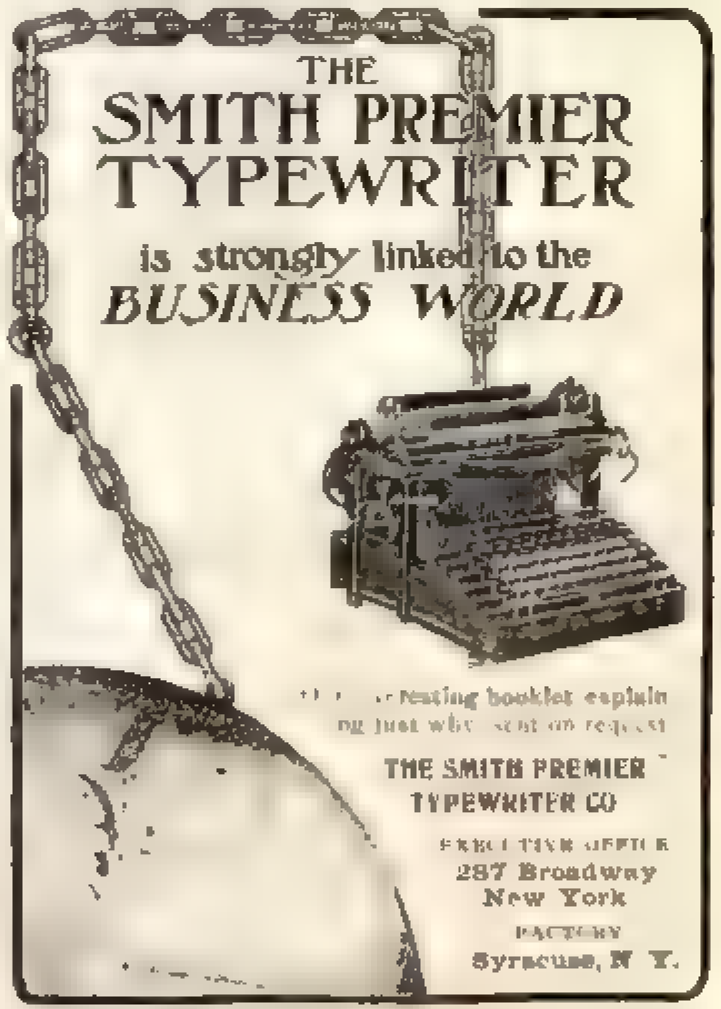

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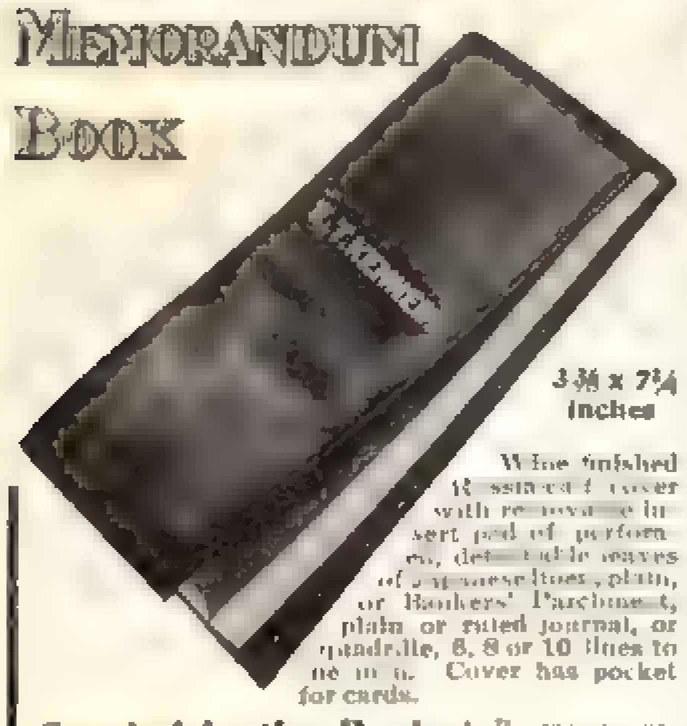

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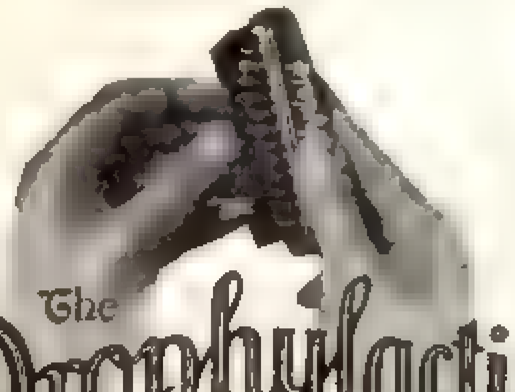

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Regent at Windsor, everybody who was anybody in England had a seat at his table for Tom Creevey. His income, during most of his life, barely sufficed to pay for his clothes, yet he lived in close intimacy with the foremost men in England, with apparently no loss of personal dignity or self respect

These letters, written for the most part to a keen-witted woman, put us, so to speak, behind the door of English high life during the Regency, and the reigns of George IV and William, ending when Victoria was still the girl-queen. They are not, as Greville asserted, "bitter and malignant," nor tainted, like those of Mr. Creevey's rival gossip, Augustus Hare, with unclean scandal But they deal in facts with such merciless frankness that we feel now and then that we ought to shut the book and come from behind the door nor listen longer to the secrets of these forgotten folk, although for a century they have been dust

Another biography that has been popular this winter is the Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Ida W. Taylor *(Hutchison & Co., London).* Lord Edward, as all students of Irish history know, was the most dramatic figure in the most dramatic scene of that long, squalid tragedy. He was, in fact, only a young, lovable boy, but the blood of the old Geraldines ran hot in his veins; he inherited from generations antagonism to the Sassenach. He threw himself into the conspiracy of the United Irishmen with Arthur O'Connor, Bond and McNevin as his close allies. His wife was the beautiful "Pamela," that riddle of history which rivals in mystery the Man in the Iron Mask. The Lennoxes, Napiers and Fitzgeralds, the most picturesque actors in that picturesque time, were his kinsfolk. He was shot when he was arrested and died in prison, thereby escaping, it is probable, a death on the scaffold. Pamela promptly ran away.

Miss Taylor has high colors ready to her hand for a melodramatic picture. It must be confessed that she has used them unsparingly. The story of this gallant, obstinate boy hurrying to his death would be more effective if more simply told

Justin McCarthy handles his brush with more than his accustomed vigor in his Portraits of the Sixties *(T. Fisher Unwin, London)*

He simply buttonholes us, in fact, with a twinkle of the eye, to gossip about some friends of his youth. He has not a remembrance of them that is not kindly and heartening. The largest space is given to John Bright. We have a new view of the simplicity, the tenderness, the absolute lack of humor in that typical Quaker statesman.

"I see no necessity," he said once, "that there should be any Iagos or Falstaffs in Shakespeare. Why describe bad characters at all?" He once anxiously asked Mr McCarthy: "Why do you not write a novel in which there shall be only good people?"

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Perhaps the most spontaneous and lovable part of John Bright's life was his affection for Cobden. Mr. McCarthy knew both of the great apostles of Free Trade and sets them before us as fairly as a man can who was of alien thought and tastes to them both

These books have been popular in England this winter, because, as I said, they are the story of Englishmen—differing widely, but still Englishmen to the core

The most popular books in this country never are the records of actual historical Americans. They usually are the pictures of the new and unusual types which perpetually crop up among us from Boston to Butte: the David Harums, the Pa Gladdens, the Cowboy with Homer in his pocket, the Senator who cannot spell

Lately we have had Mrs. Wiggs with her shrewd humor and cheap pathos, Miss Wilkins' Yankees with their sharp-elbowed virtues, Myra Kelly's uncanny little Jews, and Mrs. Deland's live folk in Old Chester, and we have hailed them all in turn with shouts of welcome and delight. "These," we cry, "are all new Americans! These are the strange fruits which grow on our national tree!"

It is doubtful whether any future American Morley, though he may give years of labor to the history of an American Gladstone, ever will command the hearing that has just been given to the English biographer.

There is something almost appalling in the enormous army of authors who just now are advancing on us, pens in hand, rank on rank, each with some abnormal character that he has discovered in our seething American life demanding notice.

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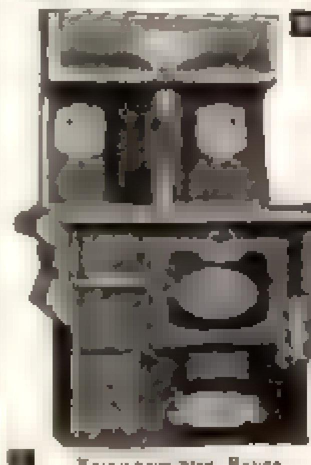

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Sir Horace Rumbold has served up for us a second dish of personalities: Further Recollections of a Diplomatist, by the Right Honorable Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart *(London, Edward Arnold).* It has received an eager welcome from all English gourmands of gossip. Everybody remembers his first two volumes published in 1902, which contained his reminiscences as a young diplomatist previous to 1873. Public indignation was then loud in condemnation of the "blazing indiscretions" and "virulent chatter" of these volumes, which were held to be important enough to provoke censure in Parliament

Sir Horace since 1873 has held diplomatic positions in Sweden, Switzerland and in two or three South American States. His descriptions of these countries and their courts are those of a shrewd, outspoken observer whose point of view is always stolidly and immovably English. He is frank to indiscretion in his personal anecdotes and his comments upon the noted people whom he has known, especially if his subject happens to be a pretty woman. His devotion to "the sex" is apparently as universal as it is fervent, hence these pages of political gossip and useful statistics are incessantly brightened by the description of the flash of some girl's eyes or the magnetic charm of some middle-aged matron. He does not even scruple to give us glimpses of their laces and jewelry.

A compilation of gossipings of a different quality is the huge volume of Records and Reminiscences, by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower *(Charles Scribner's Sons, London and New York).*

Lord Ronald was the son of that Duchess of Sutherland who, fifty years ago, was the intimate friend of the Queen and was prominent in England as much for her enthusiastic interest in all kinds of reform as for her singular beauty and charm. Americans of that day heard much of her abolition proclivities. On the appearance of Uncle Tom's Cabin she brought Mrs. Stowe to London as her guest and used her influence to kindle popular sympathy in her and her cause. Her son dedicates this book to her memory with the love due to a mother and the homage due to a saint

He was born in Stafford House, the one palace in London worthy of the name. Queen Victoria, when a young girl, going to it from St. James' to a ball, said to her hostess: "I have come from my house to your palace."

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Readers who, like Tommy Moore, "dearly love a lord," will find themselves fairly swathed in the purple in the pages of this book. The writer is the descendant of the royal Scotch and Tudor houses through Dukes of Devonshire, Sutherland and those Carlisle Howards whose ancient blood shames that of modern English kings. He was always "dear Ronald" to the Queen and her children; five living English dukes are his nephews; his familiar companions were always among the ruling class, at home or on the Continent

The result is that this volume is more free from traces of snobbishness than any modern English book. The man to whom rank and power came with his first breath is naturally unconscious of them; he has no need to push himself or to assert his position. Being born in the purple it never occurs to him that other folk go clad in coarser stuffs, and being naturally genial and kindly he finds allies and comrades everywhere. His gossip, perhaps, has little political or historical value; he is neither especially shrewd nor wise nor witty in his talk. But he is always thoroughbred He discovers the traits of a kinsman in every newcomer. "Dizzy's" devotion to his sick wife is incomparably fine; Buffalo Bill "has great natural dignity"; Tennie Claflin "has a gentle beauty," and so on, through all grades, low and high

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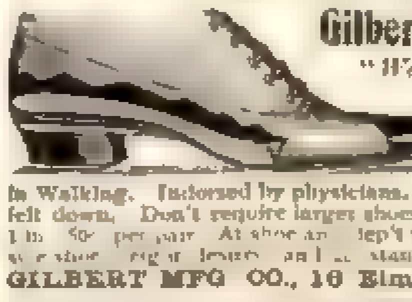

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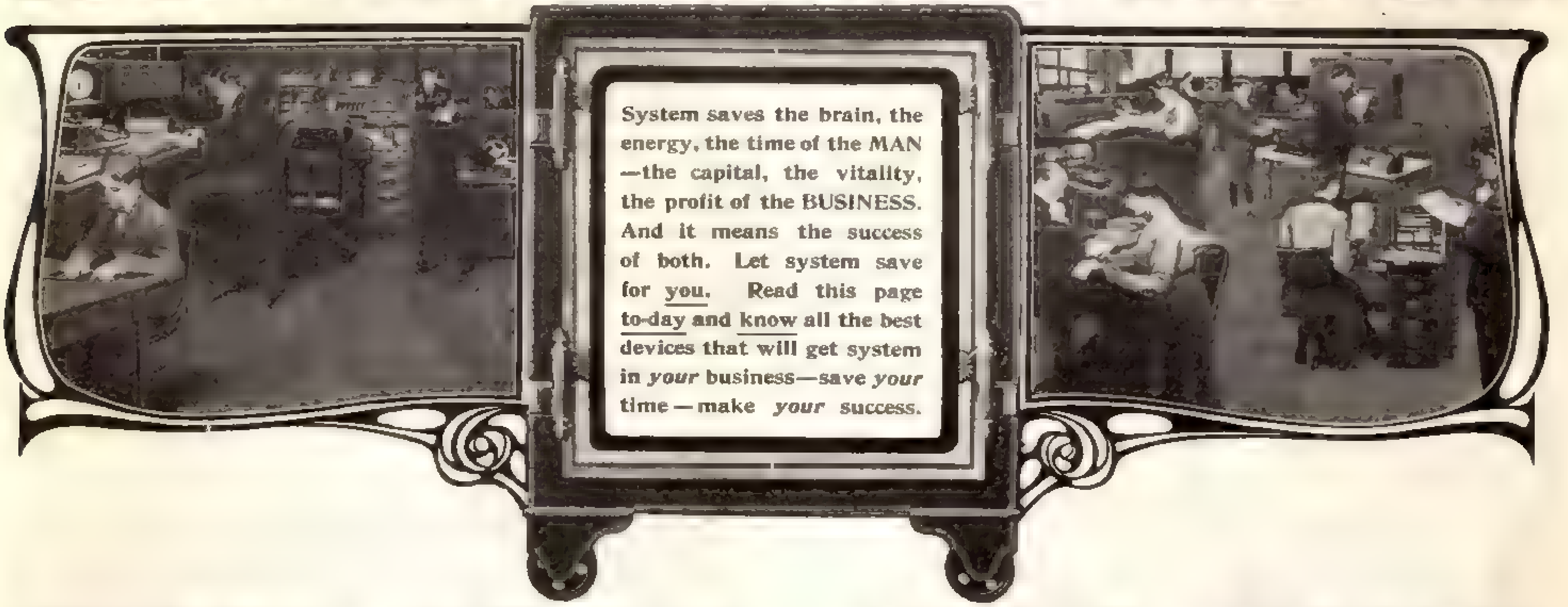

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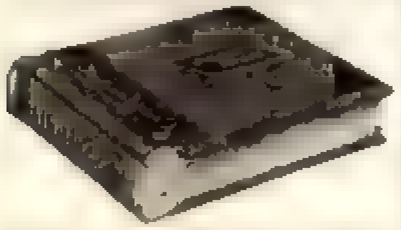
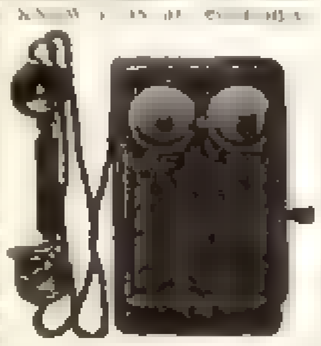


An Ericsson Interior Telephone System [illegible] office work [illegible]. To some men such a system seems a luxury. All who have installed the system know it is an economy. Cheap interior 'phones soon get out of order. That's worse than no system at all. But the Ericsson is built to last — the same quality and style used [illegible]. No other [illegible] anywhere has reached the telephone system [illegible] thoroughly, or designed [illegible] special instruments and attachments [illegible] other communication. The Ericsson contains all the best features of other 'phones and many features found in no other 'phones. Ask now for Catalog 4



47 systems for business men — sent free to you if you ask for this book. It illustrates 47 different kinds of business that are successfully conducted by the use of Shaw-Walker card and filing systems. It tells you how to improve your own office systems. How to save time, money and labor. How to increase the efficiency of your employees. How to decrease your pay roll. One hour invested in reading this catalog will pay you large dividends during 1904. Send to-day for Catalog 35. It tells all about Shaw-Walker Systems. The book is concise, terse, yet complete. It costs the Shaw-Walker Company 35c to send it, but they will do so gladly if you simply sign the coupon on the corner of this advertisement.

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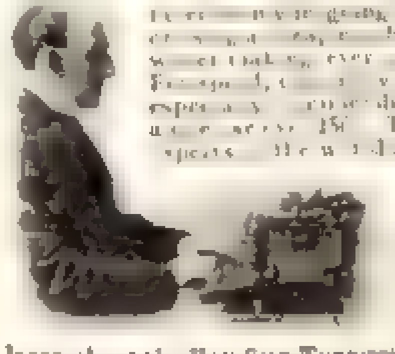
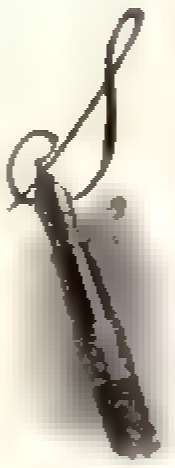


Some business men are prejudiced against fountain pens. And that same prejudice has kept them from knowing how great a saving Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens would make in their office work. Continuous writing without dipping and blotting saves so much of a man's own time — and the time of his stenographers and clerks — that a pen pays for itself in a short time. But the fountain pen must be a "Waterman," else it [illegible] and leaks and breaks [illegible] the saving. Catalog 5 tells all about Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens, [illegible] special pens made for [illegible] other work. Write for Catalog. [illegible] work [illegible].



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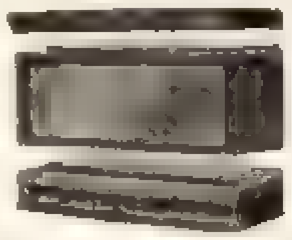
We send them on approval [illegible] pay [illegible] best. Ask now for Catalog 40.



If you should hear of a [illegible] without soiling the hands — something [illegible] clean, sharp, brilliant [illegible] wouldn't you want to know all about [illegible]?

Send for Catalog 39, or better still, send 50c for a dozen full size [illegible] of American Hard Finish Impression Paper — "The Kind That Won't Rub Off." The first trial will *convince you of its superiority* over any carbon paper ever made.

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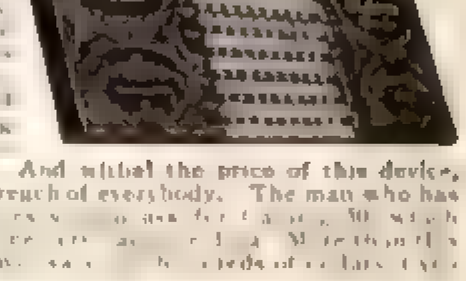

A Cash Book for [illegible] personal and household [illegible] an analysis of your expenses [illegible] of a ledger. You can see at a glance the totals of eighteen different kinds of expenditures. You can compare departments by weeks, months or years. It shows where you are increasing or decreasing your expenses. For household and personal use it has printed headings as rent, board, meats and groceries, [illegible], cigars and tobacco, help, etc. For business purposes the headings are blank and you can arrange to suit your business. It is printed on ledger paper, measures 8½ x 11 inches and has 100 pages. Catalog 42 tells more and includes a sample page free.

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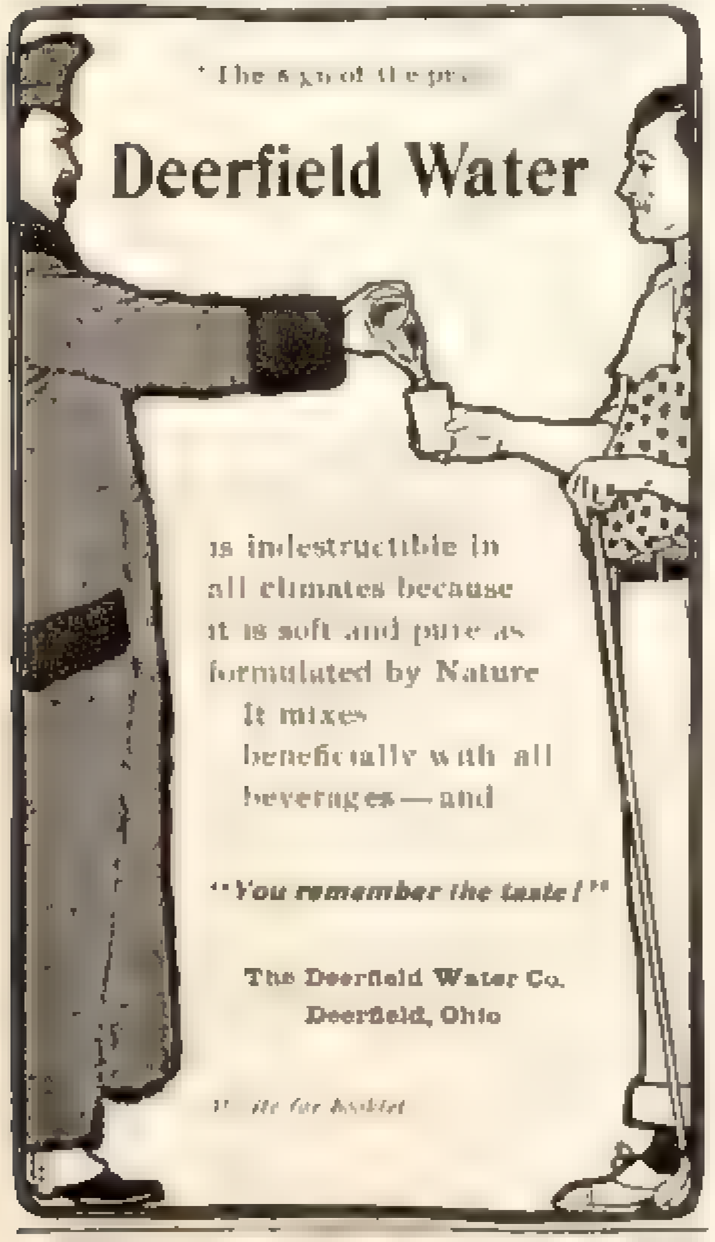

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Russia: Our Friend in Need

(Continued from Page 2)

the protest of our Minister, Mr. Adams, in the face of the overwhelming army of evidence presented, and the opinion of leading English counsel, the Government of England had allowed to be built in her shipyards and sent from her ports the Alabama and other vessels, which, when they had received their armaments at other friendly ports, were let loose upon American commerce on the high seas. The Alabama and other ships were built in English yards, armed with English cannon, and manned by English sailors, and England then sought to escape responsibility by pretending she did not know for what purpose they were intended. And she had in further preparation for us something far more dangerous and deadly. Laird Brothers had under construction for a long time in their yards at Birkenhead two formidable ironclad rams.

The officers of our Navy Department became greatly alarmed as these ironclads neared completion. They believed we had no war vessels afloat that could cope with them, and the State Department and our Minister in London in turn were implored to have the English Government prevent their sailing. It was then believed by our most skilled naval officers that those vessels would be able to raise the blockade of most of the Southern ports and put our Northern cities of the Atlantic coast under contribution.

Secretary Seward, during all the period of the building of those rams, was keeping up an intense correspondence with our Minister, Mr. Adams, to move the English Government to order their detention. Mr. Adams, assisted by Mr. Dudley, our consul at Liverpool, and others, kept on securing evidence as to the purpose for which the ships were being built, who had constructed them, and where the money was coming from to pay for them. Mr. Adams kept bombarding the British Foreign Office with this evidence from time to time as it was obtained. He tried legal proceedings in the English courts, by which some delay in the progress of the construction of these ironclads was secured. He made protest after protest; but still the English Government "could find no evidence upon which to proceed in stopping them." The whole question was one of fact, as admitted by the English Government: "Are these Laird rams being built for use against the United States in the present war?" As each fresh batch of evidence was submitted the English Government just as regularly had reported to Mr. Adams that the evidence was insufficient.

During all that year, up to September, 1863, work on those vessels proceeded by day and night. Mr. Adams, with the information furnished by Consul Dudley, kept on making representations and protests to the British Government up to the last moment, when, on September 4, 1863, he received word from Mr. Dudley that one of the ironclads was about to sail. Determined to persevere, on the next day, Saturday, September 5, he wrote and forwarded to Earl Russell, then in Scotland, another protest against the Government allowing the Laird rams to sail, in which he used the memorable words: "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your Lordship that this is war."

But before that last note of September 5 reached Earl Russell or the British Government, the latter had later, on September 4, the previous day, reconsidered their action, of which Mr. Adams received information on the fifth. On September 6 or 7 the Government issued orders to prevent the ironclads from sailing, and so advised Mr. Adams on the following day—September 8.

What were the reasons which induced the British Ministry to prevent the sailing of the Laird rams? There had been no additional evidence or arguments furnished by our representatives of the purpose for which those ships were intended since the dispatch of Lord Russell dated September 1, and received by Mr. Adams on the fourth. In that dispatch Lord Russell stated that "Her Majesty's Government are advised that they cannot interfere in any way with those vessels."

The reversal of course and conduct had not been brought about by the results at Vicksburg and Gettysburg on the fourth of July. Information of those matters had reached the British Ministry on July 16, more than six weeks prior to September 1, when the final conclusion of the Ministry was arrived at.

It is submitted that, from all the facts of history, after the expiration of forty years, the explanation is this: That the English

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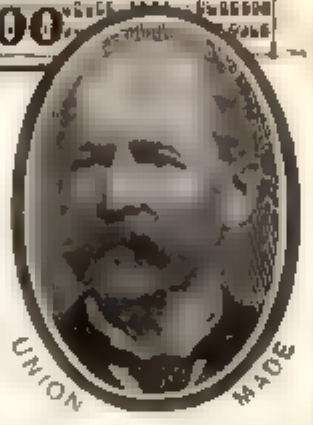

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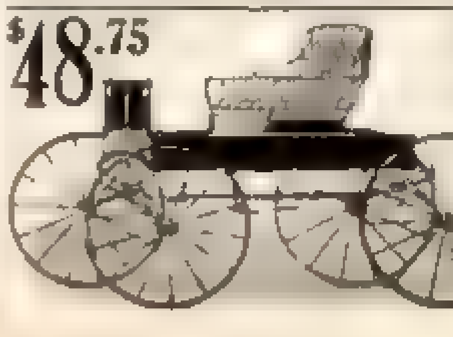

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Government at last realized that for her to allow either of those ships to leave Birkenhead meant war, not only with the United States, *but with Russia also.*

Let us examine the evidence: September 11, 1863, the first ship of a Russian fleet, composed of three frigates and two sloops-of-war, under the command of Rear-Admiral Lessoffsky, with a large complement of officers, men and guns, arrived in the harbor of New York. The other four vessels arrived on September 24 and 25 following. Within a couple of weeks thereafter, and during the month of October, another Russian fleet from Vladivostok, Siberia, composed of five war vessels and two transports, under command of Admiral Popoff, arrived at San Francisco, California.

The departure from any port of Europe or Asia of a Russian fleet at that time and under those circumstances could not fail to be known to the British Government soon after it sailed. It was an unusual occurrence, sufficient to be called to the attention of any Government of Europe. Inevitably it calls forth the query, the most important and interesting of all the elements of this great international drama of forty years ago: *For what purpose did those Russian fleets visit our shores?*

From the most exhaustive examination and inquiry, I am able to present the following evidence, in addition to what has already been published, as to the orders given to the Russian admiral commanding: Years ago the Honorable G. V. N. Lothrop, of Detroit, Minister to Russia under President Cleveland's first Administration, told me that when he was Minister at St. Petersburg, M. de Giers, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, had stated to him that the orders to Rear-Admiral Lessoffsky were that *if a war should have occurred between the United States and England, or the United States and England and France, or either of them, that at the time the fleet arrived at the harbor of New York, or whilst it remained in America, to tender the fleet, with its ships, its men and its guns, to the President of the United States, with the best wishes of the Emperor of Russia.* I did not think it proper to rely upon my own unaided memory of that conversation, and therefore last October I wrote to the Honorable Don M. Dickinson, a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet in his first Administration, whom I knew to have been a friend of Mr. Lothrop, and one to whom the latter would have probably related the story which he told to me. In reply I received from Mr. Dickinson the following letter:

> DETROIT, October 13, 1903.
>
> *Honorable John S. Cooper, Tacoma Building, Chicago:*
>
> Your communication of the 12th inst. is before me. Your statement as to what Mr. Lothrop said to me on the most interesting subject to which you refer is in the main correct. I am able to add one of the strongest of authorities to the historical accuracy of the account. But for his death I would not use it without his permission, because, at the time I heard it from his lips, no statement, story or reference to the matter had been made public. Now the general truth of it is accepted by all public men and diplomats who would be likely to know anything on the subject.
>
> In 1887, Mr. Justice Field told me in his own house, on Capitol Hill in Washington, that on some former trip abroad he visited St. Petersburg and was received by the Czar — of course, a predecessor of the present Emperor. His reception was quite informal, the Emperor treating him in the pleasant, genial and informal way much as any private gentleman would treat another visiting his home. He told me much of this visit and of the conversation of the Czar regarding public affairs and the relations of Russia with the rest of the world. The conversation turning upon our Civil War, and the Justice referring gratefully to the attitude of Russia at that time, the Emperor sent out for and caused to be brought in *the original of the sealed orders given the admiral of the Russian fleet* before its departure on that now famous visit to our shores. The Justice held the manuscript in his hands, and afterward the Emperor himself translated the order into English. The substance of it, as related to me by Justice Field, was that on arrival on this side the admiral should report from New York to his master, and should thence proceed to Washington with his staff by rail, and call upon the President, with directions to state to the President that, by order of the Emperor, he and his fleet were placed at the disposition and under the orders of the President of the United States. There is no doubt of this statement to me by Mr. Justice Field.
>
> The original of Mr. Lothrop's statement to me, to which you refer, was my

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER

EXPIRING JUNE 1st

The TECHNICAL WORLD

The Technical World $2.00

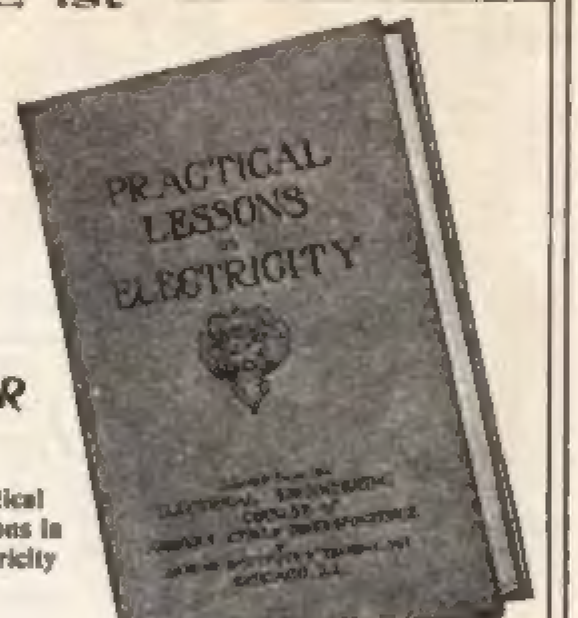
Practical Lessons in Electricity $1.35

Cost of Both $3.35

SPECIAL OFFER Until June 1st

The Technical World $2.00 Practical Lessons in Electricity

For Both



Practical Lessons in Electricity

is made up of four representative instruction papers from our Electrical Engineering Course. The subjects included are given a clear and simple treatment. We are issuing the book at a price which brings it within the reach of all, in order to demonstrate the practical value of our instruction. A copy will be sent for **$1.35** to every reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST **sending us the names of two friends** interested in our courses, designating the course.

Address Room 122 L.

The volume contains instruction papers on the following subjects:

STORAGE BATTERIES, by F. B. Crocker, Columbia University.
ELECTRICAL WIRING, by H. C. Cushing, Jr., author of "Standard Wiring."
ELECTRIC CURRENT, by L. K. Sager, S. B.
ELEMENTS OF ELECTRICITY, by L. K. Sager, S. B.

The following articles, with many others of timely interest, appear in the

APRIL ISSUE of THE TECHNICAL WORLD

The Present Status of the Submarine in the United States, by Robert G. Skerrett, Washington, D. C.

The Third Rail System for Electric Railways, by H. M. Brinkerhoff, Superintendent Metropolitan Elevated Railroad.

Long Distance Power Transmission, by Henri F. Chadwick, S. B., President Westinghouse Technical School, Pittsburg.

The Trans-Siberian Railway — its Political and Strategic Significance, by Alfred S. Johnson, Ph. D.

Special departments of general interest are maintained. The following appear in

EVERY ISSUE of THE TECHNICAL WORLD

Science and Industry. — A resumé of the month's industrial progress.

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Equipment Notes. — What manufacturers are doing.

Practical Talks by Practical Men. — Of interest to everybody.

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Besides these **The Technical World** for April contains an unusual number of bright and attractive discussions on matters of timely interest. No person desirous of keeping in touch with the advances in the industrial world can afford to be without **The Technical World.**

Illustrated 200-page quarterly Bulletin giving full outlines of our **College Preparatory** and 60 different courses in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive Engineering, Architecture, Mechanical and Perspective, Drawing, Pen and Ink Rendering, Structural Drafting, Telegraphy, Telephony, etc., will be sent free on request.

American School of Correspondence
at
Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO ILLINOIS

MENTION THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The brand "H & R" on a firearm is a guarantee of superiority in every detail of design, workmanship and finish. FREE — Complete descriptive Catalog of "H & R" Guns and Revolvers.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Dept. F, Worcester, Mass.

BITES

The pleasure of out door life and sports is often marred by the discomfort of mosquitoes, black flies, and other insects, which make life a burden. There is nothing so effective in ridding one's self of these terrors as

JAPSTICK DRIVES AWAY MOSQUITOES

Each stick burns one hour; box contains 12 sticks. Full size box sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents.

THE CULECIDE CO., 168 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

LEARN TO BE AN ADVERTISING MANAGER

capable of handling both the writing and executive ends of this profitable profession. Our course of forty lessons embodies fundamental **principles** which have been condensed from the life time experience of some of the most successful advertisers in the United States — such men as Fraser, who got up "Spotless Town" for Sapolio, etc., etc. The problems designed to show your understanding of these principles represent the plans, estimates and copy used in

ACTUAL WORK

THE MAHIN METHOD

which has been performed in the great Mahin Advertising Company. You are carried along step by step, from type styles and proof reading, to the laying out of campaigns involving the intelligent expenditure of thousands of dollars. When you graduate, you will be able to hold a good position because you will **know your business.**

FREE A postal will bring our Third Annual Announcement (a beautiful piece of printing), giving fullest information as to proper way to take up this interesting work **at home.**

ALWAYS "NEW BUSINESS-BRINGING"

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
601 Williams Building, Chicago, Illinois

LEARN SHORTHAND IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SALARY

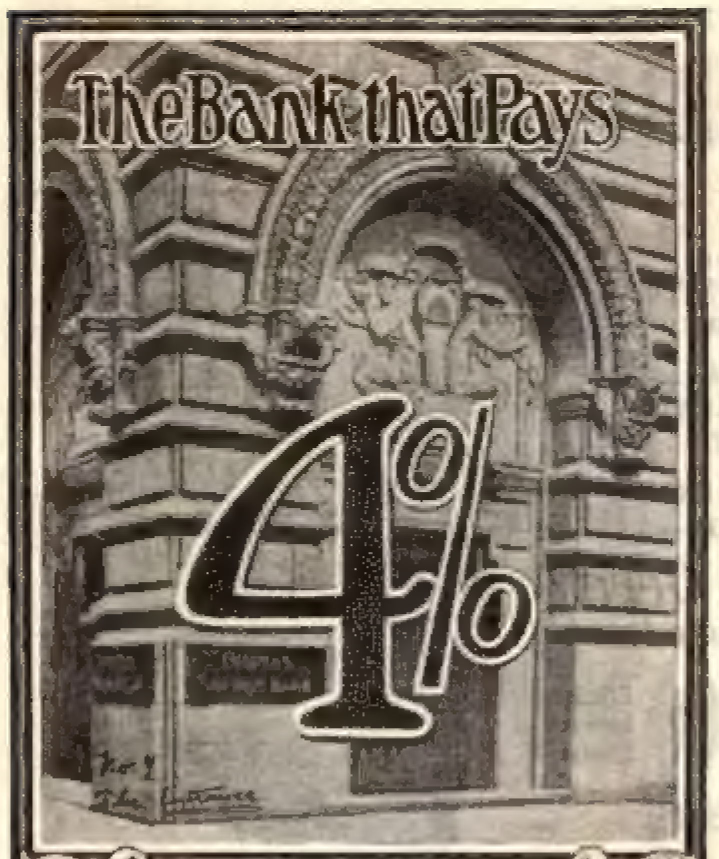
Easiest and most practical course of Shorthand ever taught. Especially adapted for mail instruction. Each student receives the personal supervision of the originator of this System, Mr. H. Graham Paterson, Official Instructor of Shorthand, Educational Dept., Chicago Y. M. C. A. Send today for full information.

THE PATERSON INSTITUTE
1329 Association Building, Chicago, Illinois

JOURNALISM

We train by mail to do every branch of literary work for newspaper and magazine. Write for "The How of It" **free.**
Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism
206 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

HANDBOOKS CATALOGUE FREE **Amateur Journalism. Stamp Collecting. Club Members' Guide. How to Win Success.** Send ten cents for each book you want. Money back if you ask it.
The Success League, Room A, University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York



Deposit Your Savings by Mail

and enjoy the security and profit afforded by this bank.

Capital, $1,000,000.00
Surplus, 1,000,000.00
Assets, 13,000,000.00

Four per cent. compound interest paid on savings accounts. Deposits accepted in any amount from $1 up. Illustrated booklet sent free if you mention this magazine.

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Pittsburgh, Pa.

YOUR EYE
RIGHT HERE!
Conklin's

Now let us send you the **FREE BOOK** telling all about it. We will also send you Prof. Sloan's fifty original suggestions for improving your handwriting.

SELF-FILLING PEN

"The Pen That Fills Itself"

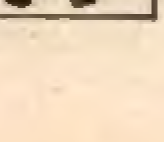
Dip pen in any ink well or any ink, press lever and operation is over. As a matter of cleanliness, comfort and convenience, don't you owe it to yourself to learn more about this perfect pen? If you will let us send you our beautiful new illustrated catalogue, it will make you a CONKLIN enthusiast.

THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 774 Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Represented in Great Britain by American Agencies, Ltd., 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, E.C.; in Australia by Rae, Munn & Gilbert, 47 Market St., Melbourne.

PANHARDS & RENAULTS

Smith & Mabley
SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILES & AUTO BOATS,
500 7th Ave., New York



GOOD LUCK PIN SENT POSTPAID **15c**

Oxidized Silver, Ruby or Emerald Eyes. Suitable for all. **Hugh Connolly, Jeweler, 7 State St., Detroit, Mich.**

inquiry of him as to what he learned regarding this subject and my stating to him the substance of what Justice Field had related to me. Mr. Lothrop gave as his authority the Russian Minister of Affairs, who was, as I remember it, during Mr. Lothrop's official residence in Russia, M. de Giers.

I do not recall the direction received by the admiral as to *when* he should open the sealed orders, but it had reference to the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France and England, or one of them.

I must say, too, as I think the matter over, influenced by the caution due the subject, and arising from the lapse of time since the conversation, that while I am still confident that Justice Field referred to these circumstances as occurring at his own visit to the Czar, it is possible that he related the facts as coming to him from some one of high rank who had the experience related; but I have always been and am still distinctly impressed with the fact that the Justice vouched as strongly for what I have related as if it were his own experience.

In accordance with your request, you are at liberty to use this note as confirmatory evidence of the authorities you cite.

Very truly yours,
DON M. DICKINSON.

I was aware that Honorable Burton C. Cook was an intimate personal friend of Lincoln before the election of the latter as President, and that it was Lincoln's habit to confide in his old and reliable friends from Illinois whenever he could reach them, throughout the Civil War, just as he was wont to do with David Davis, Leonard Sweet and numbers of others. Mr. Cook having gone over the dark river with all his other contemporaries bearing a prominent part in the Civil War, I sought two of his surviving friends and relatives, Messrs. Otis T. and Henry R. Glover; and the following is the result of the inquiry as contained in their letter to me:

CHICAGO, November 2, 1903.

Colonel John S. Cooper.

Dear Sir: In response to your request, we have embodied our recollections in regard to the visit of the Russian fleet to New York Harbor during the Rebellion in the following statement:

Burton C. Cook was a man of prominence in Illinois at the time, and a much trusted adviser and friend of President Lincoln. He was a member of Congress and chairman of the Illinois delegation to the Baltimore Convention, and nominated Lincoln for his second term. He was our uncle, and scarcely a day passed that our families were not together. He often talked at his own home and at ours of his relations with the President and public affairs. On one occasion, either about the time of the visit of the fleet or soon after, he said that the President, in an interview, had informed him that the services of the fleet had been tendered him by Russia in case of war between the United States and either England or France, growing out of complications arising from the Rebellion.

Yours very truly,

In addition to the above are the published statements of Thurlow Weed, the great friend and political confidant of President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, of Honorable A. S. Draper, president of the Illinois University, of Jeremiah Curtin, the distinguished traveler and linguist, and many others, to the effect that these Russian fleets were sent to our shores to help us as against England, or England and France, in case either or both should be at war with the United States.

Whatever were the orders of the Russian Government to its admirals, certain it is that soon after those fleets sailed for our shores the British Ministry, for the first time in over two years, reversed its policy, and forcibly prevented Confederate ships, built in English yards for the purpose of making war on the United States, from departing on their hostile errand. It is equally true that the coming of those Russian fleets was substantially contemporaneous with a radical reversal of the rasping, vexatious and *quasi*-hostile course of the British and French Foreign Offices from the beginning of the Civil War up to that time. Thereafter there was not so much as a hint of foreign intervention.

In the light of all this, it would seem that Russia was our friend in need.

BUY BETTER CIGARS AT HALF THE PRICE

We wish to sell you cigars that will bring to you the keen pleasure that only a satisfied smoker knows. Thousands of well pleased people are endorsing **our quality smokes** by their repeated orders and words of praise. Why not you?

By means of giving you bodily the profit and expenses of jobbers, salesmen and retailers we are selling the entire output of our model factory to quality smokers, saving them

50 Per Cent. of Retail Prices

Why not you? We suggest a few from an unlimited variety, of which make a trial to-day.

		Boxes of 12	25	50
PICONCIOS,	4½ in. Conchas,	$1.00	$1.75	$3.50
EL PROVOST,	4⅝ in. Perfecto,	.85	1.50	3.00
MOZART,	4½ in. Caprichas,	.70	1.25	2.50

Send for our illustrated catalogue, "ROLLED REVERIES," *which explains everything.*

Or for **75c** we will gladly send you an assortment of 12 cigars, each separately wrapped and described, showing four varieties of 10c. and two for a quarter values; or for **50c** an equal showing of 5c. and 10c. values.

All Transportation Charges Prepaid

Don't wait for a further reminder but send your order immediately. The endorsement herewith is but one of thousands.

DES MOINES, IOWA
"The cigars sent me are in every way satisfactory, and I prefer them to anything I can get here, to say nothing of the price." — *M. L. BARTLETT.*

JOHN B. ROGERS & COMPANY, "The Pioneers"
41 Jarvis St., Binghamton, N.Y.

CORLISS COON & CO.
HELMET BRAND
WERNER 2¼ in.
MINTO 2¼ in.

Economy

Economy usually means sacrifice of style, of quality, of wear — or perhaps all three — and your pride as well. Not so of **Helmet Brand** Collars. They're the most economical **because** the most stylish, the best fitting and most durable — and moderate in price, as well. 15c. each, two for 25c. Why pay more?

Minto and Werner are two of the many popular styles in our Helmet Brand, made also in a variety of heights. Write for our Style Booklet, which shows all the leading shapes and heights in up-to-date collars. It will guide you in matters of correct dress. Sent **free** on request.

Corliss, Coon & Company
DEPT. 8, TROY, N. Y.

ELMER HELMS, formerly adwriter for John Wanamaker — the instructor who gives personal attention to every lesson of every pupil.

It Pays to Know How

WRITERS of business-bringing advertising are in keen demand. Retailers and manufacturers are coming to me for men and women who can do acceptable work. My graduates are in demand, because they're well equipped adwriters. This is a practical, thorough course. The instruction by correspondence is personal. Each pupil is treated as if he or she were the only one I have.

Helms Graduates Are Preferred

As evidence of the esteem in which this school is held by shrewd, well-informed business men in all parts of this country and Canada — these facts:

A publisher, a newspaper, an advertising agency and a department store — all leaders in their respective business, have within the past few weeks taken graduates of this school in preference to all other applicants. One large employer of adwriters — the head of a syndicate of forty retail stores, has accepted four of my graduates — one at $60 a week. This man writes to me: "Mr. Helms, I will take ten more men of the same kind as you have sent me."

But two hundred can be taught at one time. There will be twenty-five vacancies within this month. I prefer earnest men and women — those who are willing to do some **thinking** about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind, write to me and I will tell you more about my methods for helping you to a much larger salary.

ELMER HELMS
Formerly adwriter for John Wanamaker
Room 112, 11 East 16th Street, New York

Fruit Nutrition in Fluid Form

Squeeze a Concord grape in your fingers — the juice comes out a light amber color — practically it is sweetened water.

Compare with Welch's Grape Juice. You wonder where the rich, red color, and the "body" of Welch's Grape Juice comes from. **"Welch's"** has such a natural grape flavor, too.

The difference lies in the pressure to which the grape is subjected. A pressure of over 80 tons is sustained to extract for Welch's Grape Juice the rich nutriment which lies next to the skin. Only the full ripe Concord gives such a color and Concord Grape Juice without this color has lost much of its food value.

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Embodying all there is of value in the grape, the skin, seeds and fibrous pulp eliminated, Welch's Grape Juice is a delicious, health-giving drink for the well, a tonic food for the convalescent, a sustaining diet for the sick. It's as good as delicious.

Remember, Welch's is pure. Your druggist or grocer has it, if not send $3 for a trial dozen pints, express prepaid in U. S. east of Omaha. Booklet with recipes free. 3-oz. bottle by mail 10 cents.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO., WESTFIELD, N. Y.

This
Full Sized
Silver Tea Set
Without Cost

$20. worth for $10.

This full-sized Silver Tea Set consists of four pieces, comprising tea pot, holding 2½ pints, sugar bowl with cover, spooner lined with 24-karat gold, and creamer lined with 24-karat gold. Quadruple plated with the highest quality U. S. Assay Silver on hard white metal and with ordinary wear will last a life time. All pieces are satin finished with beautiful hand engraved design on each side; all trimmings hand burnished. Warranted by maker.

This Tea Set, worth $10, we give you with the $10 assortment of goods shown below — $20 worth for $10.

COMBINATION No. 7

	Each	
50 Cakes Walker's Soap, Rooster Brand	5c.	$2.50
20 " " Floating Wax Soap	5c.	1.00
1 " Refined Pine Tar Soap	15c.	.15
1 carton, 3 cakes, Oatmeal Soap	25c.	.25
1 " " Magnolia Soap	40c.	.40
10 packages Ammoniated Borax Soap Powder	10c.	1.00
10 packages Common Sense Scouring Powder	10c.	1.00
1 carton Perfection Bag Blue	5c.	.05
1 can Baking Powder	25c.	.25
1 " Old Gov't Java Coffee, 3 lbs.	1.00	1.00
1 " Formosa Oolong Tea, 1 lb.	80c.	.80
1 bottle Extract Vanilla	25c.	.25
1 " " Lemon	25c.	.25
1 package Sachet Powder, Violet	10c.	.10
1 tablet Cream Shaving Soap	10c.	.10
1 bottle Antiseptic Tooth Powder	15c.	.15
1 can Borated and Perfumed Talcum Powder	25c.	.25
1 bottle Violet Perfume	50c.	.50
Value of goods		$10.00
Value of Premium		10.00
Total		$20.00

YOU GET ALL FOR $10.

Or you can send for our *Book L*, choose your premium from over 200 and make your own selection of goods to the necessary amount.

BOOK L

tells all about the Walker Plan by which we sell direct to the consumer and give the usual dealers' profits to the consumer in the form of a valuable premium; describes and illustrates all our goods and premiums, tells how to form a Walker Club, etc. Send for it to-day.

W. & H. WALKER (Founded 1837)
Pittsburg, Pa.

JAP-A-LAC
THE MODEL
FINISH FOR FLOORS,
WOODWORK, METALWORK & FURNITURE
WEARS LIKE IRON

The Economy of Jap-a-lac

Jap-a-lac will transform an old chair or table into a handsome, stylish piece of furniture at a cost of about ten cents.

It will put a beautiful, glossy, durable finish on any kind of furniture, wood-work, metal-work, floors, oil cloths, picture frames, enamelled bedsteads, etc.

Jap-a-lac is the original floor finish and high-grade colored varnish. It comes in twelve colors, and clear, for any finish desired — Oak, Cherry, Mahogany, Walnut, White, etc.

It is all ready for you to dip the brush in and use, and requires no previous knowledge or experience. Gives a hard, tough, elastic finish that can be washed with soap and water.

If you have never used Jap-a-lac, mention this magazine and send us ten cents to cover the exact cost of mailing, and we will send you free a sample can of any color Jap-a-lac you desire.

We also send on request a booklet about Jap-a-lac, a beautiful color card and a sample piece of wood showing the model floor finish.

Please be sure to mention this magazine in your letter.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY
Makers of High-Grade Varnishes
Dept. S. E. P., 1050 Williamson Building
CLEVELAND, OHIO

We Carpet Your Floor for $3
WITH OUR NEW
Bruxelle Art Rugs
Can be used on both sides, all colors and sizes, in beautiful patterns.
Sanitary, Artistic, Economical

Easily cleaned, warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Expressage prepaid. New and enlarged catalogue, showing rugs in actual colors, free. Money refunded, if not satisfactory. **Sanitary Mfg. Co., Inc.**, 108 Oxford St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gougar Brothers' Waterloo

(*Continued from Page 6*)

and not taken to investments. They wouldn't have got a hold on me, then." He sighed, while his thoughts ran on: "Maybe I'm a fool to want to grab this Arkansas sucker's three thousand, but there's really no risk to mention; and it hurts me to leave money!"

He looked at his watch: "Past office hours. Time for my man. Well, a feller who stole money ain't likely to squeal about losing it."

He opened the door on an empty office and smiled softly. When he heard a knock on the door he smiled again. He opened it himself. There entered first Priam Wayne carrying a small black bag, at his heels Randolph.

"From Mercutio, Arkansas," said Priam in his deprecatory voice.

"But *this* gentleman?" Gougar Brothers looked sharply at Randolph. He had never seen him before; therefore he did not recognize him; but he had no mind for twice as many men as he had appointed to see.

"It's a friend of mine who wants to make some money," said Priam. "I *had* to take him 'long."

Gougar Brothers' eyes lit up with the instinct of business. He led the way with much courtesy into his private room. Then he proffered seats. The door was to his back as he sat down; it seemed no more than the natural precaution of the embezzler that he suspected Priam to be for the latter to ask Randolph to look to the door lest there be any one outside. Meanwhile, Priam bent over his little black bag, and Gougar Brothers eyed him carelessly but keenly out of his furtive eyes. He got the surprise of his life in a second. Hands mercilessly strong sprang on him and choked him; the little man in front darted at him and slipped handcuffs on him while the whole world was reeling and blackening to his eyes and the strength oozed out of his muscles. Then the horrible, suffocating clasp relaxed, and a handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth, gagging him. But he could breathe! he could breathe!

"No," said Randolph quietly, "we don't aim to *kill* you, though I reckon we had ought to, really, for you ain't no better than a wolf! But keep this on your mind, though: We *hanker* to hurt you; and if you give us the least excuse we'll kill you dead's a hammer. Take it in?"

Perhaps Gougar Brothers did take it in; he assuredly had never felt such a sinking of the heart in all his adventurous life. But, in truth, never before had he been face to face with brute force. He was not a coward; but the soft flesh of him ached and the heart of him grew cold. Staring, passive and silent, with glassy eyes he watched the two highwaymen as they first opened the tin boxes on the desk. The keys they found on his watch chain and very quickly fitted them. Then they sorted out the piles of banknotes.

"We'll each take what's our due, first," Randolph muttered to Priam. "You lock the doors, inside, and put down the window shades. The electric lights I guess you can manage ayfter you tried 'em a while. This here on the desk is all right — easy turned on." He suited the action to the word.

Gougar Brothers with rising wonder saw that they took only a small number of the banknotes. These Priam counted over in his slow, rural fashion, while Randolph verified the count. "That's what you put in, ain't it?" said Priam. Randolph nodded as he stowed away the package. "I expect," meditated Priam, scratching his carefully shaved chin — both men were in Sunday order of toilet — "I expect I got a right to take back that right smart of money poor Aby'd taken, and expenses, this trip and my trip to St. Louis."

"Sure," said Randolph.

Gougar Brothers glared and tore with his teeth on the handkerchief gag, receiving a stern admonition to "quit his funning," enforced by a sterner hand on the knot. He lay back passive in his chair and choked, a device that failed to excite compassion.

"Oh, you can breathe plenty through your nose," was Randolph's only response; Priam added in his plaintive monotone: "'Tain't no great difference if you *do* smother. No harm intended and no great done, as the man said when he shot the nigger in his chicken-house by mistake for a owl."

"Now, there's Bud and Chris and the other fellers in Mercutio; they got to have their money," was the next blow to Gougar Brothers — it came from Randolph. "Total, eleven hundred and sixty." Priam sorted out another pile of banknotes.

More Salary?

If you earn less than $25.00 a week you should send for my elegant new Prospectus — the most comprehensive work of its kind ever published, showing how $100.00 to $500.00 is being earned by pupils.

I will also mail, free, facsimile testimony which is the most remarkable in the history of correspondence instruction. Every young man and woman with a common school education, and every business man who wants to increase his profits, will be doubly repaid for writing for a copy.

My System of Advertising Instruction is today a complete, perfected course that has received the enthusiastic endorsement of many of America's greatest authorities, advertisers, and graduates. It simply stands alone — unapproached.

For one thing, ample cash resources of my own have enabled me to expend far more on the most approved forms and lessons than other schools have spent.

For another thing, my long experience as a business and advertising expert enables me to give advice, criticism and practical instruction hard to obtain elsewhere.

In addition to being recognized as one of the leading American experts, I give each student the most careful and personal attention, and confine myself solely to teaching advertising. No form criticism letters — simply the most skilful and thorough advertising instruction.

Powell graduates are more successful than others because I do the most for them, and many a bright pupil has come to me and became a success after wasting time and effort on other courses.

This week I give two more testimonials — one from an advertising manager — another from a business man who gives me credit, as hundreds of other merchants have, for enlarging his business.

Yes, "a comparison" of my own ads with those of others will demonstrate the fact that I publish the most convincing proof of superiority.

Became Advertising Manager When Half Through the Powell System

GALESBURG, ILLS., March 1, 1904

MY DEAR MR. POWELL: I am glad of the opportunity to express my estimate of the value of your Course, for it certainly has opened up to me in a very graphic and thorough manner the great principles underlying the art of advertising. I do not see how a series of lessons could be more comprehensive and illuminating than your splendid inductive course. You indulged in no side issues but taught *actual ad writing* from the very first lesson; and to such good purpose that when in November, my course being scarcely more than half finished, I was invited to the position of Advertising Manager with the above company, the owners of the largest department store in Western Illinois, I felt entirely competent to take the place and have held it continuously since. That I could meet the exacting requirements of such a position, beginning as I did in the heavy holiday season, is due to the good, solid, practical training I got in your Course. To me your lessons were simply invaluable.

Very cordially yours,
LEE S. PRATT,
Advertising Manager O. T. Johnson Co.

MR. GEO. H. POWELL,
New York City.

Powell System Made His Store the Best in Southeastern Iowa

LONE TREE, IOWA, March 2, 1904

MY DEAR MR. POWELL: It is with great pleasure that I write of the many merits of your most excellent Course of Advertising Instruction by mail. Being a partner in a general store I can speak from experience. Coming to town total strangers, we barely got through the first two years. Realizing that something had to be done I sent for your prospectus and after carefully reading it was convinced that your Course was what I needed, so I enrolled, and soon began to put it to practical use in my work for the store, which brought results never dreamed of. Our business has now been brought to where we are considered the best store in Southeastern Iowa, size of town considered. I won a first prize in a shoe ad contest before my Course was half finished, and later took another first prize, besides a cash payment for an article on "Best Way to Advertise a Retail Shoe Store," published in "Selz Shoe News." Your personal letters and criticisms I have found to be the best, having sent my work to other men who are authorities on the subject, but none could compare with the "Powell way."

Sincerely yours, ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

FOR FREE PROSPECTUS, ADDRESS ME

George H. Powell, 1257 Temple Court, New York

The "*Lundstrom*" Sectional Bookcase

Pronounced **the best** by thousands of users. Highly finished in **solid Golden Oak.** Price per section, with door, $1.75; without door, $1.00. **Sent on approval**, freight prepaid, direct from factory. Send for Catalogue No. 25.

The C. J. Lundstrom Co.
Little Falls, N. Y.
Formerly The Standard Mfg. Co.

GLASS
WATER COOLERS
ICE AND WATER SEPARATE
No Germs, Insects, Rust or Dirt.
For sale by all dealers. Write for pamphlet "C"
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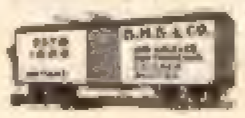

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"And the widow woman 'cross the creek; she's got to have her seventy-five. We can carry it all back with us." This, too, was counted and reserved. Then for a second Randolph stood in frowning thought, and Gougar Brothers' hope of release stirred again; but with sickening promptness the tall farmer said:

"Now, I reckon if it does take a right smart spell of time we'd ought to go over that pile of letters and those in the pigeonholes and send back every feller his own so far's we can find out."

It did take time — a long time: to Gougar Brothers an eternity of anguish; but he groaned in vain; the relentless couple did not tire until the last check and the last banknote in the day's mail had been inclosed in a new envelope and addressed back to the sender with his own letter. On each letter Randolph with the office stamp stamped "Gougar Brothers," to which he added in his own hand, "is a Fake."

By cursed luck, Gougar Brothers moaned to himself, some of his largest customers had written whining letters that day; every one of them would get his money back! When all was done the shadows were black in the outer room, and only a small pile of gold and notes remained in the boxes.

"I reckon you got a money belt on you," mused Randolph; "but we've done all we can. The money left ain't yours, but it ain't ours, either, nor any one's that we know. I don't feel like my conscience would let me do no more. So we'll leave you, Mister. If you squirm right lively you'll maybe git out in a couple of hours. Maybe more. I'd advise you to think over how dirty mean you've ben and make some good resolutions. If you do decide to keep on in your wickedness you cayn't do it in this country or you'll git killed up, mighty briefly."

"That's right," drawled Priam. "I got jest one thing to say, Mister: We all got back ever' cent coming to *us*. And now I want you to understand that you ben skinned yourself! I ain't in no bank. I ain't stole no money, nor ever mean to. I didn't say I *had* stole money. I only wrote you on the bank paper and you put it up I ben going to steal and was so greedy you made an appointment ayfter office hours. We 'lowed that was the only way on earth to get at you, and we calculated jest right. You have ben skinned, Mister, by three hayseeds, and one of 'em a woman. You tackled the wrong outfit when you went to Mercutio, Arkansas. Good-evenin'. I wish you well, and I wish you may have a chance to save your soul in the pen."

The two countrymen walked out of the room. They did not forget to bolt the inside doors after them.

"Will he kick up a row and set the police ayfter us, do you reckon?" said Randolph to Priam as the lights of St. Louis danced past their car windows.

"He dasn't," replied Priam; "folks don't holler when they lose stolen money. But he'll be gone by morning, some way."

Priam was right; they read in the St. Louis papers the next day how the funds and the firm of Gougar Brothers had flown together. For days the newspaper columns were full of the wails of the victims; but no victims wrote from Mercutio, Arkansas. Nor did any of the saved bring trouble to their deliverers by any public gratitude.

On the appointed day Randolph paid his note to old man Doughty.

He paid at the same time the sum that he had saved on the other debt; but at the old man's first word of praise he blushed a deep red, and would have told the whole story of his folly had not the old man cut him short midway.

"I'll git the rest from Priam," said he; "you go 'long in and git Wilella to name the day, for we got to build that thar house. I reckon you got a lesson will last you the rest of your life. And — wal, I ben talking it over with your maw, and I reckon she and I will have to console each other, and I'm 'lowing to give that money you owe me to Wilella for a wedding gift. Don't stand thar, hemming and hawing; git in to your sweetheart! We got the two best women on the whole earth to keep us straight, boy, so I reckon we'll make out."

Behind the Times

SHYLOCK was reviewing his bargain.

"It might have been worse," he muttered; "at least she didn't make me give him trading stamps."

Herein we see where Portia was not entirely up to date.

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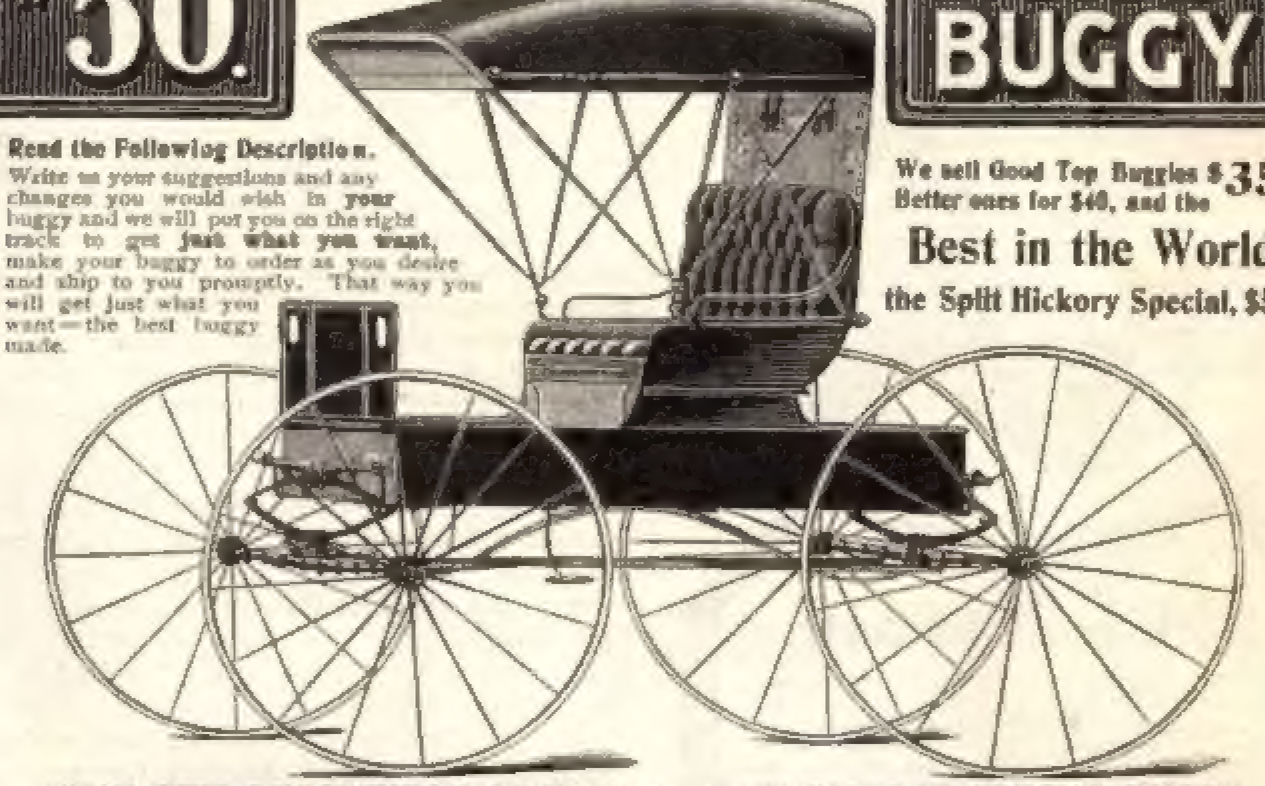

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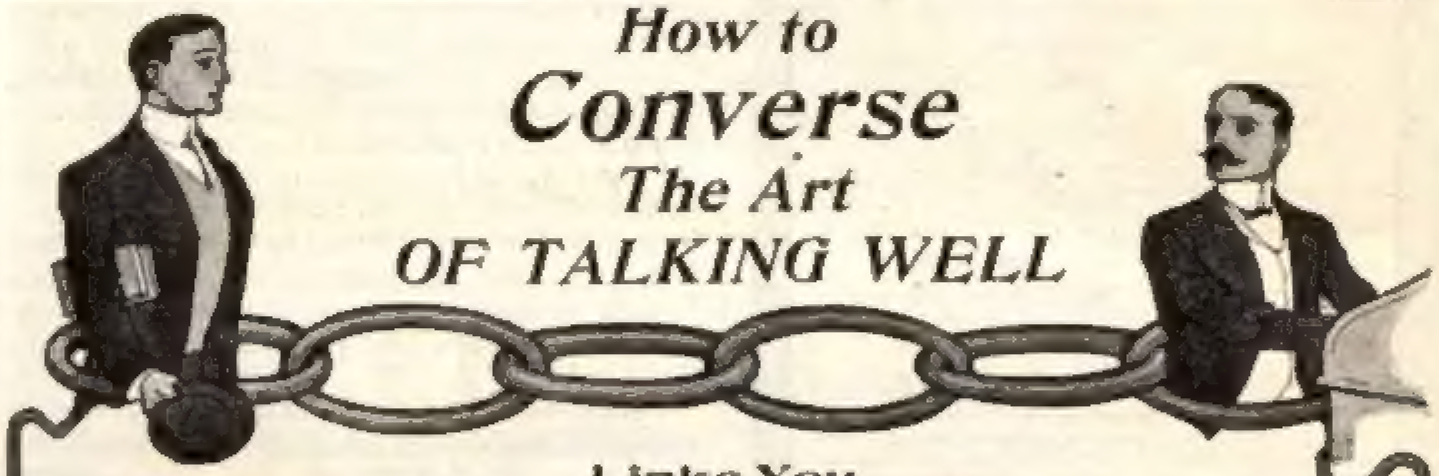

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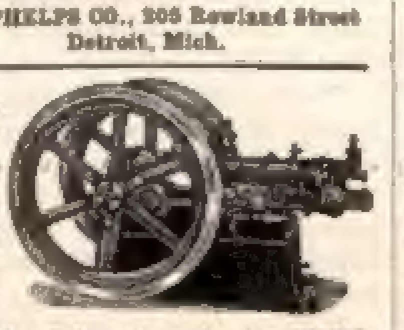

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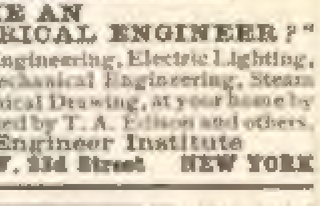

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